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From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

By C. FRANK DEWEY.

At a time when much is being written of a possible dissolution of the friendly relations which have heretofore been maintained between the United States and the German empire, the character of Emperor William takes on new interest for Americans. There is no reason why there should ever be conflict, beyond the merest commercial rivalry, between these two countries. On the contrary, there is every reason for the permanence of the friendship heretofore maintained. The territorial questions of Africa concern not the United States, and millions of our German-born or German-descended citizens form a tie with Germany itself which only the most serious offense could ever rupture. The sketch here printed is by one of these American-born Germans, who is yet full of enthusiasm for the kaiser of his parents' land. He presents the emperor in a light that makes the thoughtful man, while admiring his many talents, hope much from his wisdom and moderation.

EDITOR.

"IS it a fine boy?" inquired the queen of England, and William I., then the regent of Prussia, hurried off in an ordinary cab to see for himself that it was a "strapping boy." Thirty-nine years have come and gone since and the strapping boy has grown up into the highly accomplished leader of one of the most influential nations in Europe, and is destined, it seems to Germans, to accomplish by peace-

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WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 10

seur itching for war; as one arrogant and possessed by a morbid desire for notoriety. I need only say that this seems to me the product of malice and sensationalism.

His evolution is an interesting study, made doubly so by the extraordinary collection of portraits, which we have the good fortune to be able to present here.

From his sixth year, when

ful means that in the historical Foot Guards, those and Frederick the Great tried to bring about by war. the Great grenadiers who were the pride of Frederick the

A host of writers have vilified this man. He has been described as dictator, egotist; as being on the brink of insanity, and physically a wreck; as a military po-

As is well known, a crown prince

of the Hohenzollern family ceases to belong to the nursery after his tenth year, and becomes subject to the military discipline

of a governor and the regulations of his regiment. Indeed, the son of a Prussian king or royal prince may be said to be a soldier from the very moment he is born. He is the predestined commander if he be an heir presumptive of the First Regiment of the Garde-du-corps, and from the time he begins to walk and talk his military education is commenced. The Germans have a word which,



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WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 6.

he was placed under the tutelage of that unbending disciplinarian, Doctor Hintzpeter, onward, uninterrupted study and military discipline were the daily lot of the Emperor William. being liberally interpreted. means "A common obligation to bear arms"; and from the obligations implied in this word no one, not even a member of the royal family, is exempt.

At ten years of age we find him lieutenant

Emperor William the First was presented in a



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WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 18.



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WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 11.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.
EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN 1877.

By courtesy of the Neue Preuss. Berlin.

THE EMPEROR AT THE HEAD OF THE CASTLE GUARD IN POTSDAM.





By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND WILLIAM II.
WHEN A BOY.

hussar uniform to his mother, the beautiful



By courtesy of Neue Verlag, Berlin.
WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 7

Louise, when he was six years old, and was serving in the army when he was ten. His descendants have followed closely in his footsteps, even wearing the hussar uniform when boys because he set the example.

The First Regiment of Foot Guards, to which he was attached, is one of the most famous of the Garde-du-corps, which is recruited from the entire German empire, and is the flower of its army. The Foot Guards are the direct successors of the giant Pots-

dam grenadiers, that prize corps of Frederick the First, which was disbanded and then re-organized into the four Foot Guard regiments by Frederick the Great in 1740. All Europe rang with scandals connected with this hobby of Frederick I., and his efforts to obtain gigantic recruits. It is said that



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WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 9.



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THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN 1876.

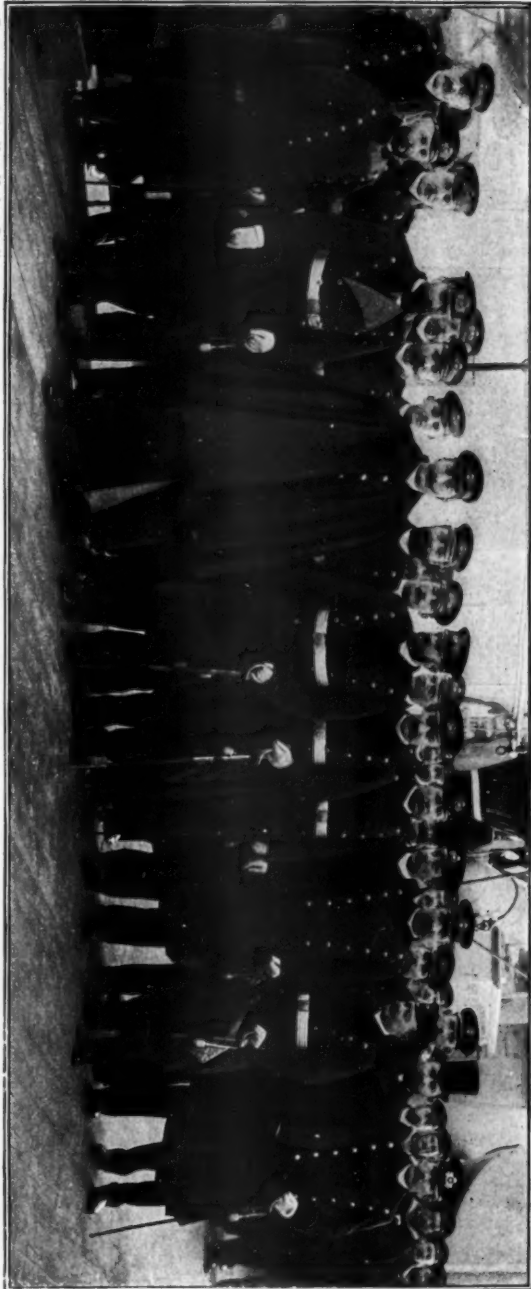
no less than twelve million dollars went out of the country between 1713 and 1725 in payment for giants; that five thousand dollars was the bounty for "Joseph," three thousand five hundred dollars for "Andrea Capra" and six thousand dollars for "Kirkland," an Irish giant.

Those who have read Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon" will remember that the cringing sergeant informed Barry: "In the old king's time we would have given one thousand dollars for you, for his giant regiment"; and will recall the story of Morgan Prussia, the Irish giant who, having been kidnapped and pressed into service, excited the king's curiosity by his stories of his eight tall brothers and was sent to Ireland to fetch them over, but never was heard from again. Frederick's desire for tall recruits, especially those with pug noses, led to many complications with the foreign nations whose subjects he had seized; and the regiment has gone into history. Among these giants the subject of our sketch, with a singular disregard for the eternal fitness of things, was placed. A German officer is not only the drillmaster to his men, but he stands in loco parentis to them. How these good-natured seven-feet-high warriors regard the boy who calls them "Meine Kinder," may readily be imagined.

Shortly after this introduction the Crown Prince William was transferred to

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EMPEROR WILLIAM II. ON "H. M. S. "BRANDENBURG."





By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN 1878.

a college in Cassel, whose stern old president conditioned that the royal prince should expect no better treatment than the average student. Here he was compelled to be under constant supervision from six in the

morning until nine at night, with intermissions of half an hour for meals. It was either study or gymnasium practice; little time was allowed for idleness, and equally limited was his pocket-money, the monthly allowance not exceeding five dollars, most of which was expended in tipping servants.

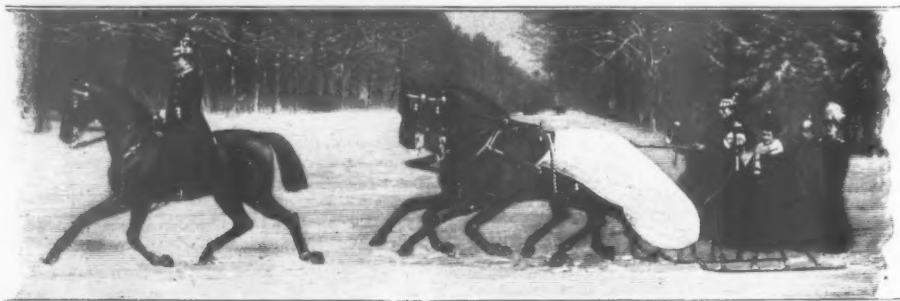
According to his teacher's testimony, he was among the first in almost every study, particularly history and political economy.

To quote the college president: "He had a clever, penetrating and quick mind; a flexible temper, and any quantity of pertinacity. He was most tenacious and refused to quit his problems until he had mastered their difficulties. He was particularly fond of the study of rhetorical construction, and ever delighted in elevating his ideals and surrounding them with poetic refinements."



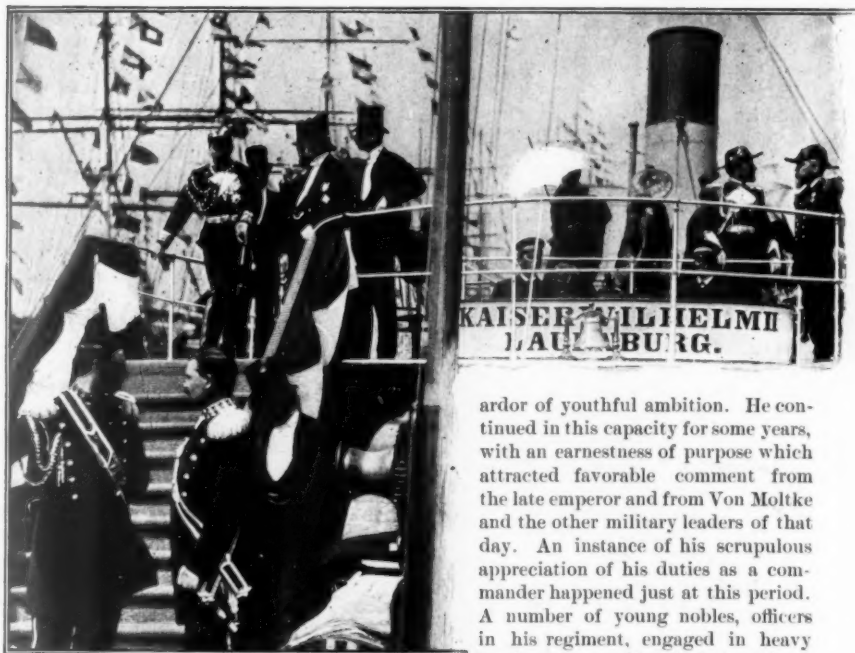
By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.
WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 14.

Then came the step from the university to the barracks. On graduating he was transferred to the latter with a brief intermission for courtship. His marriage was one of romance and mutual affection. Indeed, it was love at first sight, upon his part quickened by his romantic, even poetic



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE IMPERIAL COUPLE SLEIGHING IN POTSDAM.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

WILLIAM II. ON THE BRIDGE.

temperament, and responded to in equal measure.

As colonel of the Red Hussars, the young crown prince gave his entire attention to regimental organization with all the

ardor of youthful ambition. He continued in this capacity for some years, with an earnestness of purpose which attracted favorable comment from the late emperor and from Von Moltke and the other military leaders of that day. An instance of his scrupulous appreciation of his duties as a commander happened just at this period. A number of young nobles, officers in his regiment, engaged in heavy betting at a swell club in Potsdam, and large sums of money were constantly changing hands at the gaming table. On hearing this, their colonel immediately caused an investigation, and required the guilty ones to resign from the club. This brought about an appeal to the old emperor,



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

IN THE FIELD.

the petition being presented by Prince R—, president of the club. The old emperor, desiring to placate the officers, sent for his son William, and argued with him at great length. "The honor of the club will suffer," he said, "unless you withdraw your requirement."

"Does Your Majesty hold me responsible for the good government of my regiment?"

"Certainly."

"Then permit me to insist on the order, or permit me to place my resignation in the hands of Your Imperial Majesty."

"Very well, have your way. You are French writer described his character with

too valuable an officer to lose."

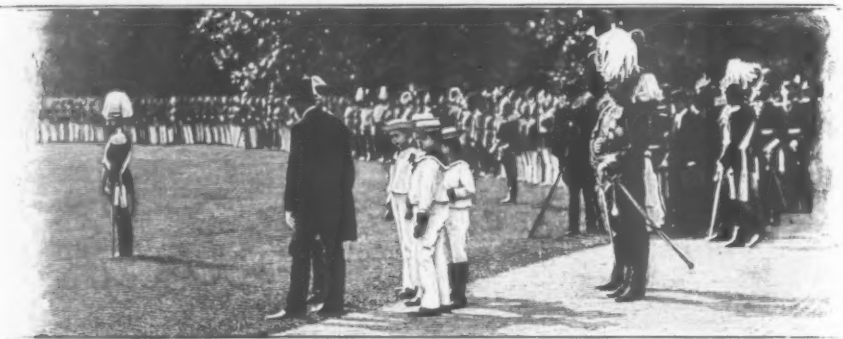
And to the president of the club, who called shortly afterward, the emperor said: "My dear R—, I should like to oblige you, but you see, the colonel—he will not."

Unlike the gilded youth of our day, the prince devoted his spare hours to the study of current events, and the intricacies of diplomacy. When barely thirty years of age, he was commissioned to represent the German court in important functions at home and abroad,



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AS A RUSSIAN COLONEL, ON ENTERING KRONSTADT.



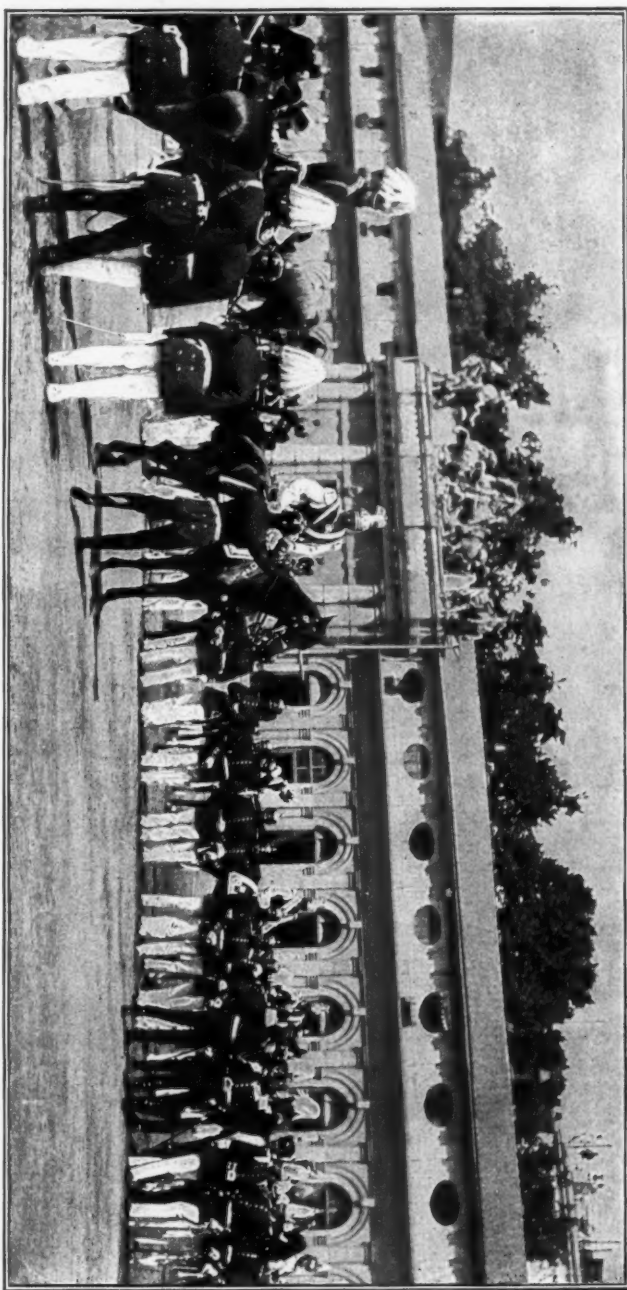
By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AND STAFF, WITH HIS BOYS, BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

keen penetration: "Prince William unmistakably is a whole man; he possesses intelligence, rare tact and a big heart. A great future is before him. Of royal princes at the German court he is the most intelligent. He possesses the courage of his convictions; he is enterprising, albeit hot-headed and overzealous; but he has a sympathetic heart. There are spirit, fire and buoyancy in his character, and he is ever ready in repartee—quite unusual among Germans. He loves his army, and in turn possesses the latter's devotion to a man. In spite of his youth he is liked by all ages. He reads much and is well informed, matures plans for the welfare of his country and possesses a remarkable faculty for politics. He is sure to become a prominent man of his age, and possibly a great monarch. Prus-

By courtesy of the Neue Preuss. Presse.

OFFICERS REPORTING TO THE EMPEROR AFTER PARADE.



sia is likely to realize in him a Frederick the Great, without the latter's skepticism. Moreover, he possesses a jovial spirit which promises to modify the harshness of military discipline. He is sure to turn out a personal leader with a healthy, clear judgment, quick to decide, energetic in action and tenacious in prosecution. If ever he succeeds to the throne he is certain to continue the work of his grandfather, and Germany's enemies will find in him a terrible antagonist; in short, he is likely to become the Henry the Sixth of his country."

This opinion coming from a nation of confirmed German-haters, is all the more interesting when examined in the light of subsequent criticism, as, for instance, that of Monsieur Ayene, an equally prominent Parisian, who had

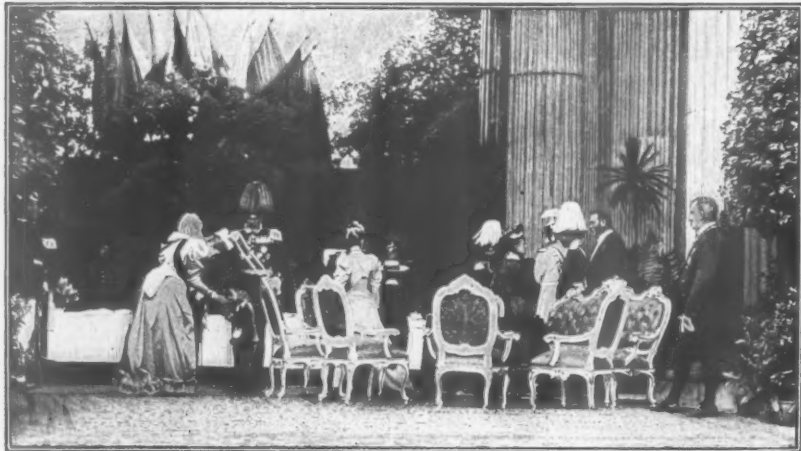


By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN 1879.

the courage to publish the following on his return from a visit to Berlin:

"The German emperor is somebody. He is ever original, ever interesting. He animates everything he does with such a fullness of spirit and life, infuses into it so much sincerity, shows such a fund of knowledge and healthy activity, as to electrify those around him. He is certainly well equipped. He is unmistakably a soldier, but no less a statesman; above all I regard him as a speaker of the Ciceronian order, with a musical voice and an electric cadence. He could as successfully essay philosophy, philology, poetry and the sciences. Were he not an emperor he would be an ideal journalist. In his variety of display he is simply incomparable. He loves the grandiose, and



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AT LUNCHEON IN THE CASTLE GARDENS, POTSDAM.

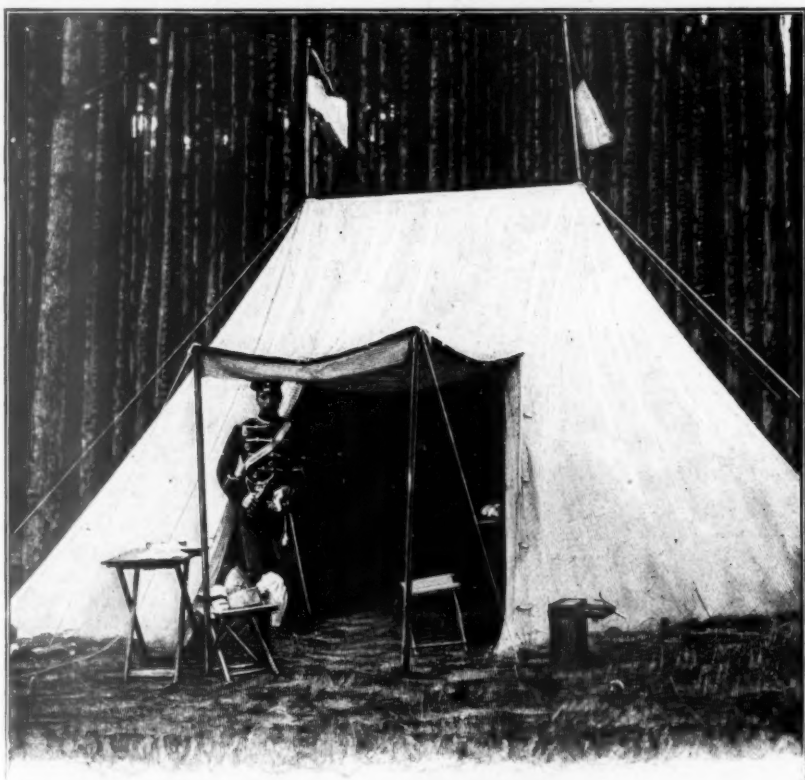


By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

GOING TO THE PARADE. THE KAISER IN THE LEAD.

despises the mediocre. Quick to comprehend and equally ready to decide, he seldom misses the proper word at the right moment. I have often thought if Emperor William were king of France his court would have

rivalled that of Louis the Fourteenth. He would have captured our hearts with his incomparable display, his knightly spirit and untiring energy. He would have elevated the genius of France in the fields of art,



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

IN HIS TENT WHEN CROWN PRINCE.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

DISPATCH SERVICE ON THE HIGH SEAS.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

WILLIAM II AND HIS ADMIRAL, VON DER GOLTZ,
AT SEA.

knowledge and military glory, and we should have followed him implicitly and with enthusiasm."

Let us turn from these unbiased and critical opinions to the indisputable facts du jour. The emperor is unquestionably a faithful, conscientious and hard worker, be it at home or abroad. Like his famous ancestor, Frederick the Great, whose deeds seem to be one of the stimulants to his ambition, he is reported to have said: "My calling requires application and industry. My mind and body bend beneath the weight of duty. That I live is hardly



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR WHEN A STUDENT AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

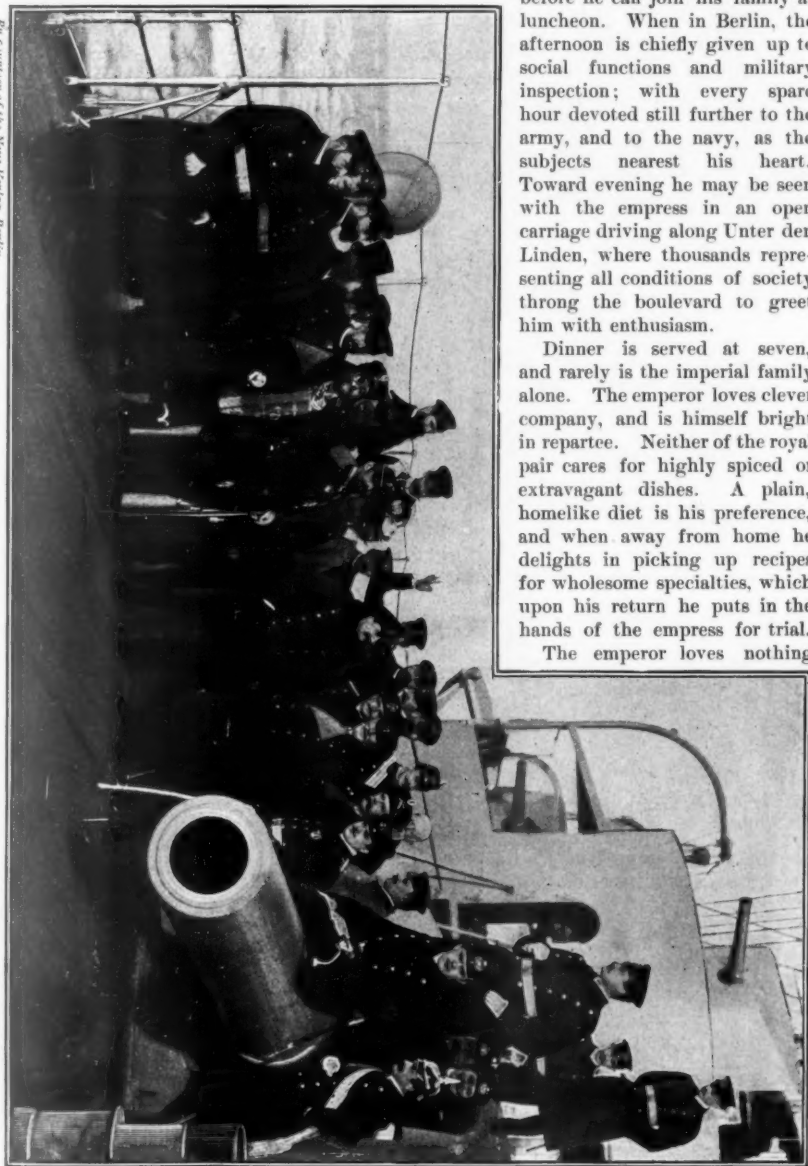
necessary, but that I shall work is imperative." Each hour of the day is devoted to the public good—to some appointment or affair which fills a rather long and detailed court report. He rises with the lark, often at five, and after a bath immediately dresses in uniform. There is no idle lounging for his active body. At breakfast, which follows an hour later, he is joined by the empress, who personally supervises the meal, composed of tea, bread and butter, cold meat and eggs. As a rule the children appear before the emperor leaves the table, in order that they may greet him for the

day. After breakfast, he turns to a long programme of daily work—hearing the personal reports of his ministers, giving audiences to representatives of foreign powers and members of the Reichstag, and reading petitions. Then there are letters, documents and suggestions from all over the empire, and a thousand demands upon his time from every quarter.

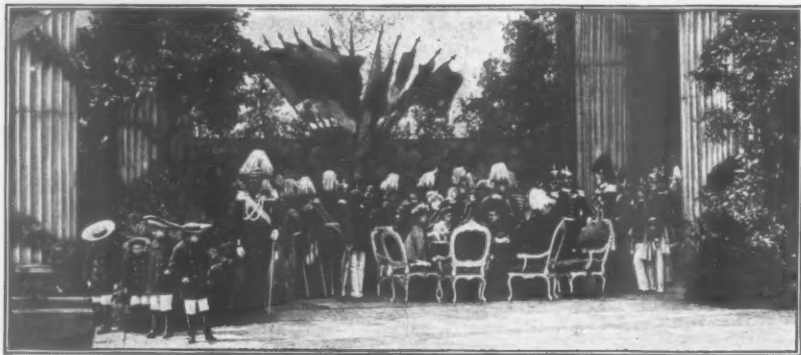
It takes every minute of a busy morning before he can join his family at luncheon. When in Berlin, the afternoon is chiefly given up to social functions and military inspection; with every spare hour devoted still further to the army, and to the navy, as the subjects nearest his heart. Toward evening he may be seen with the empress in an open carriage driving along Unter den Linden, where thousands representing all conditions of society throng the boulevard to greet him with enthusiasm.

Dinner is served at seven, and rarely is the imperial family alone. The emperor loves clever company, and is himself bright in repartee. Neither of the royal pair cares for highly spiced or extravagant dishes. A plain, homelike diet is his preference, and when away from home he delights in picking up recipes for wholesome specialties, which upon his return he puts in the hands of the empress for trial.

The emperor loves nothing



By courtesy of the Neue Presse, Berlin.
"ON BOARD." BACK OF THE KAISER WILL BE SEEN HIS BROTHER HENRY, GIVING THE SIGNAL TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



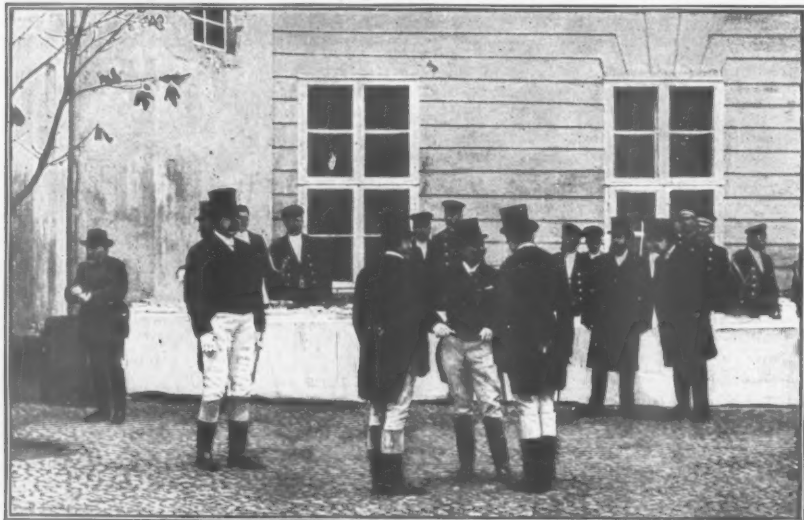
By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

IN THE CASTLE GARDENS.

better than recreation in his family circle, and this is one of the qualities that have endeared him to the loyal German heart. He is a lover still, ever youthful and romantic; and frequently he steals half an hour from his busy engagements to consult the empress on important matters. It is said, however, that the empress is careful never to exceed the privilege of wife and mother. Ever ready to support him with her judgment and counsel, she must, nevertheless, do so only at the emperor's request, and it is this remarkably clever faculty which caused him to say at a public dinner not long ago:

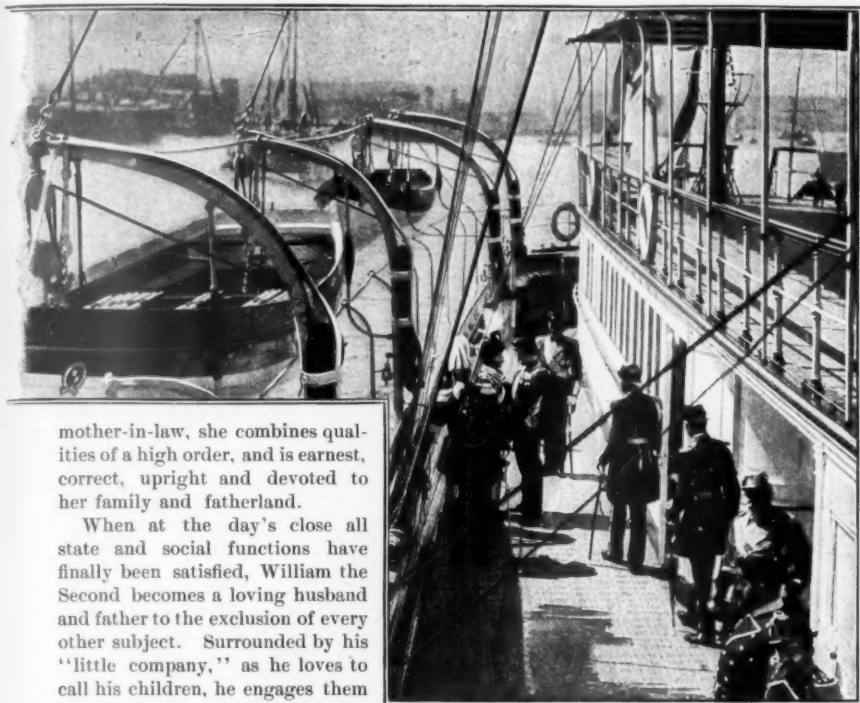
"The tie that unites me to this province, and binds me more closely to it than to any other of my empire, is the jewel that sheds its luster at my side—Her Majesty, the empress. Sprung from this soil, the ideal of the virtues of a German princess, she it is to whom I owe that I am able to bear the weighty responsibilities of my position in a joyful spirit."

There is a ring in this of oldtime chivalry, such as is seldom heard from royal lips nowadays. While it is true, perhaps, that Augusta is not so able as Queen Louise, or so clever in art as her



By courtesy of the Court Photographer, Ziesler.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AT THE HUBERTUS HUNT.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

mother-in-law, she combines qualities of a high order, and is earnest, correct, upright and devoted to her family and fatherland.

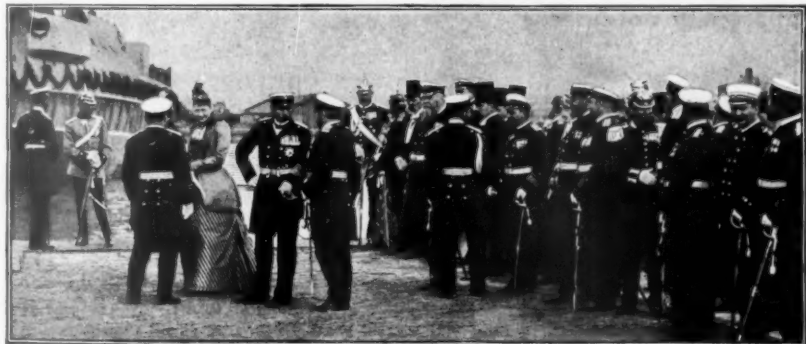
When at the day's close all state and social functions have finally been satisfied, William the Second becomes a loving husband and father to the exclusion of every other subject. Surrounded by his "little company," as he loves to call his children, he engages them in all sorts of fun and frolic.

The photographs of his loved ones accompany him in all his travels—in cabin, on the seas or in his bedroom when visiting distant lands; nor does he ever return from his periodical excursions without a present for each of the seven children. On returning from these trips the emperor himself unpacks his trunks in presence of

THE KAISER AND THE CZAR ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN"

"the little gang," who crowd around him, with the baby on top of everything.

Next to his family the emperor loves his horses, and is never happier than when making a round of his stables at Potsdam and Berlin. His stud runs into hundreds; about two hundred are carriage-horses;



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT THE LAUNCHING OF H. M. S. "DER GROSSE KURFÜRST."



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.
WILLIAM II. AT THE AGE OF 10.

the rest are used for the saddle. The kaiser's favorite color for carriage-horses is dapple-gray, and he drives at nothing less than a killing pace, whether in sledge or victoria. His Hungarian grays, known as "Jucker," are used mostly "four-in-

hand," and are under the superintendence of a Hungarian trainer. There are in all forty of these, so that the kaiser can always rely on having a team in perfect condition.

The imperial saddle-horses are selected with special care. The qualities required of an animal to which William the Second trusts himself are speed, staying power, perfect security in action, steadiness under fire or amid popular demonstration, quick obedience, a soft mouth and noble appear-



By courtesy of the Court Photographer Ziesler.
WILLIAM II. AND HIS FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHER.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.
EMPEROR WILLIAM IN CUIRASSIER UNIFORM.

ance. It is put through a daily exercise in order to maintain it at the same perfect standard, and an animal that cannot come out of the ordeal of training without a mark against its name is rejected without scruples whatever be the other qualities it possesses.

"He is every inch a king," said Lord Lonsdale on visiting Berlin recently, and this is particularly true in view of his solicitude for others, down to the humblest of his servants. Thus, while on board a man-of-war in the North Sea not long ago, he observed a sailor cleaning the deck. "How many hours' duty didst thou have

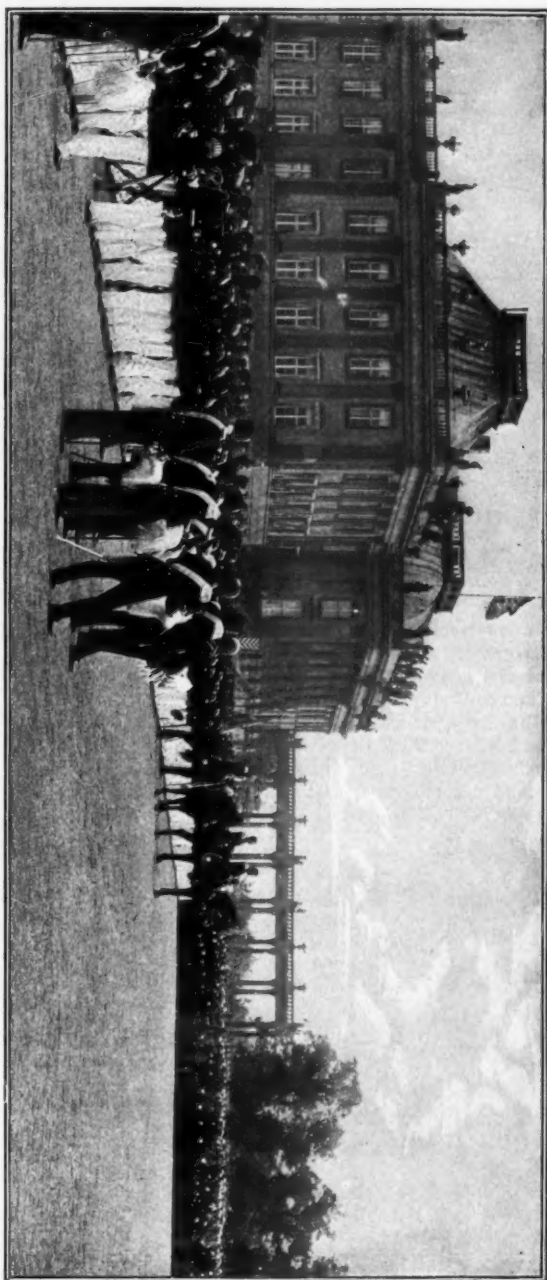
yesterday?" he asked of the latter. "From twelve noon until four in the morning, Your Majesty." "So long? Well, go and get thee to bed; the deck will soon be dirty again."

Not less is his care for the sailors' food, and he not infrequently surprises the cook in the kitchen. Observing a sailor with his ration, he will say: "Let me see what you have for dinner to-day." "Beans again, Your Majesty," recently replied one with a melancholy countenance. "Indeed. Well, go and tell the cook that I, also, beg of him a ration."

When not taking part in public functions he is a perfectly natural man, with nothing of the poseur about him. He frequently acts on first impulses, more particularly in his private relations. As is well known, he loves to surprise friends, and frequently brings about humorous situations. While at Kiel last fall he pulled the doorbell of his uncle's house at an hour when he was quite unexpected. An unsophisticated maid opened the door and, on beholding the emperor, shut it quickly in his face, shouting at the top of her voice, "For heaven's sake, it's the kaiser!" to the great enjoyment of the emperor himself. While insisting that humor should ever move on

By courtesy of the Neue Preuss. Berlin.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN FRONT OF THE NEW CASTLE, POTSDAM.





By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN 1894.

lines of refinement and decency, he often disregards the rigid rules of etiquette in his personal relations. He has frequently surprised eminent painters while they were still in bed, and particularly loves to call on his special favorite, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, at that unusual hour.

And this reminds me of a recent incident



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHES BEING INTRODUCED TO THE CROWN PRINCE, IN PRESENCE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

illustrative of the devotion and love which unites the imperial couple. While on his way to catch the royal train and still having half an hour to spare, he stopped for a chat with the Austrian ambassador. In the midst of the animated conversation which followed, the emperor suddenly pulled out his watch and exclaimed with unfeigned consternation, very much as any other good, dutiful husband would: "The



By courtesy of Reichard & Linder, Court Photographers.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AS "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

devil! I am too late; pray connect your telephone with the castle, that I may bid my wife good-bye; my train is waiting." The connection was promptly effected, and the empress's reply has not been recorded, but it is reported that the emperor's countenance appeared a shade less placid than before the electric current had been turned on. Presently came the sound of

a carriage rolling at topspeed. It stopped, and out jumped the empress in morning negligée. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him repeatedly, then turned to the ambassador and said, "I beg Austro-Hungary's pardon."

Though Germany's wealth is by no means equal to her strength, nor to be compared with that of England or the United States or even France, yet so considerable have been the national savings, so relatively light is the burden of her public debt and so elastic is her financial situation, that she may fairly be described as fully prepared for even a protracted

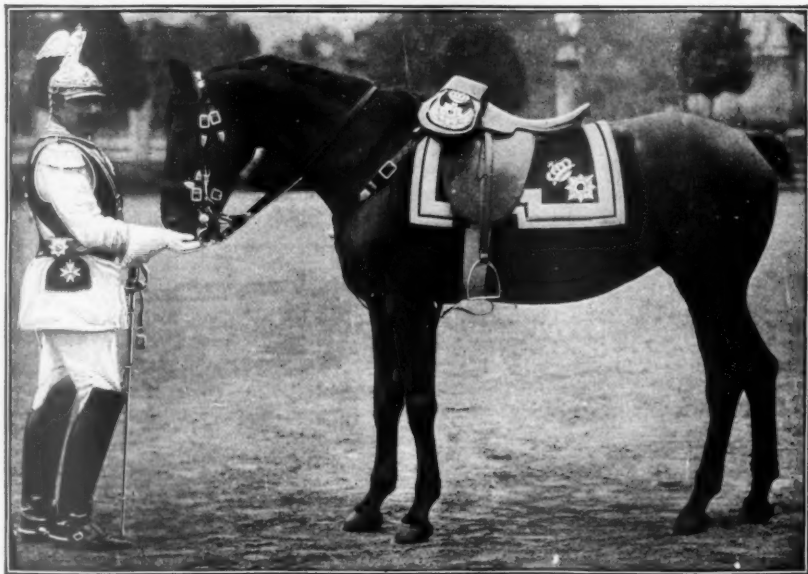


By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

"LOVERS." THE EMPEROR AND HIS CONSORT.

war. As the nucleus of a military chest Germany has her so-called Kriegsschatz, or war treasure, of thirty million dollars lying in coin gold in the Julius tower at Spandau. It is less generally known that there is another resource which is available in a national emergency. After the war of 1870 and '71 there was set apart a fund of some one hundred

and forty million dollars in high-class bonds, the interest of which has been used for the payment of military pensions. In case of need these bonds could easily be turned into ready money, while the pensions could be transferred to the budget charges.



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

HIS FAVORITE HORSE, "FRITZ."



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS REVIEWING THE GUARDS.

Another most encouraging feature of the financial situation is the fact that the German empire, compared with other great states, has a very small public debt. The annual interest upon it is less than seventeen million dollars, whereas France devotes to a like purpose more than two hundred and fifty-five million dollars a year. It is true that many of the countries composing the empire have their state debts, but these also, with one exception, are inconsiderable. The Prussian public debt is nominally large, owing to the purchase of railways by the government. At present it slightly exceeds one billion five hundred and sixty million dollars, with an interest charge of a little over sixty



By courtesy of the Neue Verlag, Berlin.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN 1897.

million dollars; but the outgo of this account is more than counterbalanced by revenues from public properties, the net income from state railways in the last fiscal year having reached almost ninety million dollars. There is, moreover, a net profit of more than sixteen million dollars a year from state domains, forests, mines and iron and salt works. So, too, in the Bavarian budget of some eighty-two million dollars, there figures on the credit side a net income of fifteen millions from public property. The empire itself has property in the railways of Alsace-Lorraine which yields a net income of five million five hundred thousand dollars, and also in the earnings of the imperial banks.





From a photograph by C. M. Bell.

GENERAL ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR, IN HIS OFFICE.

THE GOVERNMENT IN WAR TIME.

BY RENÉ BACHE.

WAR means work, and a prodigious amount of it, in the various departments of our government. England with its great standing army and its squadrons in every sea has only to telegraph the one word "Mobilize" and she is ready to fight. We have to call our citizens from the workshop and the plow and drill and organize and equip them for battle; we must arm new ships and double our coast defenses as a needful preliminary. All this added to the regular work of administration means arduous and anxious toil for every member of the government. I am told that even the President is sometimes up until the light of dawn has entered the windows of his chamber. Members of the cabinet are conferring with him far into the night. Dispatches are arriving at the White House from every corner of the earth long after most honest men are in their beds. War means work and every man connected

with the great machine that is making history at Washington, be he clerk or secretary, Congressman or Senator, corporal of the guard or commander of the army, has to do his share of it.

Naturally one sees most of this business of war in the military and naval departments. The offices and corridors in the great granite building at Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue are thronged all day with people coming and going on one errand or another. Where one has always observed the repose and dignity of peaceful times, messengers are running to and fro, officials usually accessible are too busy to see the newspaper men who haunt the waiting-rooms and each bureau officer is surrounded with men who await, hat in hand, their turn to talk with him. The secretary of war and the secretary of the navy are secluded from approach, save by a privileged few, and communications in-

tended for their ears must be made through their confidential clerks. General Alger, for example, is in conference from nine to six o'clock every day with people who have business regarding the organization of troops. His anteroom is crowded at all hours with people who are waiting to see him. Around him are officers of the regular army and the National Guard, Senators and Representatives. One is struck with the air of gravity that pervades the anteroom; the assemblage is silent, and there is no small talk going on. The visitors are present on the solemn business of war.

Secretary Alger comes out from time to time and speaks to this person or that. Most of the time, however, he stays in his private office and occupies himself in conferring with his visitors and assistants, usually in groups of three or four. A thousand and one matters are referred to him for consideration. Business details are handed over to the various bureaus of the department, but there are many things which he alone can decide. In a room adjoining his private office stands General Corbin, the adjutant-general of the army,

square of jaw and with the ideal look of a soldier, giving quick and intelligent attention to the dozens who require his ear. The mobilization of the regulars and volunteers is being conducted under his direction.

On the floor below, in another corner of the building, are the headquarters of the army. Here is the office of the commanding general, Nelson A. Miles, the superb. He sits at a great flat-topped desk in the best-lighted corner of a big, handsomely furnished room, and from morning until night sees a continuous stream of visitors. An immense map of Cuba stands beside him. Nobody can get at him nowadays who has not real business to talk. Three other rooms adjoining his office are occupied by his military aides, one of whom, Major Michler, inquires of each caller why and wherefore he desires to see the general. The variety of the business to be considered is enormous. A member of Congress drops in to speak about some matter that has to do with the quota of volunteers to be furnished by his state. Next, perhaps, arrives an ex-officer of the Confederacy, who wishes to offer his

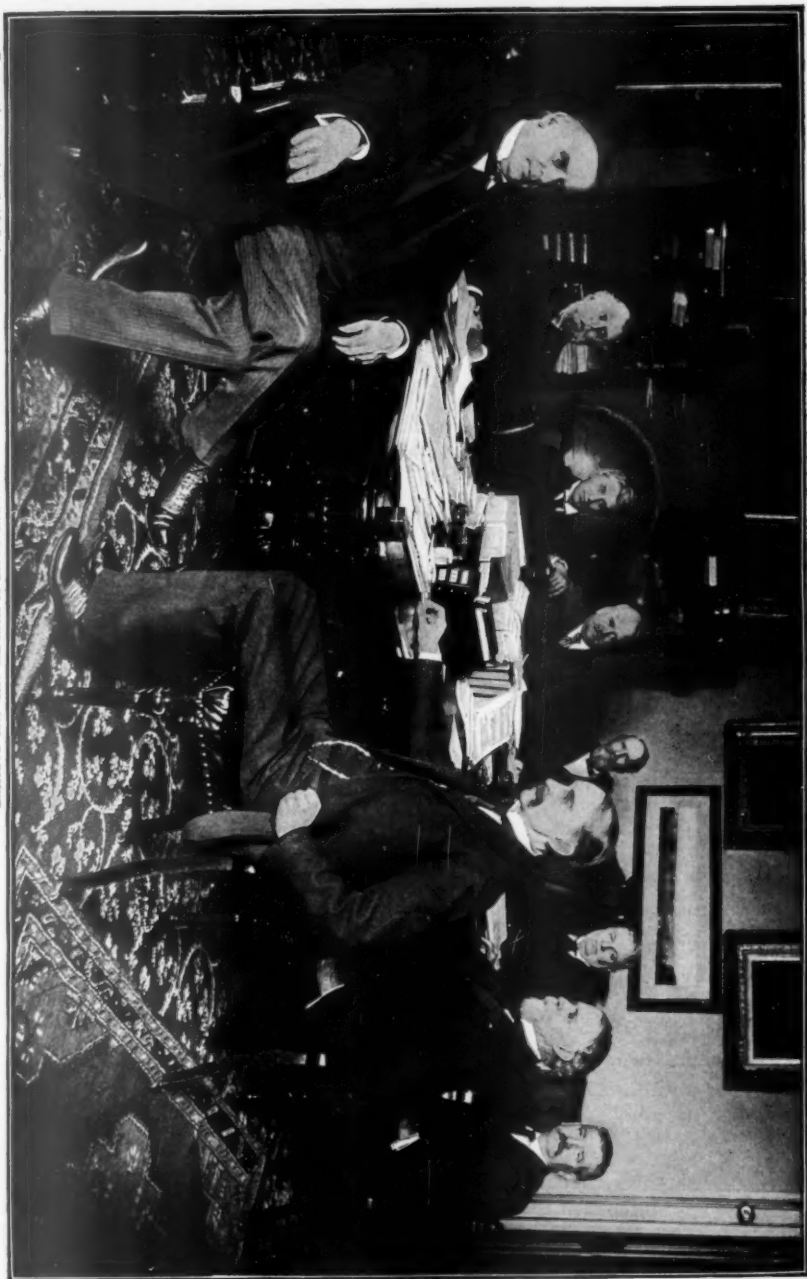


From a photograph by C. M. Bell.

SECRETARY OF STATE DAY AT HIS DESK.

From a photograph by C. M. Hill.

PRESIDENT McKNLEY AND HIS CABINET.





From a photograph by C. M. Bell.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHEN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

services for the defense of the flag against which he fought thirty-five years ago. He is succeeded by an officer who has come to report for duty, and the latter makes way for a civilian who is anxious to get his son into the army. A woman, who employs tears to aid her argument, appeals for the release of her son, who has enlisted. She is followed by a newspaper reporter who wants a few words out of which to build up a column and a half of interview. Meanwhile orders have to be issued, papers are to be signed, and so it continues through the day. There is a cavalry aide, an infantry aide and an artillery aide, to each of whom are referred matters that have to do with his particular arm of the service. They investigate these things, and report their conclusion to the general commander, who indorses them or not as his judgment dictates. The aides hunt up information on war subjects for the general; they write official letters for him, and even answer his numerous social invitations.

Meanwhile the various bureaus of the

war department are hard at work. The bureau of the quartermaster-general has everything to attend to that relates to the clothing of the troops. It makes contracts for uniforms by tens of thousands, for shoes by the hundred thousand pairs, for campaign hats and forage caps, and even for underclothes. All of this is being done so expeditiously that one hundred thousand men will be completely equipped within six weeks after the declaration of war. Tents, too, have to be purchased—as many of them as possible being manufactured in Philadelphia, while others are ordered or bought ready-made in other cities. The uniforms, all of which are made in Philadelphia also, are cut out in quantities by machine and stitched together by sewing-women. They are of gray canvas-like stuff, adapted by their lightness to the climate of Cuba. The caps are of canvas, the hats slouches of felt turned up at one side and fastened with a rosette and a pompon like a shaving-brush. The shoes are tan, and the whole costume is very handsome and picturesque.

It is the business of this bureau to furnish cooking outfits for the troops in the field. These outfits are put up in such compact form that the complete culinary equipment for a company can be carried by two men or on the back of a mule, including ovens, boilers and all necessary utensils. It has not been decided yet whether canvas hammocks are to be supplied for the soldiers. One reason for recommending them is that they are used by the insurgent Cubans, whose sanitary condition is excellent. It is a matter of the utmost importance that our soldiers in Cuba shall not get wet, and hence the rubber blankets, which have holes through the middle of them, being made poncho-fashion. Through this hole the man puts his head, the blanket serving as a rain-proof cloak. Filters and mosquito

nets are among the articles provided by the quartermaster's department; the soldiers will be ordered to drink no water that has not been filtered and boiled to get rid of the pestilent germs, while protection from the mosquitoes is of great importance, partly because they are suspected of conveying yellow fever. Of course, this bureau takes entire charge of the transportation of the troops, not only in this country, but across the water to Cuba, and after they have landed on the island. It is easy to imagine what a vast number of details must be covered.

The bureau of subsistence in the war department, on the other hand, has charge of everything that has to do with the feeding of the troops. It does not furnish forage for the horses and mules, that part of the



From a photograph by C. M. Bell.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY LONG READING OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

business being attended to by the quartermaster's department. The allowance for each horse, by the way, is twelve pounds of grain and fourteen pounds of hay per diem, while for a mule it is nine pounds of grain and fourteen pounds of hay. The quantity of food required for supplying such an army as will soon be placed in the field is enormous. The total weight of the rations for fifty thousand men for one day is one hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and fifty pounds. As far as practicable, the troops of the invading army in Cuba are to be furnished with fresh vegetables and fresh meat, communication by transports being constantly kept up between Key West and the island. It is believed that this will tend to keep the men healthy. They will have plenty of melon, pickles, and especially onions, for anti-scorbutics. Doubtless, however, they will sometimes be obliged to come down to bacon and hard-tack. The subsistence bureau buys its food supplies at various times, wherever it can get them most conveniently and cheaply. It is establishing immense stores of flour, preserved meats, bacon, pea-meal, coffee, hard-bread, etc., at Tampa and other points. For sale to the officers and soldiers it will offer various luxuries and small necessities, such as canned foods, pipes and tobacco, needles and thread, pens, paper and ink, soap, towels and handkerchiefs. The food of a soldier for one day costs eighteen cents, and on that basis a reckoning can be made for an army of fifty thousand or five hundred thousand.

One of the busiest bureaus of the war department is that of ordnance, which controls all matters relating to guns, gun-carriages, and small arms for the troops. It furnishes to each soldier also some minor equipments, including his cartridge-belt, canteen, meat-can, knife, fork and spoon. General Flagler keeps the operations of this branch of the government machinery very secret—for the reason that it is not desired that the enemy shall know just how many and what kind of guns the United States possesses, though it is a fact well known to everybody that at the outbreak of hostilities our supply of weapons of war was far from adequate.

The work of the corps of engineers of

the army relates chiefly to fortifications. Of late the officers of the corps have been engaged in laying mines to protect harbors and rivers. The great cities of the coast are now pretty adequately fortified with modern high-power guns and mortars, New York especially being defended by some of the most formidable batteries in existence. It is proposed, though not decided, to place a great sixteen-inch gun on Romer Shoal, off New York. The gun is nearly ready, but a foundation for it would have to be built by constructing a cofferdam and filling it with concrete, after which a turret of steel would be superposed as a house for the giant weapon.

The signal office of the war department has been engaged in connecting all fortified points along the coast by telegraph and telephone. Meanwhile General Greeley is making experiments with balloons, which are expected to prove of service during the war in a variety of ways. Sent up to an elevation of one thousand or two thousand feet, a balloon carrying an officer with a telescope, and connected with the earth by a rope and telegraph wire, would make it possible to ascertain the movements of Spanish vessels at a great distance off shore, increasing the ordinary range of vision by twenty miles or more. There has been much discussion as to the best methods of communicating intelligence to the shore from scout vessels cruising at a distance of ten to fifty miles off the coast. For this purpose homing pigeons are likely to be used. This kind of service has the additional recommendation of cheapness.

The medical bureau of the army has planned the whole campaign from its point of view in the utmost detail. Each regiment in the field will have a surgeon and two assistant surgeons, who will be aided by three hospital stewards and twelve privates. In battle the medical corps will operate immediately in the rear of the troops engaged, and just far enough back to be reasonably safe from the fire of the enemy. Stations will there be established for emergency work, the wounded being conveyed later to the field hospitals farther in the rear. The field hospitals will be large tents, and the wounded will be taken care of in accordance with methods which are expected to render the mortality very much

From a photograph by C. M. Bell.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES IN HIS WASHINGTON OFFICE.



less than in previous wars. Thanks to modern discoveries respecting the antiseptic treatment of wounds, etc., there will be no hospital fevers or secondary hemorrhages. Every private soldier will be provided with what is called a "first-aid packet," containing bandages, etc., so that he can stop his own blood from flowing and otherwise help himself until he reaches the doctor's hands. In Cuba medicine-chests will be carried on muleback. As soon as the United States has secured possession on the island of a base of supplies, a large building will be taken to be used as a military hospital of the permanent sort. Meanwhile those of the sick and wounded who can be moved will be brought back to Key West and Tampa on hospital transports. All the members of the medical corps are protected by the Red Cross, the insignia of which are worn on the left sleeve.

The navy department was not less busy than the war department. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, while awaiting the enlistment of the cowboys who are to be known as "Teddy's Terrors," continued to perform his duties under Mr. Long. He was in

conference at all hours with officers and contractors, incidentally taking part in the sessions of the strategy board. The doings of this board, for obvious reasons, have been kept entirely secret. At the time this is written it consists of Mr. Roosevelt, Captain Crowninshield, Commander Clover and Captain Mahan.

Meanwhile the bureau of ordnance of the navy is attending to furnishing guns and ammunition. That this government, when hostilities were first threatened, should have found itself unprovided with a sufficient number of guns and an adequate quantity of gunpowder for a fight, must be regarded as an extraordinary example of lack of prudence. It was not because no warning had been given, inasmuch as the situation of affairs in this regard had been made the subject of earnest appeals to Congress by the war and navy departments during many years past. But Congress had always preferred to take it for granted that this country was not going to be involved in war.

Necessarily, every one of the new-bought auxiliary vessels has to be supplied with a



From a photograph by C. M. Bell.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR MEIKLEJOHN.



From a photograph by C. M. Brill.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

naval equipment. Guns have had to be put aboard of them by the ordnance bureau, which has supplied the needed ammunition, while the bureau of equipment is kept busy providing them with furniture and all sorts of odds and ends. The bureau of equipment supplies the culinary apparatus and tableware, with a full set of a dozen of everything for the commanding officer. The medical department equips a complete apothecary shop on board, which naturally comes under the jurisdiction of a ship surgeon. The naval surgeon in a sea-fight, by the way, has no sinecure. He is obliged to stay on deck, to offer first aid to the wounded, and he is extremely likely to be killed at any time when the vessel is being assailed by a storm of bursting projectiles. There is nothing humane about a modern sea-fight, and, the battle-hatches being closed during an engagement, the injured cannot even be taken below. Not until the action is over can they receive much attention.

Every one of the new ships has to be furnished with a complete stock of stores and supplies of all sorts, including food for the officers and men. A big vessel like the *St. Paul* or *St. Louis* is a floating fort-

ress as long as two city blocks, with all modern conveniences and elaborate restaurant facilities. She carries five hundred men and officers, and has a kitchen like that of a big hotel. She is provisioned for three months, the ordinary rations for the crew consisting of hard-bread, oatmeal, hominy, flour, beans, peas, rice, preserved meats, salt pork, butter, coffee and tea.

When a new ship goes into commission, a book is made up at the office of the bureau of supplies at the navy department, containing lists of all the articles of every kind which she will require, from a boiler to a biscuit. This book is forwarded to the general storekeeper at the navy yard where the vessel lies, and he has charge of all kinds of stores. There is perhaps ten million dollars' worth of such stores kept at the Brooklyn yard. He sees that everything is put aboard the ship as directed. Standard commercial articles are kept in stock; other things must be purchased. Requisitions are made upon the various bureaus for the articles which come within their purview. The bureau of steam engineering, for example, is called on for boilers and machinery. Medicines come from the naval laboratory at New York.

The bureau of supplies buys its stuff of whatever sort by contract. Specifications are drawn up by the paymasters of the navy, all of whom are officers of this bureau. Samples must be forwarded with bids. Accounts are kept at the bureau of supplies of all stores in stock at the various naval stations. This is done so accurately that the location of every keg of nails and piece of hard-tack is known. Every cent for the housekeeping on each ship of war is set down in the accounts. It costs fifteen hundred dollars a day to keep the cruiser "New York" in commission, including coal and pay of officers and men. To keep a small cruiser going costs from eighty to a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year.

The bureau of steam engineering is one of the busiest in the navy department. It has had to provide new boilers and machinery for the old monitors of the Civil War, and similar fixings were required for the torpedo-boats and battleships which are at present in process of construction. It is a comfort to consider that within a year's time Uncle Sam will have five more battleships of the most powerful existing type, and about twenty-five new torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, including those recently authorized by Congress.

The bureau of navigation of the navy has control over the movements of all ships, and its chief, Commodore Crowninshield, is the immediate lieutenant of Secretary Long. All orders addressed to commanders of war vessels go out through this bureau. The hydrographic office has its own important function, furnishing charts to the ships. Naturally, there has been a demand recently for accurate charts of the South Atlantic coast, of the Florida Keys and of the coast of Cuba, showing depth of water, dangerous shoals and other useful points. The bureau of yards and docks is building two magnificent steel piers at the Dry Tortugas. These are being constructed at Garden Key, where Fort Jefferson is located. In connection with the piers are being built two gigantic steel coal-sheds, each of which will hold ten thousand tons.

The White House in these days is the chief center of war interest, of course. Its official routine is pretty much the same as in peace time, but it may be said to be running night and day. Telegraphic ap-

paratus has been put into the room immediately adjoining the President's office, and wires connect the chief executive with all parts of the world. The state department, which may be regarded as a sort of annex to the President's own office, has been connected with the latter by wires underground, so as to afford facilities for instant communication.

Over at the treasury department one sees few evidences of the stress of war on the surface, but there is a good deal doing just the same. Secretary Gage is being interviewed constantly by members of Congress with regard to the financial legislation now pending, his advice being asked on many points.

The post-office department has already adopted a regulation forbidding the sending of mail from this country to Spain or her colonies and dependencies, thus putting a stop to postal traffic between the two countries during the continuance of the war. Special arrangements are being made for the distribution of mail among the troops which are being assembled and mobilized at Chickamauga and other points.

The interior department has its own war business to attend to. Under this department comes the bureau of Indian affairs, which is watching the Indians pretty carefully, especially the Sioux in the Northwest, to guard against an uprising in the absence of the troops. The pension office, likewise a branch of the same department, is awaiting the end of the war to bring its activities into play. Meanwhile the inventors of the country are pouring an immense grist of war inventions into the patent office. Some of their ideas will doubtless prove of great value, though the bulk of them are scarcely likely to be of much practical use.

Even the department of justice has its function in connection with the war. There is a commission appointed by the government, which has general jurisdiction over vessels captured from the enemy; but the United States district court that governs the port into which the prize is brought controls the disposition that is made of it, and the United States district attorney represents the government in its claim for the just possession and condemnation of the ship.



*Drawn by
R. West Clinedinst.*

GLORIA MUNDI.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

XVI.—*Continued.*

SO then, there were sixty thousand francs! With that he might live admirably, even luxuriously, on the Continent, until his grandfather's death. That event would of course alter everything. There would then come automatically to him—no matter where he was or what he did—a certain fixed income, which he understood to be probably over rather than under seventy-five thousand francs a year. This—still on the Continent—would be almost incredible wealth! There was really no limit to the soul-satisfying possibilities it opened before him. He would have a yacht on the Mediterranean; he would have a little chateau in the marvelous green depths of the Styrian Mountains—of which a boyhood friend had told him with such tender reverence of memory. He would see

Innsbruck and Moscow, and, if he liked, even Samarkand and China. Why, he could go round the world in his yacht, if he chose—to remote spice islands and tropical seas! He could be a duke when, and as much, as it pleased him to be one. Instead of being the slave to his position and title, he would make them minister to him. He would do original things—realize his own inner fancies and predilections. If the whim seized him to climb Mount Ararat, or to cross the Sahara with a caravan of his own servants—that he would do. But above all things—now and henceforth forever, he would be a free man! He laughed grimly as he thought how slight was the actual difference between the life of pauper bondage he had led up to last October, and the existence which polite England and London had imposed upon him ever since. The second set of chains

were of precious metals—that was all. Well, hereafter there would be no fetters of any description!

"I'm quite ready to go now, old man, if you are," Dicky Westland said at some belated stage of this reverie. He had approached without being seen by his friend, and he had to pull at Christian's sleeve to attract his attention. "I fancy you've been walking in your sleep," he laughed, in comment upon this.

Christian shook himself, and, blinking at Dicky, protested that he had never been more wide awake in his life. "I go only if you're entirely ready," he said. "Don't dream of leaving on my account. I have been extremely interested, I assure you."

"Every fellow has his own notions of enjoyment," reflected Westland, with drowsy philosophy, as they went up the stairs toward the stage. "I tried to explain your point of view to some of the girls up here, but I'm not sure they quite grasped it. They were dying to have me bring you up and make you dance, you know. By George, I had a job to keep Dolly Montessor from coming down and fetching you, off her own bat."

"How should they know or care about me?" asked Christian. "I didn't expect to be pointed out."

"My dear man," retorted Dicky, sleepily, "no one pointed you out. They all know you by sight as well as they do George Edwards. It isn't too late, still, you know—if you really would like to be introduced."

Christian shook his head with resolution, as they halted at the wings. "Truly, no!" he repeated. "But I should like a glass of wine and a sandwich, if we can get past the stage. I'm not an atom sleepy, but I'm hungry and thirsty."

On their way through a narrow, shadowed defile of huge canvas-stretched frames of deal, they passed two young men, one much taller than the other, who had their heads bent together in some low-voiced, private conversation. Christian glanced at them casually, and was struck with the notion that they observed him in turn, and exchanged comment upon his approach. He looked at them with a keener scrutiny as he went by—and it seemed to him that there was something familiar in the face of

the larger man—who indeed looked away upon the instant their eyes met.

"Did you see those men?" he asked Westland, in an undertone, a moment later. "Do you know them?"

"Those we just passed?" Dicky looked over his shoulder. "I don't know the thin chap, but the other fellow is Gus Torr—why, of course—your cousin. Somehow, I never think of you as belonging to that lot—I mean, being related to them. Of course—that was his sister-in-law you were sitting with. Why did you ask if I knew him?"

"Nothing—I was not sure if it was he—I've seen him only once," Christian replied, with an assumption of indifference. "I remember having noticed then how much he looked like his brother."

"Yes—poor devils!" commented Dicky, as they entered the manager's room. Apparently it was in his mind to say more, but the place was crowded, and the problem of getting through the throng to the food and drink monopolized his attention.

Some minutes later, while Christian stood in another corridor, waiting for his friend to bring their hats and coats from the mysteriously elusive spot where he had left them, he overheard the mention of his name. Two women's voices, wholly unknown to him, came from behind an improvised partition of screens near at hand, with great distinctness.

One of them said: "He spells his name 'Tower,' you know. I understand the idea is to make people forget who his father was."

"Good job too!" replied the other voice.

Christian turned abruptly, and strode off in the direction whither Dicky had disappeared. "After forty years!" he murmured hotly to himself. "After forty years!" and clenched his fists till the nails hurt his palms.

The two young men walked homeward, arm in arm, through silent streets over which the dawn was spreading its tentative first lights. It was colder than they had thought, and the morning air was at once misty and fresh. In Leicester Square the scent of lilacs came to them; beside the pale, undefined bulk of the squat statue they

caught the lavender splash of color which was sister to the perfume.

"By Jove, it's spring!" said Dicky. He pointed out the flowers, and then, still drawing Christian's arm to turn his attention to the square, recalled to him as they moved that this was the oldtime haunt of foreigners in London. "Dickens's villain in 'Little Dorrit,' you know—the fellow whose mustache went up and his nose went down—I never can remember his name—he lived here. In those days, all that sort of chappies lived here—the adventurers and jail-birds who had made their own countries too hot to hold them."

Westland's insistence upon this theme had no purpose other than to divert Christian's attention while they passed the Empire. He was tired, and profoundly disinclined to any renewal of the discussion about the promenade. He encountered with vague surprise, therefore, the frowning glance which Christian, half halting, bent upon him. The young man's displeasure was marked, but Dicky for the life of him could not imagine why. He tightened his hold on the other's arm and quickened their pace.

But Christian, after a few paces, suddenly withdrew his arm altogether. "I do not like to walk so fast," he said, with a sharp note in his voice.

Dicky regarded him with puzzled apprehension. "What's up, old man?" he asked, almost pleadingly. "Has anything gone wrong?"

Christian, still with knitted brows, parted his lips to speak. Then he seemed to reconsider his intention, and let his face soften as he paused. "No—nothing at all," he replied after a moment. He smiled a little to reassure the other. "It was nothing at all," he repeated. "Only I am nervous and excited to-night—this morning, I should say—and my head is full of projects. It is twelve hours since you came to me—and the whole world has changed meanwhile. I see everything different. I am not altered to your eyes—but none the less, I am not at all, in any respect, the man you took to dine with you. You have not observed anything—but it is a revolution that has occurred under your very nose, Mr. Dicky Westland."

"I'm too sleepy to observe anything,"

the other declared. "I couldn't tell a revolution from a—from a hot-potato can."

The comparison had forced itself upon Westland's jaded mind through the medium of his weary eyes. There before them, by the curb at the corner, stood the dingy wheeled-oven of the streets, the sullen red glow of its lower door making a strange patch of fiery light upon the ragged trousers of the man in charge. He was a dirty and undersized creature, and he looked up at the two young gentlemen in evening dress with a speculative, yet hardly hopeful eye.

Christian stopped short. "Ah, this is very good," he said, with a brightening face. "I have never eaten a potato from a can."

Dicky sighed, but resigned himself with only a languid protest: "You have to eat so much else besides the potato," he commented dolefully.

The man opened an upper door, and then drew from under the machine a twisted wad of old newspaper, which, being unwound, revealed a gray heap of salt. "How many, cap'n?" he demanded, briefly.

Christian had been glancing across the Circus meanwhile—to where, in the misty vagueness of dawn, Piccadilly opened between its tall, shapely corners, and beyond, the curved yellowish sweep of Regent Street began. The dim light revealed some lurking figures to his eyes.

"Can you call over those women?" he asked the potato-man.

A tall, fresh-faced young policeman came upon the group round the Criterion corner. Although the pounding of his thick boots on the pavement had been audible long before his appearance, he regarded them with the slightly dramatic air of one who has deftly surprised a group of conspirators. The potato-man looked from Christian to the officer, and made no reply.

Christian drew some silver from his pocket, shaking off the restraining hand Westland tried to lay on his arm. "Is there any objection, constable," he inquired, "to my buying potatoes for those friends of ours over there? It is a cold morning."

The policeman's glance ranged from the white ties of the young gentlemen to the

coins in Christian's palm. His official expression relaxed. "I dare say it'll do no 'arm, sir," he replied with courtesy. He even lent himself to the enterprise by stooping down stiffly and beating a certain number of strokes with his baton on the pavement.

"How many times did he strike?" Dicky made whispered inquiry. "That's a new dodge to me."

New or old, it was efficient. Forlorn shapes began to emerge from the shadows of the big streets opposite, and move forward across the empty open space. Others stole noiselessly in from the byways of Leicester Square. There were a dozen in all when the potato-man made his census—poorly dressed, fagged, bold-faced, furtive-eyed women. They spoke in monotonous, subdued tones among themselves. There were to be heard German, French, Belgian French, cockney English and Lancashire English. Two of them pulled at the sleeve of the potato-man to make him hurry.

Christian, regarding his motley guests, found himself neither touched nor entertained. They seemed as stupid as they were squalid. With a gesture of decision he gave the money to the policeman.

"Pay for it all," he directed, "and if more come, give them a look-in, too—and keep what is left for yourself."

"Now then, Frenchy!" broke in the constable, sharply. "Mind what you're at! Pass Germany the salt!" With an abrupt change to civility, he turned to Christian. "Right you are, sir!" he said.

Dicky laughed drowsily. "It's like the Concert of Europe," he declared. "Shall we go on?"

They moved down the broad pavement, again arm in arm, breathing in slowly the new, keen air, and observing in a silence which was full of tacit comment the beautiful termination of the street before them: the dark figures of the Crimean monument standing in grim relief against the morning light, the stately place beyond, with its formal portals of club buildings, its embowered statues, its huge column towering ponderously above the pale green of spring in the park—all gray and cool and, as it were, thoughtfully solemn in the hush of daybreak.

"Ah, yes—this wonderful London!" sighed Christian, as they halted at the Continental corner. He spread his hand to embrace the prospect before them. "How right you were! I have not learned to know it at all. But I begin now! If you will walk through the square with me—there is something I wish to say."

This something did not get itself said till they were in the somber, slate-colored square itself. Christian paused before a big, pretentious house of gloomy, and even forbidding aspect—a front of sooty stucco, with cornices of ashen-hued stone, and many windows masked with sullen brown shades.

"This was our town house a hundred years ago," he said meditatively. "My father was born here. My grandfather sold it when the entail was broken. Until this afternoon, it was my fixed resolve to buy it back again. I said always to myself: 'If I am to have a house in London, it must be this old one of ours in St. James's.' But that is all changed now. At least, it is no longer a resolve."

Dicky gazed at him with sleepy eyes. "How do you mean?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Wake up now, and I will tell you!" Christian, with a lingering glance, as of renunciation, at the mansion, began to walk again. "This is it. You said you were eager to be some colonial official's secretary—to have three hundred pounds—and the yellow fever. To obtain this, you expend all your energies, you and your relations. Well, then—why will you not be my secretary instead? You shall have more than three hundred pounds—and no yellow fever."

Westland had roused himself, and looked inquiringly now into the other's face. "What do you need of a secretary?" he objected, half jestingly. "If you want to talk about it after you've come into the thing—I don't say that I shouldn't be glad to consider it. But the deuce of it is——"

"No—I wish it to begin now, this morning, this hour—this minute!" Christian spoke peremptorily.

Dicky, pondering, shook his head. "No, you mustn't insist on settling anything now," he decided. "It isn't regular,



Drawn by
J. West

"A TOW-HEADED BOY IN BUTTONS STARED IN VACUOUS AMAZEMENT."

you know. If you—really—want to propose something immediate—why, I'll call and talk with you to-morrow—or, that is to say, this afternoon. But I couldn't possibly let you commit yourself to anything of that sort now."

Christian frowned at his friend. "You speak of what you will let me do!" he said. "In your opinion—I see it!—you think I have not sober command of myself, am not responsible—is that it?"

"Nonsense! I've said nothing of the sort," protested the other. "Of course, you're perfectly all right—but we're both tired and sleepy, and you're not so accustomed to go home by daylight as I am—and it wouldn't be at all the thing for me to close a bargain with you now. Can't you see what I mean? I wouldn't play three-penny *ecarté* with you at this hour in the morning—and I'm damned if I'm going to let you in for three hundred a year for the rest of my life. Shall I come round, say, at luncheon time?"

"I shall not be in," said Christian, curtly. He looked at his companion, and then past him at the trees in the square, in vexed rumination. "What I have it in my mind to do"—he continued, vaguely, after a pause—"it is not a thing for delay. It is in my blood to do it at once. It was my impulse to make you my comrade in it—but of course, since you have your reservations and doubts, there need be nothing more said about it."

The shrug of the shoulders which emphasized these last words nettled Westland, and at the same time helped him to repress his annoyance. It lent to the whole episode just that savor of foreign eccentricity which appealed to the amiable tolerance of the islander.

"My dear man," he urged, gently, "I haven't the slightest notion what it is that you're so keen about—but whatever it is, do go home and sleep on it, and make up your mind calmly after breakfast. It's no good deciding important questions, and striking out new lines, and all that sort of thing, at this hour in the morning. Nobody ever does it, you know. It simply can't be done."

"Good-night!" said Christian, proffering his hand. "You are right: it is high time for those who are sleepy to go to bed.

I won't drag you round to Duke Street."

Dicky looked at him doubtfully. "You do wrong to be angry, you know," he said.

"But that is your error—I am not in the least angry—I beg you to believe it," cried Christian. His eyes beamed genially in proof of his assertion, and he put heartiness into his voice. "For a minute I was disappointed—shall I say vexed?—but not any more. How should I quarrel with you for not beholding things through my eyes? To me, something is a giant; you perceive that it is a windmill. Eh bien! We do not convince each other—but surely we do not quarrel."

"Oh, I am game enough to play Sancho to your Don," expostulated Dicky, with a readiness which Christian had not looked for, "but I draw the line at starting out on an empty stomach, and when we're too sleepy to stand. Well, what shall it be?" He took the hand offered him, and strove to signify by his cordial grasp that no trace of a misunderstanding remained. "Shall I look you up, say, at two o'clock?"

"I do not think I shall be there. Good-night!" responded Christian, and the two parted.

XVII.

Christian climbed the stairs at Duke Street, and let himself into his apartments, with painstaking precautions against being overheard. There was an excess of zeal about Falkner which might easily impel him to present himself for service at even this most unseasonable hour.

The young man had still only formless notions of what he was going to do, but it was at least plain to him that Falkner was to have no part in the proceedings. He drew off his varnished boots as a further measure of security, and then, with more hesitation, removed his cloak and coat, and raised the inside blinds at the two windows. This sitting-room of his had rather pleased him formerly. He could recall having taken quite an affectionate interest in buying and arranging the rugs and pictures and bookcases with which he had supplemented the somewhat gaunt furnishing of his predecessor. But now, in this misty and reluctant light of the London morning, nothing seemed good to him as he looked about. The pretty things

of his own selection said no more to him than did the chattels he had taken over from a stranger. There was no spirit of home in them.

He moved noiselessly to the adjoining bedroom, and drew the curtains there as well, and glanced round. Here, too, he had the sense of beholding the casual appointments of a hotel chamber. Nothing made an appeal of intimacy to him. He reflected that in a day or two he should not be able to remember how his room looked—even if his memory attempted the fatuous task. Duke Street had been engraved on his cards for six months, but it had not made the faintest mark on his heart.

With an air of decision, he suddenly began to drag forth his clothes from the wardrobe and drawers, and spread them on the bed. In the tiny dressing-room beyond were piled his traveling bags, and these he brought out into the light. Upon consideration, however, the original impulse to take a good many things weakened and dwindled. To begin with, their secret removal was in no way practicable. Moreover, now that he thought of it, he did not want them. They would be simply encumbrances. He would take with him only the smallest handbag, with a change of linen and a few brushes. Finally, the conviction that even this must be a nuisance became clear to him, and he desisted from the random packing he had begun. Still moving about as silently as possible, he changed his ceremonial tie for one of every-day wear, and put on a suit of sober-colored tweeds, and his easiest brown boots. The transfer of his watch, some loose gold and the roll of notes from one set of pockets to another completed his preparations in the bedchamber. He tiptoed out to the larger room, and there, upon reflection, wrote a few lines for Falkner's direction, saying merely that he was called away, and that matters were to go on as usual until he returned or sent further orders. He separated a banknote from the roll to place inside this note, but on second thoughts wrote a check instead, and sealing and directing the envelope, laid it in a conspicuous place on the table.

He noticed then, for the first time, that there were some letters from the evening post for him, neatly arranged on this table.

He opened the nearest, and glanced at its contents: it was a note from his second cousin, Lady Milly Poyne, the fair-haired, fair-faced, fair-brained, fair-everything sister of Lord Lingfield, reminding him that she was depending upon his escort for the Private View of the Academy, and that the time for getting tickets was running very short. He laughed aloud at the conceit of the Royal Academy rising in his path as an obstacle at such a moment—and without more ado thrust this with the unopened letters into his pocket. Then, when he had made sure once more that he had his check-book, nothing remained to be done. He went softly forth, without so much as a thought of taking a farewell glance behind him, found a soft dark hat in the hallway and then closed the outer door with great care upon the whole Duke Street episode of his life.

"You are not to see me here again in a hurry," he confided aloud to the banisters and steps, when he had descended to the first floor. Then he laughed to himself, and tripped gaily down the remaining flight.

There was no hesitation now in his mood. He walked briskly back through the square, and then down Waterloo Place, till he came to the Guards Memorial. He moved round this to the front, and looked up at one of the three bronze Guardsmen with the confident air of familiarity. He knew this immutable, somber face under every shifting aspect of light and shadow; he had stared at the mantling greatcoat and the huge bearskin of this hero of his a hundred times. The very first day of his arrival in London he had made the acquaintance of this statue, and had started, dazed and fascinated, at the strange resemblance it suggested. Thus his boy-father must have looked, with the beard and the heavy dress of the Russian winter. The metal figure came to mean to him more than all London beside. In the sad, strong, silent countenance which gazed down upon him he read forever the tragedy that gripped his heartstrings. Forever Honor, standing aloft, held the laurel wreath poised high above the warrior's head—immoveable in the air, never to descend to touch its mark. Christian had seen this wreath always through moist eyes.

This morning, for a wonder, no tearful impulse came to him as he looked upward. The impassive face was as gravely fine as ever, but its customary effect of pathos was lacking. There even seemed in its sightless eyes a latent perception of Christian's altered mood. He lifted his hat soberly and saluted the statue.

Toward the Strand now he made his way, walking blithely, and humming to himself. He could not forbear to smile at a policeman he passed in front of St. Martin's. Two elderly and much bewrapped cabmen stood stamping their feet beside a shelter, and they pointed toward their ridiculous old horses and battered growlers as he came along, with an air that moved him to glee. He gave them a shilling to divide, and went on, conscious of a novel delight in himself and in the world at large.

The big clock showed it to be half-past five. There was no blue in the sky, but the mist of daybreak was abating, and the air was milder. Not a living creature was visible along the naked length of the Strand. At the end, the beautiful spire of St. Mary's rose from the dim grays about its base, exquisite in tints and contour as an Alpine summit in the moment before sunrise.

A turning to the left opened to Christian, unexpectedly, a scene full of motion and color. He had not thought himself so near Covent Garden, but clearly this must be it. He walked up toward the busy scene of high-laden vans, big cart-horses and swarming porters, wondering why no sign of all this activity was manifest in the sleeping Strand below, barely a stone's throw distant. He saw the glowing banks of flowers within, as he approached, and made toward them, sighing already with pleasure at the promise they held out to him.

He might have read in the papers that it was a backward and a grudging April, this year, in the matter of flowers. But to Christian, no memory of the exuberant South suggested any rivalry with this wonderful show of northern blossoms. Tulips and daffodils, amaryllis and azaleas, rhododendrons, carnations, roses—he seemed to have imagined to himself nothing like this before. He spent over an hour among them, in the end making numerous purchases. At each stall he gave an ad-

dress—always the same—and exacted the pledge of delivery at eight o'clock.

At last he could in reason buy nothing more, and he went out to look about him. He found the place where the market-men take drinks at all hours, and food and coffee when nature's sternest demands can be positively no longer disregarded—but it did not invite his appetite. Some further time he spent in gazing wonderingly at the vast walls of vegetables and fruit being tirelessly built up and pulled down again, pondering meanwhile the question whether he should breakfast before eight o'clock, or at some indefinitely later hour. He partially solved the problem at length by buying a small box of Algerian peaches, and eating them where he stood. Then some exceptionally fine bananas tempted him further, and he finished with a delicate little melon from Sicily.

How it carried him back to the days of his youth—this early morning fragrance of the fresh fruit! It was as if he were at Cannes again—only buoyant now, and happy, and oh, so free! And in his pocket he could feel whenever he liked the soft, munificent crackle of over four thousand francs! The sapphire Mediterranean had surely never been so lovely to his gaze as was now the dingy Strand below.

The laggard hour came round at last. He descended to Arundel Street, and discovered the house he wanted, and found just within the entrance two or three of the flower-laden porters awaiting his arrival. For the rest, the building seemed profoundly unoccupied. He led the way up to the third floor, and had the plants set down beside the locked door which bore the sign, "Miss Bailey." Other similarly burdened porters made their appearance in turn, till the narrow hallway looked like a floral annex to the Garden itself.

He waited alone with his treasures for what seemed to him a very long time, then descended and stood at the street door till he was tired, then climbed the stairs again. The extraordinary quiet of the big building, filled with business offices as it was, puzzled him. He had no experience of early-morning London to warn him that English habits differed from those of the Continent. It occurred to him that perhaps it was a holiday—conceivably one of those extra-

ordinary interludes called Bank Holidays—and he essayed a perplexing computation in the calendar in the effort to settle this point.

Finally there began the sounds of steps, and the opening and closing of doors, below him. A tow-headed boy in buttons came up to his landing, stared in vacuous amazement at him and the flowers and passed on to the next floor. Noises of occupancy rose from the well of the staircase to bear him countenance, and suddenly a lift glided up past him in this well. He had not noticed the ropes or the iron caging before. He heard the slamming of the lift doors above, and the dark carriage followed on its smooth descent. Christian reproached

himself for not having rung the bell and questioned the lift-man. He considered the feasibility of doing it now, but was deterred by the fear that the man would resent it. Then the lift came up again—and was stopping at his floor. There was a sharp note of girlish laughter on the instant of the halt, answered by a male guffaw.

A slight, erect, active young woman emerged from the lift, her face alive with mirth of some unknown character. Behind her, in the obscurity, Christian saw for an instant the vanishing countenance of the lift-man, grinning widely. This hilarity, somehow, struck in him an unsympathetic chord.

The young woman, still laughing, spread an uncomprehending glance over Christian and his flowers. She moved past him, key in hand, toward the door which he had been guarding, with a puzzled eye upon him meanwhile. With the key in the lock she turned and decided to speak.

"What might all this be—the Temple Flower Show or the Crystal Palace?" she asked, with banter in her tone.

"These are for Miss Bailey," said Christian, quite humbly.

"Must be some mistake," said the girl decisively. "Did she order them herself? Were you there at the time? Did you see her? Where do they come from?"

Christian advanced a little into the light. "She has not ordered them," he said, in his calmest voice. "I have not seen her for a long time. But I have brought them for her, and I think you may take it from me that they are hers."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied, lightly but with grace. "I didn't understand. Things are forever being brought here that belong somewhere else. Men are so stupid in



Drawn by
B. West Clinedinst.

"FLOWER-LADEN PORTERS AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL."

finding their way about! Well—I suppose we must get them inside. That is your idea, isn't it?"

She spoke very rapidly, and with a kind of metallic snap in her tones. Christian answered her questions by a suave assenting gesture. "Miss Bailey is not likely to turn up much before half-past nine," she went on, as if he had made the inquiry. "She lives so far out, and just now we're not very busy. There's nothing doing in new plays at this time of year, and the lady novelists are all getting their own type-writers. If you'll lend a hand, we'll carry the things in."

Between them they bore in the various pots, and the big bouquets loosely wrapped in blue paper. The girl led the way through a large working-room to a smaller apartment, fitted as an office but containing also a sofa and a tall gas cooking-stove—and here on desk and center-table, chairs and window-sill, they placed the flowers. Christian watched her as she deftly removed their paper wrappings. She had a comely, small face of aspect at once alert and masterful. The skin was peculiarly fair, with a tinge of rose in the cheeks so delicately modulated that he found it in rivalry with the "Mrs. Pauls" she was unpacking. Her light hair was drawn plainly down over the temples in a fashion which he felt was distinguished, but said to himself he did not like. Her shrewd eyes took calm cognizance of him from time to time.

"They are very beautiful indeed," she remarked with judicial approval, upon the completion of her task. Then, as upon an afterthought, she moved rapidly about, peering under the branches of the growing plants, and separating the cut flowers lightly with her hands. "There is no card anywhere, is there? I suppose you will want to leave a message! Here are pen and ink—if you wish to write anything."

"Thank you," Christian began, smilingly, but with obvious hesitation. He looked at his watch. "If you don't mind—if you're quite sure I shan't be in the way—I think I should like to wait till Miss Bailey comes."

"Oh, you won't be in the way," the girl replied. She regarded him meditatively,

with narrowed eyes. "I shouldn't dust this room in any event—since the flowers are here; but you mus'n't come out into the big room—unless you want to get choked with blacks. Would you like a morning paper? I can send a boy out for one."

"Thank you—you are very good—no," Christian answered. "There are some books here—I shall amuse myself."

The girl turned to leave him, then upon second thought moved over to the window and lifted the sash. "There'll be no objection to your smoking, if you like," she informed him. Then she went out, closing the door behind her.

Christian walked to the window in turn, and looked down over the flowers to the narrow street below. It was full of young men in silk hats, toiling up the granite ascent like black ants. He reflected that they must be clerks and shopmen, going to their daily work from the Temple station or the Embankment. The suggestion of monotonous bondage which their swarming progress toward the wage-earning center gave forth, interested him. He yawned pleasantly at the thought of his own superb emancipation from duties and tasks of all descriptions.

He strolled over to the bookcase above the desk, and glanced at the volumes revealed through its glass doors. They seemed very serious books, indeed. "Economics of Socialism," "Capitalist Production," "The Ethics of Socialism," "Towards Democracy"—so the titles ran which first met his eye. There were other groups—mainly of history and the essayists—but everything was substantial. His glance sought in vain any lightsome gleam of poetry or fiction. The legend on a thin red book, "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure," whimsically caught his attention. He put his hand to the key in the bookcase door to get out the volume; then, hesitating, yawned, and looked over the shelves once more. There was nothing else—and really he desired to read nothing.

He would half recline in comfort upon the sofa instead, until his friend came. As a pleasing adjunct to this plan, he drew the table up close, and found room upon it, by crowding them together, for most of the flowers that had been bestowed elsewhere. He seated himself at his ease,

with his head resting against the wall, and surveyed the plants and blossoms in affectionate admiration. It was delicious to think how naïve her surprise would be—how great her pleasure! Truly, since his discovery of his birthright, remarkable and varied as had been his experiences, he had done nothing else which afforded him a tithe of the satisfaction he felt now glowing in all his veins. Here, at last, by some curious and devious chance, he had stumbled upon the thing that was genuinely worth doing.

He could hear the cheerful girl in the next room, whistling gently to herself as she moved the furniture about. There came presently the sound of other female voices, and then a sustained, vibrant rattle, quaintly accentuated like the ticking of a telegraph key, which he grew accustomed to, and even found pleasant to the ear.

He put his feet up on the edge of the sofa—and nestled downward till his head was upon it as well. A delicate yet pervasive fragrance from the table close beside him aroused his languid curiosity. Was it the perfume of carnations or of roses?

He closed his eyes, the better to decide.

XVIII.

In the outer room, Miss Connie Staples permitted herself numerous and varied speculations as to the identity and purposes of the young man with the flowers, the while she dusted the typewriters, distributed the copy for the morning's start and set the place in order. She had her sleeves rolled up, and had wound a big handkerchief about her hair; beneath this turban her forehead scored itself in lines of perplexed wonderment as to this curious early caller—but when two other girls arrived, she suffered them to put aside their things and begin work without so much as hinting at what had happened. A third girl, coming a little later, brought in a stray blossom which she had picked up in the corridor outside. She mentioned the fact, and even laid stress upon it, but got no syllable of explanation.

This was all simple enough, but at half-past nine the arrival of still another of the sex put Miss Connie's resources to an unexpected test.

A handsome, youngish woman, very well dressed indeed, appeared suddenly upon the threshold of the workroom, knocking upon the door and pushing it wide open at the same instant. She looked curiously about, and then point-blank into the face of the girl who came toward her. It was a glance of independent and impersonal criticism which the two exchanged, covering with instantaneous swiftness an infinitude of details as to dress, coiffure, complexion, figure, temperament and origin. Connie wondered if the new-comer was really quite a lady, long before she formulated an inquiring thought about her errand. Even as she finally looked this question of business, she decided that it was an actress with a play for the provinces, and asked herself if she did not seem to recognize the face. The visitor, for her part, saw that Connie's teeth were too uneven to be false, and that her waist was overlong, and that her hair was not thick enough to be worn flat over the temples, much less to justify so confident a manner. In all, something less than a second of time had elapsed.

"I want to see Miss Bailey—Miss Frank Bailey," explained the stranger, graciously.

Connie conveyed to her, with courteous brevity, the fact that Miss Bailey had not yet arrived. "Is it something that I can do?" she added.

The other shook her head, and showed an affable thread of white between her fresh-hued lips. "No, I will wait for her," she answered, and threw a keen glance about the place. "That's her private room, isn't it?" she asked, nodding at the closed door to the right. "I will wait in there," she decided, in the same breath, and began moving toward it.

Connie alertly headed her off. "If you will kindly take a seat here——" she interposed, standing in front of her visitor.

"It's too noisy out here," remarked the other; "those horrid machines would give me a headache. That is her private room, isn't it?"

"Unfortunately," Connie began, lowering her voice, "the room belongs to another office. Or rather, I should say, it is locked. Miss Bailey will be here—with the key—very shortly now."

"Oh, it's all right—I'm her sister,"

explained the other, in no wise resenting the ineffectual fabrications. She pushed forward past the reluctant girl with a resolute step, and put her hand on the knob of the tabooed door. "Make your mind quite easy, my dear," she remarked over her shoulder, sinking her voice in turn in deference to the situation; "you've done all that could be expected of you—and I'll tell her so."

Then, with a momentary gleam of good nature on her pretty face, which the short transparent veil she wore to her chin seemed to accentuate rather than mask, she opened the door, threw up her head with a swift, puzzled glance at what she saw, and then tiptoed gracefully into the room, closing the door with painstaking noiselessness behind her.

Miss Frances Bailey entered her office not many minutes later, her cheeks aglow with the morning air as the wheel-woman meets it. She nodded cheerfully to Connie, and beyond her to the girls at the machines, as her hand sought for a hat-pin at the back of her head.

"Any word from the Lyceum?" she asked. "And what does that Zambesi-travel manuscript make?"

Connie ignored industrial topics. "There are people waiting in there to see you," she announced, in low, significant tones.

The mistress was impressed by the suggestion of mystery. "People? What people?" she asked, knitting her brows.

"One of them says she's your sister. And the other is a young gentleman—he came first—and he brought—"

"My sister?" interrupted Miss Bailey. "Cora! Something dreadful must have happened—for she never got out so early as this before in her life. Is she in mourning? Did she seem upset?"

"Not a bit of it!" said Connie, reassuringly. She added, following the other toward the private office: "I tried my best to keep her out here."

"Why should you?" asked Frances, with wide-open eyes.

"Oh, well—you'll see," replied the girl, evasively. "I told you there was some one else in there."

Frances opened the door—and Connie noted that she too lifted her head and

stared a little, and then cautiously closed the door behind her. She pondered this as she returned to her machine, and she curled her thin lip when she took up the copies of the first act of an amateur's romantic play, to underscore the business directions with red ink, and sew on brown paper covers. Intuition told her that a much better drama was afoot, here under her very nose.

Inside her office, Miss Bailey surrendered herself to frank astonishment at what she beheld.

Bestowed in obvious discomfort upon her sofa, behind an extraordinary bank of potted plants and bright, costly greenhouse flowers, was a young man fast asleep. Her eye took in as well her sister, who sat near the head of the sofa, but she could wait. The interest centered in this sleeping stranger, who made himself so much at home in the shelter of his remarkable floral barricade. She moved round the better to scrutinize his face, which was tilted up as if proudly held even in slumber. Upon examination she recognized the countenance; and in a swift moment of concentration tried to think what his presence might signify. Then she turned to her sister, and lifted her calm brows in mute inquiry.

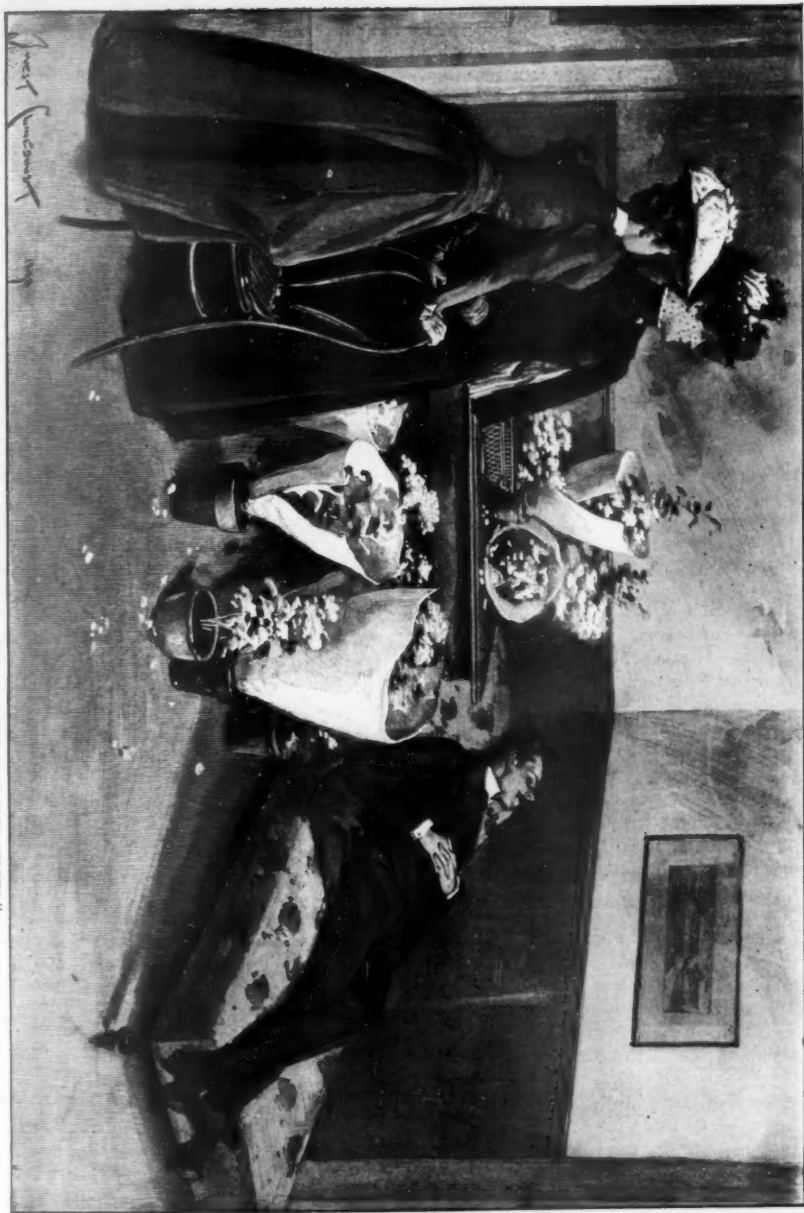
"Oh, my dear—what splendid business!" whispered Cora, her glance beaming upward from the sofa to the standing figure. "And mind, Frank, I'm in it! I'm in it up to my neck! I sent him to you, dear."

The girl looked down at them both, and deliberated before she spoke. "If you brought him here," she said, "I think you'd better take him away again. I can let you out by this other door. Let us have no more publicity than necessary."

"But you don't in the least understand!" protested Cora, with her finger raised in an appeal for quiet tones.

"No, I don't understand. I don't want to understand," replied Frances coldly. "There's one thing *you* don't understand either, Cora: This is my typewriting office; it isn't a greenhouse at all."

"Then it well might be," retorted the other, with a latent grin. "Anything greener than its owner I never saw. Now listen—don't be a silly cuckoo! I met the youngster last night—and I worked him



Drawn by R. H. H. H.

"IN OBVIOUS DISCOMFORT UPON HER SOFA WAS A YOUNG MAN FAST ASLEEP."

up till he was mad to learn where you were to be found. I told him—and then I went home, and I couldn't sleep for thinkin' of you, dear—and so I turned out at some extraordinary hour this mornin'—it *is* mornin' by this time, isn't it?—and I came here, just to tell you that he was askin' after you—and I come in here—and lo! here's the bird on his little nest!—and see the flowers he's brought from Covent Garden for you!—and so I sit here like Patience on a monument, afraid to wink an eyelash, so's not to wake him till you come. That's what I've done for *you*, dear—and presently, if you don't mind, I'd like to hear what you'll do for me."

Frances put a knee upon the chair before her, and rested with her hands upon its back. She sighed a little, and bit her lips. A troubled look came into her gray eyes.

"You might as well say all you have to say," she said, slowly. "I don't in the least see what you're up to—but then I never did."

"No, dear, you never did," responded Cora, smiling as if in pleased retrospect. "But that's no reason why I shouldn't be a good sister to you. If it's one's nature to be a good sister, why, then one will be—and there you are, don't you see? I take no credit to myself for it."

"Go on," said the other. The two women spoke in hushed whispers, and with each sentence stole glances of precaution toward the sleeper.

"Well, Frank, I look to you not to forget what I've done. I spent two or three very hard hours last night talkin' him round, and singin' your praises to him—and I put Covent Garden into his head, too—and here he is! And I kept Eddy and Gus off his back, too—they were frightfully keen to get at him—but I said no, and I held 'em to heel. It was all for you, dear. They might have queered the whole pitch, if I'd given 'em their heads. But now about myself. I'm tired, dead tired, of bein' poor. Of course we get a little something from Lord Julius. But Eddy—you know what Eddy is! No sooner does he pick himself up from Epsom than Ascot gives him a fair knock-out, and if he lives through the Sandown Eclipse there's Goodwood waitin' for him with a facer. I can't understand it; other men seem to win

sometimes—you'd think the unluckiest duffer would get a look-in once in a while—but no, he just gets hammered one meeting after another. And I'm tired of it, Frank! If I could only go back to work! But if I get an engagement, then Eddy will go playin' the goat—he's jealous of everybody about the place from the bandmaster down to the carpenter's boy—and that makes me unpopular—and there we are, don't you see! I'm worn out with it. But if I could have eight hundred a year, or even six hundred or five at a pinch—God knows, my wants are simple enough!—and have it paid to me personally, do you see—why, then, life would be worth livin'. Now, what do you say?"

Frances looked moodily down at her distinguished sister, her lips twisted in stormy amusement. "Why not say a thousand and be done with it?" she demanded between set teeth, after an ominous pause. "One would be as intelligent as the other. And oughtn't I to set your Eddy up with a racing stud while I'm about it? It's true that I have about twenty pounds a year for my own personal use, and Tom has a standing grievance that I don't give even *that* to him—but don't let that interfere with your plans. Whatever you feel that you would like, just give it a name. Couldn't I lease one of the new Kaffir mansions in Park Lane for you? Or would you prefer something in Grosvenor Square?"

Cora gazed up with such intentness at her unnatural sister that a bright little tear came to shine at the corner of each eye. She put up her veil then, and breathed a cautious sigh. "I didn't expect this of you, dear," she said, submissively. "Of course it's the old story—La Cigale, and 'go-to-the-ant-thou-sluggard' and all that. I don't see myself why a typewriting machine should make one so fearfully stony-hearted; you get callouses on your fingers. I know, but you needn't get 'em on your sisterly affections, one would think. But however"—she wiped her eyes, drew down her veil and allowed a truculent note to sound in her voice—"however, if you won't play, why then neither will I. I've been at pains to put this youngster in your way, but it won't be much trouble to shunt him out again. You mustn't

think you can walk on me indefinitely, Frank. I'm the best-natured woman in the world, but even I draw the line somewhere."

"Draw it now then," said the other, with stern promptitude. "Go away, and take your friend with you and let me get to my work. I don't know what business either of you had coming here, at all." As she spoke, she moved to the outer private door, and turned the key in the lock. "You can send for the flowers," she added, "or I will have them taken over to Charing Cross Hospital—whichever you like."

Cora rose, her veiled face luminous with a sudden inspiration. "You can't quarrel with me, dear, no matter how hard you try." She spoke in low, cooing tones—a triumph of sympathetic voice production. "You're hard as nails, but I know you're straight. I will trust my interests absolutely in your hands. I leave it to you to do the fair thing by me."

"The fair thing?" echoed Frances, in dubious perplexity. She puzzled over the words and their elusive implication. "Your interests?" she repeated—and saw Cora move round her to the unlocked door, and open it—and still sought to comprehend what it was all about. Only when her sister, smiling cordially once more, bent forward without warning and pressed her veiled lips against her chin, and with a gentle "Good-bye, dear!" stepped into the shadows without, did she recall the other features of the situation.

"Here!" she called, with nervous eagerness, yet keeping her voice down, "you're not to run off like this. Take your man with you!"

"Softly, dear!" Cora enjoined her, from the dusk of the hallway. "Your young women wouldn't understand. No—I caught him for you, and I leave him in your hands. I'm not in the least afraid to trust it all to you. Bye-bye, dear."

Frances went out and glared down the staircase, with angry expostulation on her tongue's end. But there was nobody to talk to. She could hear only the brisk rustle of Cora's skirts on the stone steps, a floor below—and even that died away beneath the clatter of the machines inside.

Returning over the threshold, she paused, and looked impatiently at the flowers, and

at the impassive, slumbering face beyond them. After a little, the lines of vexation began to melt from her brow. In a musing way, she put a hand behind her, and as if unconsciously closed and locked the hall door again. Then she moved to the table, picked up some of the loose blossoms and breathed in their fragrance, still keeping her thoughtful gaze upon the young man. She found the face much older and stronger than she remembered it—and in a spirit of fairness she said to herself that it seemed no whit less innocent. But then perhaps all sleeping faces looked innocent; she could recall that Cora's certainly did. Holding the carnations to her lips and nostrils, she examined in meditative detail the countenance before her—delicately modeled, dark, nervously high-spirited even in repose. Associations came back as she gazed—the tender eagerness of the lad, the wistful charm with which his fancy had invested England, the frank sweetness of the temperament he had disclosed to her. He had been like a flower himself on that mellow autumn day—as fresh and as goodly to the eye as these roses on the table. But a winter had intervened since then—and what gross disillusionments, what roughening and hardening and corroding experiences had he not encountered! You could not tell anything by a face in sleep; again she assured herself of that.

Why, when one came to think of it, it was enough that Cora had brought him—or sent him, it mattered not which. Whence had she dispatched him?—from some theatrical dance or late supper. It was true that he was not in evening dress—and the thought gave her pause for a moment. But he had been at some place where those wretched cousins of his were present—for Cora had spoken of keeping both Eddy and Gus "off his back"—whatever that might mean. And it was Cora herself who had told him to go to Covent Garden and buy these flowers!

Frances, revolving these unpleasant reflections, discovered all at once that the young man, without betraying by any other motion his awakening, had opened his eyes and was looking placidly across the flowers into her face.

She caught a quick breath, and frowned slightly at him.

XIX.

"I don't think I like your being here," Frances remarked to the young man after a brief frowning inspection. She spoke slowly, and with a deliberate gravity and evenness of tone.

Christian's wide-open eyes continued to gaze up at her with that disconcerting look which had in it both remote abstraction and something very intimately personal. His glance expressed a tender pleasure as it maintained itself against hers.

"Oh, but I like it so very much!" he murmured, with a pleading smile.

Then, by a sudden movement, he sat up, flushing in a novel embarrassment. "I beg you to pardon me," he urged, faltering over his words. "I was not wholly awake, I think; or I was trying to persuade myself that it was still a dream. Do not think me so rude, I pray you!"

She signified by a gesture and momentary facial relaxation that this particular detail of the situation need not detain them.

"But"—she began, in her stiffest and least amiable voice, and then hesitated. She put her knee again upon the chair, and, resting her hand on its back, looked dubiously at him. "I hardly know what to say," she started once more, and stopped altogether.

"Oh, but it is I who must say everything," he broke in, eagerly. "I am quite awake now—I see, of course, it is all absurd, meaningless in your eyes, till I explain it to you." He rose to his feet and put forth his hand as if to offer it in greeting. No responsive token being visible on her set face, or in her rigid posture, as she confronted him, he waved both hands in a deprecatory movement over the table laden with flowers between them. "These are my peace-offering," he said, with less confidence. "I hoped they would say some things for me—some things which I feel within me, and cannot easily put into speech. That is what I expected they would surely do. But"—he finished with dejection, after another glance into her face—"evidently they are as tongue-tied as I am. I see it was not a happy thought in me to bring them—or to come myself!"

She had followed his words with rapt attentiveness—but at the end seemed to

remember only one of them. "The 'thought,'" she said, coldly. "Yes, that is what I do not understand. What was the thought?"

He regarded her with some perplexity. "What was the thought—my thought?" he repeated. "Oh—since it does not explain itself, what good is there in talking about it? Let us say that there was no 'thought' at all. I will make my compliments and apologies—and say good-morning—and nothing at all will have happened."

"No," she answered reflectively. "That would be stupid. You have been to expense, and evidently to some inconvenience as well, to do this thing. On second thoughts," she went on, with an apparent effort to modify the asperities of her tone and manner, "I dare say that I haven't behaved quite nicely to you. If you remember, I told you a long time ago that bad manners was a failing of mine."

"I remember every little word that you spoke," said Christian softly.

Frances hardened her voice on the instant. "But that doesn't help me to understand why—what this is all about."

He responded slowly, searching for his words as he went along. The rattle of machines in the next room for the first time came into the conversation, and forced him to lift his voice. "You were my last friend in France—my first friend in England," he began. "I said I would not forget you, and you have been always in my mind—always somewhere secure and fresh and sweet in my mind. It was only last night that I learned where I might find you. You will remember that when I begged you to tell me, you laughed and would not. I must not make you believe that I did not very soon find out your name or that I could not have learned your whereabouts much earlier. All I say is that I did not forget—and that last night, when the chance came naturally to me, I asked and learned what I desire to know. And then—why, then—this knowledge spread upward to be of more importance than all the other things I knew. I went home—but never to think of sleeping, but only to change my clothes and hasten out again, to get some new morning flowers for you, and to come to you at the earliest moment. I did

not know that London rose so late—I arrived before the time, and, so it seems, waiting for your coming, I fell asleep. That is the entire story. You see it is not very complicated—it is by no means extraordinary."

Frances had listened with a dreamy gentleness in her gray eyes. She started slightly when he stopped, and gave him a keen, cool glance. "The entire story?" she queried. "I think you have forgotten to mention that it was my sister who told you about me, and gave you my address."

Her prescience in no wise astonished Christian. Imagination had thrown round the Minerva-like figure which personified her in his thoughts, such a glamor of intellectual radiancy, that it seemed quite a natural thing for her to divine the obscure, and comprehend the mysterious. He smiled at her as he shrugged his shoulders. "It did not occur to me as important," he exclaimed. "It is true, however, that she told me. She did not know the address when I asked her, but later she procured it for me from her brother. It was at a supper at the Hanover Theater. Afterward there was dancing on the stage. I fear it would have been rather tiresome for me if I had not met your sister. She is a very friendly lady, and she talked a great deal to me."

"About me?" demanded Frances, sharply.

"Oh, no—about you only a few pleasant words; not more. It seems you do not meet very often."

He spoke with such evident frankness that she hesitated over the further inquiry her mind had framed. At last she put it in altered form. "Then you would not say that she sent you here—that she told you to come—and to come by way of Covent Garden, and buy these flowers?" The question, as she uttered it, was full of significant suggestion about the nature of the reply desired. Its tone, too, carried the welcome hint of a softened mood, under



Drawn by
B. West Clivedon.

"GLARED DOWN THE STAIRCASE."

the influence of which Christian's face brightened with joy.

"Why, not at all!" he cried, lifting his voice gaily above the typewriters' clatter. "She did speak of Covent Garden, and the show of flowers there in the early morning, but it was not in the least with reference to you. It was my own idea long after she had gone. Oh, no one would be more surprised than that good sister of yours to know that I am here!"

Frances, with a puzzling smile which ended in a long breath of relief, took up some of the roses and held them to her face.

"Sit down again," she bade him, with a pleasant glow in the eyes regarding him over the blossoms; "sit down, and let us talk. Or does that noise bore you?"

"Oh, I am too glad!" he assured her, beamingly. "If it were cannon firing in the next room, it would be nothing to me." Then, as he continued to gaze with delight at her, an inspiration came to him. "Or is it possible for you to come out? Would you walk a little while, perhaps on the Embankment?"

"I am not particularly busy this morning," she made indirect answer. Then a digression occurred to her. "But I am rather surprised," she observed, "to find that England hasn't made more changes in your speech. I would have expected a perfect Piccadilly accent, but you talk exactly as you did on the train and the boat."

He laughed and clapped his hands for glee. "It is wholly because I am with you again!" he declared. "Everybody has said for months that the foreign traces had quite vanished from my tongue—but the first glimpse of you—ah! they come instantly back! It is the association of ideas, beyond doubt—that very sweet association," he added, with trembling softness, "of oh! such fond ideas."

She had taken up her hat. "We will go out for a little, if you like," she remarked, rather abruptly.

"And I am altogether forgiven?" he demanded in high spirits, as he rose. "You consent to accept the flowers?"

"Heaven only knows what I shall do with them," she answered, with a grimace of mock despair. "But it was ever so nice of you to get them, and I thank you very much. Oh, I must tell Connie to sprinkle them before I go."

She moved to the inner door, and as she opened it turned. "Wouldn't you like to come and see the factory at work?" she inquired, and he joined her with alacrity. "It isn't much to see at the moment," she explained, as they entered the large room. "We have nine machines, but only four of

them are azeeded just now. Until after the Jubilee, I'm afraid things will be very dull with publishers and playwrights. However, one must take the lean with the fat."

Christian looked somewhat nervously about him, while his friend stepped aside to confer with the girl whom he remembered from the early morning. Both this young lady and the three at their machines made a rapid, and as it seemed to him, perfunctory survey of their mistress's guest, and bent their attention upon their duties again as if his presence signified nothing whatever to them. He suspected that in reality they were plunged in furious speculation concerning him; and this embarrassed him so much that he turned and strolled back toward the open door and even entered the office before Frances rejoined him.

When she came back to him, she took from the table a couple of pale, half-opened tea-rose buds, gave one to him to fix in his lapel and pinned the other to the breast of her fawn-gray frock. "If you are ready," she said, smilingly, and led the way to the staircase. As she descended before him, he noted the intelligent simplicity of this dress she wore—how it fitted her as gracefully and as artistically as Poole ever fitted Dicky Westland. About her hat, the carriage of her head and shoulders, the free decision of her step, there was something individual which appealed directly to him—a charm which would not be duplicated by any other person in the world. He looked at his watch as he went down, and found with surprise that it was nearly eleven.

He stepped to her side at the street doorway, with a meaning gesture. "Do you remember," he said, gently—"on the boat you took my arm?"

"I think London is a little different," she answered, decisively enough, yet with the effect to his ears of unreserved camaraderie.

(To be continued.)





*Drawn by
Peter Newell.*

SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

"COME right in an' set down. I was jest wishin' I had somebody to talk to. Take that chair right by the door so's you can get the breeze."

And Aunt Jane beamed at me over her silver-rimmed spectacles and hitched her own chair a little to one side, in order to give me the full benefit of the wind that was blowing softly through the white-curtained window, and carrying into the room the heavenliest odors from a field of clover that lay in full bloom just across the road. For it was June in Kentucky, and clover and bluegrass were running in sweet riot over the face of the earth.

"Yes, I'm a-piecin' quilts again," she said, snipping away at the bits of calico in her lap. "I did say I was done with that sort o' work; but this mornin' I was rummagin' around up in the garret, an' I come across this bundle of pieces, an'

thinks I, 'I reckon it's intended for me to piece one more quilt before I die;' I must 'a' put 'em there thirty years ago an' clean forgot 'em, an' I've been settin' here all the evenin' cuttin' 'em an' thinkin' about old times.

"Jest feel o' that," she continued, tossing some scraps into my lap. "They ain't no such caliker nowadays. This ain't your five-cent stuff that fades in the first washin' an' wears out in the second. A caliker dress was somethin' worth buyin' an' worth makin' up in them days. That blue-flowered piece was a dress I got the spring before Abram died. When I put on mournin' it was as good as new, an' I give it to sister Mary. That one with the green ground and white figger was my niece Rebecca's. She wore it the first time to the county Fair the year I took the premium on my salt-risin' bread an' sponge cake.

This black an' white piece Sally Ann Flint give me. I ricollect 'twas in blackberry time, an' I'd been out in the big pastur' pickin' some for supper, an' I stopped in at Sally Ann's for a drink o' water on my way back. She was cuttin' out this dress." Aunt Jane broke off with a little soprano laugh.

"Did I ever tell you about Sally Ann's Experience?" she said, as she laid two three-cornered pieces together and began to sew with her slender, nervous old fingers.

To find Aunt Jane alone and in a reminiscent mood! This was delightful.

"Do tell me," I said.

Aunt Jane was silent for a few moments. She always made this pause before beginning a story, and there was something impressive about it. I used to think she was making an invocation to the goddess of Memory.

"'Twas forty years ago," she began musingly, "an' the way of it was this. Our church was considerably out o' fix. It needed a new roof. Some o' the winder lights was out, an' the floor was as bare as your hand, an' always had been. The men-folk managed to git the roof shingled an' the winders fixed, an' us women in the Mite Society concluded we'd git a cyarpet. We'd been savin' up our money for some time, an' we had about twelve dollars. I ricollect what a' argument we had, for some of us wanted the cyarpet, an' some wanted to give it to furrin missions, as we'd set out to do at first. Sally Ann was the one that settled it. She says at last—Sally Ann was in favor of the cyarpet—she says, 'Well, if any of the heathen fails to hear the Gospel on account of our gittin' this cyarpet, they'll be saved anyhow, so Parson Page says. An' if we send the money an' they do hear the Gospel, like as not they would repent, an' then they're certain to be damned. An' it seems to me as long as we ain't sure what they'll do, we might as well keep the money an' git the cyarpet. I never did see much sense anyhow,' says she, 'in givin' people a chance to damn themselves.'

"Well, we decided to take Sally Ann's advice, an' we was talkin' about app'intin' a committee to go to town the follerin' Monday an' pick out the cyarpet, when all at once 'Lizabeth Taylor—she was our

treasurer—she spoke up, an' says she, 'They ain't no use app'intin' that committee. The money's gone,' she says, sort o' short and quick. 'I kep' it in my top bureau drawer, an' when I went for it yistiddy, it was gone. I'll pay it back if I'm ever able, but I ain't able now.' An' with that she got up an' walked out o' the room, before anyone could say a word, an' we seen her goin' down the road lookin' straight before her an' walkin' right fast.

"An' we—we set there an' stared at each other in a sort o' dazed way. I could see that everybody was thinkin' the same thing, but nobody said a word, till our minister's wife—she was as good a woman as ever lived—she says, '*Judge not.*'

"An' them two words was jest like a sermon to us. Then Sally Ann spoke up an' says, 'For the Lord's sake don't let the men-folks know anything about this. They're always sayin' that women ain't fit to handle money, an' I for one don't want to give 'em no more ground to stand on than they've already got.'

"So we agreed to say nothin' about it, an' all of us kept our promise except Milly Amos. She had mighty little sense to begin with, an' havin' been married only about two months, she'd about lost that little. So next mornin' I happened to meet Sam Amos an' he says to me, 'Aunt Jane, how much money have you women got to 'rds the new cyarpet for the church?' I looked him square in the face, an' I says, 'Are you a member of the Ladies' Mite Society of Goshen Church, Sam Amos?' 'Cause if you are, you already know how much money we've got, an' if you ain't, you've got no business knowin'. An' furthermore,' says I, 'there's some women that can't keep a secret an' a promise, an' some that can, an' I can.' An' that settled him.

"Well, 'Lizabeth never showed her face outside her door for more'n a month afterwards, an' a more pitiful-lookin' creatur' you never saw than she was when she come out to prayer-meetin' the night Sally Ann give her experience. She set 'way back in the church, an' she was as pale and peaked as if she had been through a siege of typhoid. I ricollect it all as if it had been yesterday. We'd sung 'Welcome, Sweet Hour,' an' Parson Page prayed a pra'r, an'

Drawn by
Peter Newell.

"'THE MONEY'S GONE,' SHE SAYS, SORT O' SHORT AND QVICE."



then called on the brethren to say anything they might feel called on to say concernin' their experience in the past week. Old Uncle Jim Matthews begun to clear his throat, an' I knew as well as I knew my name he was fixin' to git up an' tell how precious the Lord had been to his soul, jest like he'd been doin' every Wednesday night for twenty years. But before he got started, here come 'Lizabeth walkin' down the side aisle an' stopped right in front o' the pulpit.

"'I've somethin' to say,' she says. 'It's been on my mind till I can't stand it any longer. I've got to tell it, or I'll go crazy. It was me that took that cyarpet money. I only meant to borry it. I thought sure I'd be able to pay it back before it was wanted. But things went wrong, an' I ain't known a peaceful minute since, an' never shall again, I reckon. I took it to pay my way up to Louisville, the time I got the news that Mary was dyin'.'

"Mary was her daughter by her first husband, you see. 'I begged Jacob to give me the money to go on,' says she, 'an' he wouldn't do it. I tried to give up and stay, but I jest couldn't. Mary was all I had in the world; and maybe you that has children can put yourself in my place an' know what it would be to hear your only child callin' to you from her deathbed an' you not able to go to her. I asked Jacob three times for the money,' she says, 'an' when I found he wouldn't give it to me, I said to myself, 'I'm goin' anyhow.' I got down on my knees,' says she, 'an' asked the Lord to show me a way, an' I felt sure he would. As soon as Jacob had eat his breakfast an' gone out on the farm, I dressed myself, an' as I opened the top bureau drawer to get out my best collar, I saw the missionary money. It come right into my head,' says she, 'that maybe this was the answer to my prayer; maybe I could borry this money an' pay it back some way or other before it was called for. I tried to put it out o' my head, but the thought kept comin' back; an' when I went down into the sittin'-room to get Jacob's cyarpetsack to carry a few things in, I happened to look up at the mantel-piece, an' saw the brass candlesticks with prisms all 'round 'em that used to belong to my mother; an' all at once I seemed to see jest what the Lord intended for me to do.

"'You know,' she says, 'I had a boarder summer before last—that lady from Louisville, an' she wanted them candlesticks the worst kind, an' offered me fifteen dollars for 'em. I wouldn't part with 'em then, but she said if ever I wanted to sell 'em, to let her know, an' she left her name an' address on a cyard. I went to the big Bible an' got out the cyard, and I packed the candlesticks in the cyarpetbag, an' put on my bonnet. When I opened the door I looked up the road, and the first thing I saw was Dave Crawford comin' along in his new buggy. I went out to the gate and he drew up and asked me if I was goin' to town, and said he'd take me. It looked like the Lord was leadin' me all the time,' says she, 'but the way things turned out it must 'a' been Satan. I got to Mary just two hours before she died, and she looked up in my face and says, 'Mother, I knew God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once more.'"

Here Aunt Jane took off her glasses and wiped her eyes. "I can't tell this without cryin' to save my life," said she; "but 'Lizabeth never shed a tear. She looked like she'd got past cryin', and she talked straight on as if she'd made up her mind to say jest so much, and she'd die if she didn't get to say it. Well.

"'As soon as the funeral was over,' says she, 'I set out to find the lady that wanted the candlesticks. She wasn't at home, but her niece was there, an' said she'd heard her aunt speak of the candlesticks often; and she'd be home in a few days and would send me the money right off. I come home thinkin' it was all right, and I kept expectin' the money every day, but it never come till day before yesterday. I wrote three times about it, but I never got a word from her, till Monday. She had jest got home, she said, and hoped I hadn't been inconvenienced by the delay. She wrote a nice, polite letter and sent a check for fifteen dollars, and here it is. I wanted to confess it all that day at the Mite Society, but somehow I couldn't till I had the money right in my hand to pay back. If the lady had only come back when her niece said she was comin', it would all have turned out right, but I reckon it's a judgment on me for meddlin' with the Lord's money. God only knows what I've suffered,' says

she, 'but if I had it to do over again, I believe I'd do it. Mary was all the child I had in the world, and I had to see her once more before she died. I've been a member of this church for twenty years,' says she, 'but I reckon you'll have to turn me out now.'

"The pore thing stood there tremblin' and holdin' out the check as if she expected somebody to come and take it. Old Silas Petty was glowerin' at her from under his eyebrows, and it put me in mind of the Pharisees and the woman they wanted to stone, and I ricollect thinkin', 'O if the Lord Jesus would jest come in and take her part!' And while we all set there like a passel o' mutes, Sally Ann got up and marched down the middle aisle and stood right by 'Lizabeth. You know what funny thoughts people will have sometimes.

"Well, I felt so relieved. It popped into my head all at once that we didn't need the Lord after all, Sally Ann would do jest as well. It seemed sort o' like sacrilege, but I couldn't help it.

"Well, Sally Ann looked all around as composed as you please and says she, 'I reckon if anybody's turned out o' this church on account o' that miserable little money, it'll be Jacob and not 'Lizabeth. A man that won't give his wife money to go to her dyin' child is too mean to stay in a Christian church! anyhow; and things is come to a pretty pass in this state when a woman that had eight hundred dollars when she married has to go to her husband and git down on her knees and beg for what's her own. Where's that money 'Lizabeth had when she married you?' says she, turnin' round and lookin' Jacob in the face. 'Down in that ten-acre medder lot, ain't it?—and in that new barn you built last spring. A pretty elder you are, ain't you? Elders don't seem to have improved much since Susannah's times. If there ain't one sort o' meanness in 'em it's another,' says she. Goodness knows what she would 'a' said, but jest here old Deacon

Petty rose up. And says he, 'Brethren'—and he spread his arms out and waved 'em up and down like he was goin' to pray—'brethren, this is awful! If this woman wants to give her religious experience, why,' says he, very kind and condescendin', 'of course she can do so. But when it comes to a woman standin' up in the house of the Lord and revilin' an elder as this woman is doin', why, I tremble,' says he, 'for the church of Christ. For don't the Apostle Paul say, "Let your women keep silence in the church"?' "

"As soon as he named the 'Postle Paul, Sally Ann give a kind of snort. Sally Ann



Drawn by
Peter Newell.

"SO HE GETS UP EASY-LIKE."

was turrible free-spoken, and I've heard her say many a time that she had as little use for the 'Postle Paul as she had for Judas Iscariot. And when Deacon Petty said that, she jest squared herself like she intended to stand there till jedgment day, and says she, 'The 'Postle Paul has been dead ruther too long for me to be afraid of him. And I never heard of him app'intin' Deacon Petty to represent him in this church. If the 'Postle Paul don't like what I'm sayin', let him rise up from his grave in Corinthians or Ephesians, or wherever he's buried, and say so. I've got a message from the Lord to the men-folks of this church, and I'm goin' to deliver it, Paul or no Paul,' says she. 'And as for you, Silas Petty, I ain't forgot the time I dropped in to see Maria one Saturday night and found her washin' out her flannel petticoat and dryin' it before the fire. And every time I've had to hear you lead in prayer since then I've said to myself, "Lord, how high can a man's prayers rise toward heaven when his wife ain't got but one flannel skirt to her name? No higher than the back of his pew, if you'll let me tell it." I knew jest how it was,' said Sally Ann, 'as well as if Maria'd told me. She'd been havin' the milk and butter money from the old roan cow she'd raised from a little heifer, and jest because feed was scarce, you'd sold her off before Maria had money enough to buy her winter flannels. I can give my experience, can I? Well, that's jest what I'm a-doin',' says she; 'an' while I'm about it,' says she, 'I'll give in some experience for 'Lizabeth an' Maria an' the rest of the women who betwixt their husbands an' the 'Postle Paul have about lost all the gumption and grit that the Lord started them out with. If the 'Postle Paul,' says she, 'has got anything to say about a woman workin' like a slave for twenty-five years an' then havin' to set up an' wash out her clothes Saturday night so's she can go to church clean Sunday mornin', I'd like to hear it. But don't you dare to say nothin' to me about keepin' silence in the church. There was times when Paul says he didn't know whether he had the Spirit of God or not, an' I'm certain that when he wrote that text he wasn't no more inspired than you are, Silas Petty, when you tell Maria to shut her mouth.'

"Job Taylor was settin' right in front of Deacon Petty, an' I reckon he thought his time was comin' next; so he gets up easy-like with his red bandana to his mouth, an' starts out. But Sally Ann headed him off before he'd gone six steps, an' says she, 'There ain't nothin' the matter with you, Job Taylor; you set right down an' hear what I've got to say. I've knelt an' stood through enough o' your long-winded prayers, an' now it's my time to talk an' yours to listen.'

"An' bless your life, if Job didn't set down as meek as Moses, an' Sally Ann lit right into him. An' says she, 'I reckon you're afraid I'll tell some o' your meanness, ain't you? An' the only thing that stands in my way is that there's so much to tell I don't know where to begin. There ain't a woman in this church,' says she, 'that don't know how Marthy scrimped and worked and saved to buy her a new set o' furniture, an' how you took the money with you when you went to Cincinnati the spring before she died, an' come back without the furniture. An' when she asked you for the money, you told her that she and everything she had belonged to you, and that your mother's old furniture was good enough for anybody. It's my belief,' says she, 'that's what killed Marthy. Women are dyin' every day an' the doctors will tell you it's some new-fangled disease or other, when, if the truth was known, it's nothin' bût wantin' somethin' they can't get, an' hopin' an' waitin' for somethin' that never comes. I've watched 'em an' I know. The night before Marthy died she says to me, "Sally Ann," says she, "I could die a heap peacefuller if I jest knew the front room was fixed up right with a new set of furniture for the funeral." An' Sally Ann p'inted her finger right at Job an' says she, 'I said then an' I say it now to your face, Job Taylor, you killed Marthy the same as if you'd taken her by the throat and choked the life out of her.'

"Mary Embry, Job's sister-in-law, was settin' right behind me, an' I heard her say 'Amen!' as fervent as if somebody had been prayin'. Job set there lookin' like a sheep-killin' dog, an' Sally Ann went right on.

"I know,' says she, 'the law gives you the right to your wives' earnin's an' every-

thing they've got down to the clothes on their backs; an' I've always said there was some Kentucky law that was made for the express purpose of encouragin' men in their natural meanness—a p'int in which the Lord knows they don't need no encouragin'. There's some men,' says she, 'that'll sneak behind the 'Postle Paul when they're plannin' any meanness against their wives, an' some that runs to the law, an'

you're one of the law kind. But mark my words,' says she, 'one of these days you men who've been stealin' your wives' property an' defraudin' 'em, an' cheatin' 'em out o' their just dues, you'll have to stand before a judge that cares mighty little for Kentucky law; an' all the law an' all the scripture you can bring up won't save you from goin' where the rich man went.'

"I can see Sally Ann right now;" and Aunt Jane pushed her glasses up on her forehead and looked with a dreamy, retrospective gaze through the doorway and beyond, where swaying elms and maples were whispering softly to each other as the breeze touched them. "She had on her old black poke-bonnet and some black yarn mitts, an' she didn't come nigh up to Job's shoulder, but Job set an' listened as if he

jest had to. I heard Dave Crawford shufflin' his feet an' clearin' his throat while Sally Ann was talkin' to Job. Dave's farm j'ined Sally Ann's, an' they had a lawsuit once about the way a fence ought to run, an' Sally Ann beat him. He always despised Sally Ann after that, an' used to call her a 'he-woman.' Sally Ann heard the shufflin', an' as soon as she got through with Job she turned round to Dave, an'

says she: 'Do you think your hemmin' an' scrapin' is goin' to stop me, Dave Crawford? You're one o' the men that makes me think that it's better to be a Kentucky horse than a Kentucky woman. Many's the time,' says she, 'I've seen pore July with her head tied up crawlin' around tryin' to cook for sixteen harvest hands, an' you out in the stable cossetin' up a sick mare an' rubbin'



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"YOU SET RIGHT DOWN AN' HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY."

down your three-year-olds to get 'em in trim for the fair. Of all the things that's hard to understand,' says she, 'the hardest is a man that has more mercy on his horse than he has on his wife. July's found rest at last,' says she, 'out in the graveyard; an' every time I pass your house I thank the Lord you've got to pay a good price for your cookin' now, as there ain't a woman in the country fool enough to step into July's shoes.'

"But, la!" said Aunt Jane, breaking off with her happy laugh—the laugh of one who revels in rich memories—"what's the use of me tellin' all this stuff? The long and the short of it is that Sally Ann had her say about nearly every man in the church. She told how Mary Embry had to cut up her weddin' skirts to make clothes for her first baby; an' how John Martin stopped Hannah one day when she was carryin' her mother a pound of butter, an' made her go back an' put the butter down in the cellar; an' how Lije Davison used to make Ann pay him for every bit of chicken feed, an' then take half the egg money because the chickens got into his garden, an' how Abner Page give his wife twenty-five cents for spendin' money the time she went to visit her sister.

"Sally Ann always was a masterful sort of woman, an' that night it seemed like she was possessed. The way she talked made me think of the day of Pentecost an' the gift of tongues. An' finally she got to the minister. I'd been wonderin' all along if she was goin' to let him off. She turned around to where he was settin' under the pulpit, an' says she, 'Brother Page, you're a good man, but you ain't so good you couldn't be better. It was jest last week,' says she, 'that the women come around beggin' money to buy you a new suit of clothes to go to Presbytery in; an' I told 'em if it was to get Mrs. Page a new dress, I was ready to give; but not a dime was I goin' to give towards puttin' finery on a man's back. I'm tired o' seein' the ministers walk up into the pulpit in their slick black broadcloths, an' their wives sittin' lown in the pew in an old black silk that's been turned upside down, wrong side out an' hind part before, an' sponged an' pressed an' made over till you can't tell whether it's silk or caliker or what.'

"Well, I reckon there was some o' the women that expected the roof to fall down on us when Sally Ann said that right to the minister. But it didn't fall an' Sally Ann went straight on. 'An' when it comes to the perseverance of the saints an' the decrees of God,' says she, 'there ain't many can preach a better sermon; but there's some of your sermons,' says she, 'that ain't fit for nothin' but kindlin' fires. There's that one you preached last Sunday on the

twenty-fourth verse of the fifth chapter o' Ephesians. I reckon I've heard about a hundred an' fifty sermons on that text, an' I reckon I'll keep on hearin' 'em as long as there ain't nobody but men to do the preachin'. Anybody would think,' says she, 'that you preachers was struck blind every time you git through with the twenty-fourth verse, for I never heard a sermon on the twenty-fifth verse. I believe there's men in this church that thinks the fifth chapter of Ephesians hasn't got but twenty-four verses, an' I'm goin' to read the rest of it to 'em for once anyhow.'

"An' if Sally Ann didn't walk right up into the pulpit same as if she'd been ordained, an' read what Paul said about men lovin' their wives as Christ loved the church, an' as they loved their own bodies.

"Now," says she, "if Brother Page can reconcile these texts with what Paul says about women submittin' an' bein' subject, he's welcome to do it. But," says she, "if I had the preachin' to do, I wouldn't waste no time reconcilin'. I'd jest say that when Paul told women to be subject to their husbands in everything, he wasn't inspired; an' when he told men to love their wives as they loved their own bodies, he was inspired; an' I'd like to see the Presbytery that could silence me from preachin' as long as I wanted to preach. As for turnin' out o' the church," says she, "I'd like to know who's to do the turnin' out. When the disciples brought that woman to Christ there wasn't a man in the crowd fit to cast a stone at her; an' if there's any man nowadays good enough to set in judgment on a woman, his name ain't on the rolls of Goshen Church. If 'Lizabeth,' says she, 'had as much common sense as she's got conscience, she'd know that the matter o' that money didn't concern nobody but our Mite Society, an' we women can settle it without any help from you deacons and elders.'

"Well, I reckon Parson Page thought if he didn't head Sally Ann off some way or other she'd go on all night; so when she kind o' stopped for breath an' shut up the big Bible, he grabbed a hymn-book an' says,

"Let us sing, 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds.'"

"He struck up the tune himself; an' about the middle of the first verse Mis' Page got up an' went over to where 'Lizabeth was standin', an' give her the right hand of fellowship, an' then Mis' Petty did the same; an' first thing we knew we was all around her shakin' hands an' huggin' her an' cryin' over her. 'Twas a reg'lar love-feast; and we went home feelin' like we'd been through a big protracted meetin' and got religion over again.

"'Twasn't more'n a week till 'Lizabeth was down with slow fever—nervous collapse, old Doctor Pendleton called it. We took turns nussin' her, and one day she looked up in my face and says, 'Jane, I know now what the mercy of the Lord is.'"

Here Aunt Jane paused and began to cut three-cornered pieces out of a time-stained square of flowered chintz. The quilt was to be of the wild-geese pattern. There was a drowsy hum from the beehive near the window, and the shadows were lengthening as sunset approached.

"One queer thing about it," she resumed, "was that while Sally Ann was talkin', not one of us felt like laughin'. We set there as solemn as if parson was preachin' to us on 'lection and predestination. But whenever I think about it now, I laugh fit to kill. And I've thought many a time that Sally Ann's plain talk to them men done more good than all the sermons us women had had preached to us about bein' 'shamefaced' and 'submittin'' ourselves to our husbands, for every one o' them women come out in new clothes that spring, an' such a change as it made in some of 'em. I wouldn't be surprised if she did have a message to deliver, jest as she said. The Bible says an ass spoke up once an' reproved a man, an' I reckon if an ass can reprove a man, so can a woman. An' it looks to me like men stand in need of reprov'in' now as they did in Balaam's days."

"How about you and Uncle Abram?" I suggested. "Didn't Sally Ann say anything about you in her experience?"

Aunt Jane's black eyes snapped with some of the fire of her long-past youth. "La! no, child," she said. "Abram never was that kind of a man, an' I never was that kind of a woman. I ricollect as we was walkin' home that night Abram says,

sort o' humble-like: 'Jane, hadn't you better git that brown merino you was lookin' at last County Court day?'

"An' I says, 'Don't you worry about that brown merino, Abram. It's a-lyin' in my bottom drawer right now. I told the storekeeper to cut it off jest as soon as your back was turned, and Mis' Simpson is goin' to make it next week.' And Abram he jest laughed and says, 'Well, Jane, I never saw your beat.' - You see, I never was no hand at 'submittin'' myself to my husband like some women. I've often wondered if Abram wouldn't 'a' been jest like Silas Petty if I'd been like Maria. I've noticed that whenever a woman's willin' to be imposed upon, there's always a man standin' 'round ready to do the imposin'. I never went to no lawbook to find out what my rights was. I did my duty faithful to Abram, and when I wanted anything I went and got it, and Abram paid for it, and I can't see but what we got on jest as well as we'd 'a' done if I'd a-'submitted' myself."

Longer and longer grew the shadows, and the faint tinkle of bells came in through the windows. The cows were beginning to come home. The spell of Aunt Jane's dramatic art was upon me. I began to feel that my own personality had somehow slipped away from me, and those dead people, evoked from their graves by an old woman's histrionism, seemed more real to me than my living, breathing self.

"There now, I've talked you clean to death," she said with a happy laugh, as I rose to go. "But we've had a real nice time and I'm glad you come."

The sun was almost down as I walked slowly away. When I looked back at the turn of the road, Aunt Jane was standing on the doorstep shading her eyes and peering across the level fields. I knew what it meant. Beyond the fields was a bit of woodland, and in one corner of that you might, if your eyesight was good, discern here and there a glimpse of white. It was the old burying-ground of Goshen Church; and I knew by the strained attitude and intent gaze of the watcher in the door that somewhere in the sunlit space between Aunt Jane's doorstep and the little country graveyard, the souls of the living and the dead were keeping a silent tryst.

AN ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

BY HENRY S. BROOKS.

MR. HENRY MAPLEWOOD was a younger son of an eminent Pennsylvania family. The Maplewoods have been prominent and honorable for generations. The Honorable Josiah Maplewood was an ex-governor of the state. Mr. David Maplewood, father of Mr. Henry Maplewood, was a well-known banker. Mr. Charles Maplewood, called "Uncle Charles" by the young folks, was a lawyer, not in active practice; very wealthy; a dilettante and collector, an acknowledged authority on matters relating to literature and art. The older brothers of Mr. Henry Maplewood were professional men of rank. Mr. Henry Maplewood was a mining engineer. On the day of his graduation, the influence of his family secured him the position of manager of a valuable property near San Juan de los Cuadros, Baja California.

The oldest inhabitant was not quite sure why San Juan was called "St. John of the Pictures." There were a number of paintings in the old church of San Juan, valuable paintings some of them, and most probably the pueblo was so called to distinguish it from places otherwise of the same name. It was a prosperous, unusually attractive town, embosomed in tropical foliage. A current of clear, sparkling water from a distant spring was distributed abundantly in every direction, running in little pebble-paved courses, keeping the orange, lime and citron trees of lustrous leaf and delicious fragrance, rendering the semi-tropical atmosphere delightfully refreshing.

Frontier towns are generally excessively dull, but San Juan was an exception. There were several valuable properties in the vicinity managed by an unusually competent set of superintendents, with capable engineers, assayers, surveyors and others. They were a cosmopolitan lot—Quebrara, Spanish; Weidersehen and Grasbek, German; Sieboldt, Austrian; White, English; Le Maître and Vermeille, French; De Soto, Mexican; also several Americans, and others of various nationalities. Many were quite talented. Most of them had good voices or played some instrument.

When a number of educated young fellows are thrown together in an outpost, the impulse is for all to do their best to promote general good fellowship, and if it happen that the leaders are tactful, and the talent is diversified, there is apt to follow considerable sparkle. This was the case at San Juan; they never had a dull moment.

The refectory of an old monastery served the purpose of a clubroom. Foils, masks and single-sticks hung on the walls, and sketches and caricatures of considerable merit. Every evening two or three guitars and mandolins, a couple of violins and a 'cello were drawn from an old closet. A square piano, somewhat venerable but of good tone, on which Weidersehen occasionally gave lessons to young ladies, occupied a corner of the apartment. There was a collection of good music on a rack pinned to the wall, and not infrequently a number of sheets of manuscript gave evidence of original composition. One, a "bolero," has since become famous. On Saturday of each week the club gave a "tertulia," or dance, which all the young señoritas of San Juan were glad to attend. These were very gay reunions; decorous in the extreme, in deference to Spanish punctilio, but not the less attractive. There were also fandangos in the town, but they were frequented principally by the peons and the class of women associated with them. The club of the "Cosmopolitanos" passed a resolution suspending any member who should visit a fandango, except as a spectator.

Few entanglements resulted from these social gatherings. Two, only, of the superintendents had married Californians—certainly a small percentage considering that at least some of the señoritas were exceptionally attractive; and the young men impressionable, as was consistent with their youth. The fair ones seemed willing to enjoy themselves without appearing particularly desirous to ensnare the young foreigners, birds of passage by the very nature of their profession, and no doubt

the latter were more gallant and much more unrestrained in consequence.

Mr. Henry Maplewood, or "Don Enrique," as he was called, was a great favorite with the señoritas, as with the men, his companions. He was fine-looking, a graceful dancer and an agreeable fellow. He spoke Spanish fluently, with exceptional purity and excellent accent. He was not at all afraid of making himself agreeable to the girls. He had the sympathetic temperament which they admire. No doubt some of them would have been well content to capture him. The Senorita Carmencita de Alcantarro, a beauty, with snapping black eyes and brilliant complexion, was credited with having made an impression upon him. Certainly he was very attentive to her, as he was to all, but Henry Maplewood was in no situation to marry, as both were well aware. That was certainly no sufficient reason why they should deny themselves the pleasure of each other's society, or even a mild flirtation—mild, that is, for the tropics, where the buds as well as the mature flowers of love attain perfection at all seasons.

Notwithstanding the prudence of these young people, and the restrictions which Spanish etiquette imposed upon their association, the report became circulated, much to their annoyance, that they were attached to each other, and even that they were engaged. The rumor of their engagement got into the papers; first appearing in the "Voz del Pueblo," published at the capital, and later being translated into the "Echo of Society," published at Philadelphia—a mishap destined to occasion serious consequences to all concerned.

II.

The Maplewood family were assembled at breakfast one morning in their comfortable home in Philadelphia, when Miss Hattie Maplewood, who was looking over the "Echo of Society," uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"Goodness me, Hattie! what is the matter?" her mother exclaimed peevishly; "why are you so emotional?"

Hattie made no reply, but read aloud with peculiar emphasis: "The 'Voz del

Pueblo,' published at the capital city of Lower California, Mexico, is responsible for the following: 'We have the pleasure of announcing the engagement of the charming señorita, Carmencita de Alcantarro, to the esteemed American senor, Mr. Henry Maplewood, of Philadelphia. The señorita is niece of the Comandante Don Pedro de Alcantarro, and Mr. Maplewood is nephew of the Hon. Josiah Maplewood, of Pennsylvania.'"

"Henry Maplewood engaged, and to a Mexican—impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Maplewood in dismay.

"My son Harry engaged!" echoed Mr. Maplewood, suddenly dropping his paper: "There must be some mistake. We have never received the slightest hint of such a thing. He would not take so important a step without consulting us, I am sure."

"She has inveigled him," said Miss Maplewood; "that is the way with those odious Mexican girls. Senoritas! I hate the word; the very name suggests intrigue. I was apprehensive of some such entanglement as soon as it was decided to send him to Mexico. Why didn't Uncle Charles go himself?"

"Hattie, you are speaking without due reflection," said Mr. Charles Maplewood.

"I am not a mining engineer. I am president of the company, and as president my duties demand my presence here."

"I do not believe a word of the report," said Mr. Maplewood.

"It is true—only too true!" said Miss Maplewood in tragic tones.

"It is most probably false," said Mr. Charles, confidently. "It is unreasonable to suppose that Henry would not have advised us. And even if the report prove true, there is plenty of time to put a stop to any folly of that kind."

"That is sensible and like you, Charles," said Mr. Maplewood.

"Consul Pelton owes his appointment to us, and we can tell him to interfere officially if necessary," said Miss Maplewood.

"Pardon me if I correct you," said Mr. Charles. "Pelton could not interfere officially. He might oppose it personally in our behalf, and that doubtless would have great weight."

"No weight at all," said Miss Maplewood severely. "There is only one course

to pursue. Uncle Charles, you must sail for Mexico at once; while we are losing time writing to the consul, and awaiting a reply, they may be getting married. Oh, if I were only a man!"

"I think Hattie has suggested the wisest and safest course to pursue," said Mr. Maplewood. "As president of the company, you would exert greater influence than anyone else. You speak the language. Your control over Henry is great. I have long thought that it would be of advantage to the company if you would visit the property. You would obtain invaluable information, and your journey would have an excellent effect upon the stockholders."

All looked anxiously at Uncle Charles, who appeared somewhat overpowered at the unanimity with which they appealed to him. Their attitude was not displeasing, but he was unprepared to undertake a journey of several thousand miles to the frontier town of a foreign country, where society, no doubt, was but one degree removed from barbarism. He hesitated and temporized, whereupon the ladies, instantly perceiving the vulnerable character of his defenses, hastened to assail them.

"It is to you, Charles, the consul is more particularly indebted. I have no doubt he would exert himself to the utmost under the stimulus of your presence," said Mr. Maplewood.

"And you would carry such letters, Charles," said Miss Maplewood. "You would be received like an ambassador."

"An envoy, not an ambassador," said Uncle Charles, correcting her pleasantly, and evidently thawing under the warmth of flattery. "Say no more at present; I must have at least a day or two to think the matter over." But they did say much more, and so effectively, that in the evening Charles Maplewood, Esq., counselor-at-law, and master in chancery, stood pledged to make the journey. Great were the preparations thereof. Many the costumes, for Frigid and Torrid Zone, for walking, riding, morning and evening dress. Immaculate were the trunks and traveling paraphernalia; most imposing the letters of recommendation, and formidable the powers entrusted to him as president of the corporation.

III.

"Do you know that the Mexican and American papers report us engaged?" said Henry Maplewood to Carmencita de Alcantarro as they sat together during one of the famous tertulias at San Juan.

"No, you are making diversion!"

"Not at all, I assure you. Here is the clipping from the 'Echo of Society,' published in Philadelphia."

She read it with evident amusement, glancing provokingly at her companion meanwhile. "How delightful!" she exclaimed with simulated impulsiveness.

"What are you going to do?"

"Make hay while the sun shines." I don't think you have that saying here; the sun shines too constantly. But I have not told you all. There is something much more serious!"

"Tell me! Oh, tell me!" with an expression of mock solemnity and alarm.

"Uncle Charles is on the way from Philadelphia!"

"Ah, to prevent the wedding!"

"Yes."

"Who ees Uncle Charles?"

"My father's brother, Mr. Charles Maplewood, the president of our company."

"How will he prevent it?"

"He cannot prevent it, if you will have me. Let us go immediately to Padre Antonio."

"Don't be foolish, Don Enrique. You have no money—neither have I. I intend to marry a rich man, very rich, riquísimo!"

"Then you had better marry Uncle Charles. He is rich, riquísimo—riquísimo!"

"Is he old?"

"Oh, no. Not old. People of his own age call him young."

"A young old man!"

"No, an old young man. A mature young man, I should say. Men are generally mature before they become very rich, in the United States."

"Is he good-looking—of good presence?"

"Oh, yes. He is a Maplewood!"

"Dark?"

"Very fair—florid complexion—blue eyes—handsome blond beard—pretty as a pink. Just what you señoritas admire!"

"Oh, in what a tone you speak! You are jealous of Uncle Charles already!"

"It is true, I am."

"But tell me, Don Enrique, who send them?"

"My father and mother, I suppose."

"And really to prevent our marriage?"

"I have no doubt of it. That is what they write, so the consul tells me."

"Tell me more about your Uncle Charles."

"No, I have told you enough already."

"Oh, no. You must answer my questions, sir. Is he capable?"

"Yes, I think he is; so does he."

"Ah, he is vain!"

"Well, he thinks a good deal of himself, and he is—a little English, you know!"

"Does he speak Spanish?"

"He has studied Ollendorf."

"Oh!" she said, with a musical laugh, and a wicked intonation. "Bring me the pocketbook of your good Uncle Charles."

"I have no doubt you can have it," he said significantly, "if you make up your mind to get it."

She laughed again, still more wickedly.

"Will you help me to get it?"

"Yes," he said with sudden impetuosity; "rely on me."

"Es convenido, de veras?"

"Yes, I mean it, if you do. Do you want me to take the oath of allegiance?"

"No, caballeros do not take oath. We are allies. I go to enlist our friends, and remember, I am commander-in-chief."

He was not quite sure if she were in jest or in earnest. "If she really means it," he reflected, "why should I interfere? It is I whom they consider in danger. Uncle Charles is certainly mature enough to take care of himself." Yet he heaved a sigh as he strolled away, cutting down the weeds with the light cane which he carried.

IV.

Consul James Pelton, being fully advised as to the movements of Mr. Charles Maplewood, pulled out, on the arrival of the steamer, in his gig, manned by four fine-looking Mexicans in spotless duck, the stars and stripes floating from the stern. Mr. Henry Maplewood sat near the consul, who held the tiller lines. Uncle Charles, immaculately attired in a semi-tropical suit

and East India helmet-shaped pith hat, stood at the foot of the gangway to receive their congratulations, and conducted them graciously to the captain's cabin. So far he was evidently pleased. He had had a delightful voyage. He had not been ill a moment during the stiffest blow, when some, even of the very salt, failed to appear at meal-time. The captain and officers had paid him marked attention. He was as much at home in the captain's cabin or on deck as the captain himself. He had been surprised at the striking, picturesque appearance of the port in the early morning light. He surveyed through his jeweled opera glasses the white or tinted Moorish-looking buildings nestled amid clusters of palms, or groves of citron, oranges and pomegranates. The bay sparkled like molten ruby and silver. Innumerable boats, canoes and barges swarmed around the steamer. The place appeared much more beautiful and of greater commercial importance than he had anticipated. He felt conscious of appearing his best in his summer costume. His nephew and the consul complimented him upon his health and his good looks; and, finally, he had assured himself privately that Mr. Henry Maplewood was still unmarried. He had experienced occasional pangs of doubt on that subject during the voyage, but, his mind so far relieved, Uncle Charles felt fully equal to his mission.

Upon leaving the steamer, the captain of the port courteously yielded them precedence, somewhat to the surprise of the consul, who was accustomed to follow, not precede, the government officials. "This must be a compliment to you, Mr. Maplewood," he said. Immediately upon landing Uncle Charles realized that he attracted attention as a distinguished stranger. All the officials and loungers around the custom house saluted him. He was kept busy lifting his helmet until he reached the pleasant rooms, overlooking the romantic bay, which his nephew had secured for him. After a delightful breakfast with the consul, and a stroll in the shady walks, uncle and nephew returned to their quarters just in time to hear the servant announce: "El Senor General Don Pedro de Alcantarro."

"The governor, come to pay his re-

spects," said Henry. "Show the general in, Severiano."

Both gentlemen rose to receive a distinguished-looking Mexican in full uniform, accompanied by an aide almost equally resplendent.

As soon as it appeared that neither the governor nor his aide spoke English, and that Ollendorf was not equal to the occasion, Mr. Henry Maplewood interpreted with much skill and tact.

"The governor hopes that you have had a pleasant voyage, sir."

"Excellent, excellentísimo," bowing low.

"And he hopes that you will find the country equal to your best expectations."

"Far surpasses them. I think the country—that is, what I have seen of it—exceedingly beautiful."

"He trusts that you left your esteemed family in perfect health, and regrets that your honorable brother could not have accompanied you."

"I left them in perfect health, thank your excellency; and say, Henry, that it would have afforded our relative infinite satisfaction to have had the privilege."

At this stage, Mr. Henry Maplewood, thinking it high time to protect these distinguished gentlemen from immolating themselves upon the altar of ceremony, led off with some light pleasantry, and after a hearty laugh the visitors took leave, with more compliments, more bows and more assurances of distinguished consideration; all of which, being very much in Uncle Charles's vein, pleased him exceedingly.

"Deah me!" he said, in his best English accent, after they had taken their departure; "deah me! they are very courteous, very courteous indeed!"

The governor had not been long gone when the servant again entered to announce a visit from Senor Don Bibiano Domingo, collector of the port. He was a gay, laughing Mexican, of high connections in the capital. As a federal officer, he sought to be considered superior to the local authorities, and indulged in a very proud deportment. He saluted the nephew with friendly familiarity, but treated Uncle Charles with the most courtly ceremony.

"Senor Don Carlos," he said, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to welcome you to our little city. It must appear very in-

significant to you, accustomed to Philadelphia and New York."

"Don Carlos!" How imposing it sounded—how delightful! Could it be possible that plain Mr. Charles is really Don Carlos in Spanish? How the very language lends itself to dignity and euphony! That was the title of the Spanish pretender—no, not a pretender, undoubtedly the rightful heir to the Spanish throne. When he returned home his Spanish mail would doubtless be addressed to "Don Carlos Maplewood." He would cultivate these charming people. He replied gracefully:

"Senor, I think your city most attractive. I am sure I shall like it better the more I see of it—also, I am sure, your most courteous people, and the representatives of the nation residing here."

Don Bibiano seemed really to take a liking to the somewhat formal but evidently ingenuous American, and as the collector spoke excellent English, the visit was very agreeable.

The collector was followed by the Senor Don Sevillo de Rodriguez, captain of the port, and a few minutes later, by the president of the municipality. All addressed the visitor as "Don Carlos," and all were as gracious and friendly as possible. "Don Carlos" was so much impressed that he was slightly overcome.

"Really, a most courteous people—a most cultivated people—I am suah they have the finest manners of any people I have met. Do they treat all strangers with so much—a—a—distinguished consideration?"

"Oh, no, sir. That is reserved for persons of standing, of course. They are polite to all, but I assure you they are not lavish of attention to visitors who are not of social prominence."

"They addressed me as Don Carlos!"

"Certainly, you are Don Carlos here. They referred to the passenger list, no doubt, a copy of which the captain of the port always brings ashore. Do you not think it a graceful custom?"

"Most graceful—more than graceful!"

"Needless to say, sir, they are not entirely disinterested. They are anxious that you receive a favorable impression. They know that you have much political influence. I overheard Pelton talking with some of

them. They are acute, and prompt to inform themselves upon all such matters. According to Pelton's account, judging from the fragments which I heard, you are a power at Washington—which he has good reason to know is nothing but the truth."

"You are graceful yourself, Henry. You have acquired the courteous manners of these people while perfecting yourself in the language. I compliment you on your accent and fluency. Your deportment toward these gentlemen was admirable; I am glad to believe that I shall like the country exceedingly. I am most agreeably surprised."

V.

As they were riding to San Juan, Uncle Charles broached the subject of his mission.

"What is this story about your engagement, Henry?"

"No truth in it, sir. I have been a little spoony about a very charming girl, that is all."

"The niece of the governor?"

"Yes, sir."

"You speak as if she rejected you!"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that. I have no doubt she would reject me if I should be foolish enough to propose."

"I thought the *senoritas* partial to Americans."

"They are. But the family hold themselves very high; blue blood, and all that sort of thing."

"Blue blood! They could hardly take precedence of us on that score."

"I don't know. They are *pur sang*, beyond all question. They were *grandeos* under the Holy Roman Empire! One Alcantarro was grand equerry, or something of that sort, to Charles V. Another was president of the imperial council during the same reign. Two of the Alcantarros have been viceroys of New Spain and the Indies. They have had captains-general, and great ecclesiastical dignitaries innumerable. One branch of the family is even now said to be clearly allied to the throne of Spain. No! No! She would not have me. I am very fond of her and she knows it. I am vain enough to believe that she likes me, but certainly the Maplewoods cannot rank with the Alcantar-

ros. We are a good modern family, but we must take a back seat in the presence of these haughty dons."

"You surprise me. I had not expected to find anything of the sort in this part of the world!"

"Nor did any of us. But it is certainly legitimate pride, even from our standpoint."

"Oh! certainly, certainly, most legitimate and honorable. And is—is Carmencita, I think you call her, so very charming?"

"I think so. We all think so; but you will have ample opportunity to judge for yourself. She is at San Juan at present, and proud as she is, she is extremely sociable, and quite unaffected."

Thus Mr. Charles Maplewood found the situation entirely different from all that had been conjectured. He might have been spared the journey if the ladies of his family had not so insisted upon its immediate urgency. But, strange to say, he did not regret it. He felt a sense of elation, of exhilaration, too delightful to pause for analysis.

Arrived at San Juan, he was called upon to hold another reception, less formal, but no less cordial and gratifying. All the municipal authorities called a few hours after he reached the town—the mayor, the judge of first instance, the cura, all the merchants and superintendents. In the evening a ball was given by the *Cosmopolitanos* in his honor, and there, not without trepidation it must be confessed, he met Carmencita de Alcantarro, surrounded by a number of *senoritas* of a style and carriage he had not expected to find in so remote a place. "I am not surprised that Henry is sentimental toward her," he instantly admitted. "Did anyone ever behold such eyes? And where did she learn to use them with such killing effect, I wonder? Perhaps the art has descended through countless Alcantarros. The women must have proved even more deadly with their glances than the men with their swords."

Henry was right. She proved to be most gracious and unaffected. How delightful "Don Carlos" sounded from her vermilion lips. He was made to feel that he was something more than the guest of honor—alas, perhaps for that one night only; hateful thought! He danced the first waltz with her. Like most Americans, he danced

admirably; she reclined in his arms, a floating angel, nothing less. And such music—such costumes! Where in the name of the prophet did these girls learn to dress? And this a frontier town! How he felicitated himself upon his toilet and the wisdom of his resolve to be provided for any emergency. And these aristocratic-appearing German, French, Hungarian and Austrian superintendents and engineers with their independent bearing and artistic attire—who could have expected to meet men so superior at this outpost? His nephew, who invariably attracted attention at home, did not appear exceptionally distinguished here. Uncle Charles caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror. For the first time in his life, probably, he was not entirely satisfied with the reflection of his person. But he also beheld Carmencita; her face was grace itself, her costume exquisite. If Hattie and the rest could behold her! And what was that divine, languorous odor? Not anything artificial, but orange blossoms; the air was perfumed from the groves surrounding.

The dance ended, the pair sauntered to a little balcony opening from the refectory. There were seats for two only. The moon had recently arisen above the neighboring mountain range, shedding floods of silvery light upon orange and citron groves, upon the picturesque campanil of the ancient church, upon the sparkling fountain in the center of the plaza. Dusky figures in hood and serape stood in the shadows, trying to obtain glimpses of the dancers within. The scene scarcely seemed real. It was more like a romantic dream.

"Tell me, Don Carlos," said his fair companion; "you must repine to be so far from home?"

She spoke in English, using occasionally delightfully quaint phrases, in an accent which Uncle Charles thought most captivating.

"Oh, no! I assure you, no. You do me great injustice. I am very, very happy. I think I never felt quite so happy in my life."

"Very *aspee*! That is *muy contento* in Spanish, no?"

"Si, *senorita*—*muy contento*—*muchisimo contento*! But I think happiness a much more significant word than content. I do

not know any exact equivalent in Spanish of 'happiness'—that is, of the degree of happiness I feel at this moment."

"Ah! You wish more expressive word, *contento* no suffeese. *Feliz*, *felicidad*, in our idiom. You think that improve eem?" This very archly.

"*Felicidad*—yes, that is the word, the very word. It is even more expressive than happiness, more delicate, more poetical. I feared it might be like our word 'home,' untranslatable."

"Es un equivoco! How you say eem, a mistake? *Spaneesh* ave home. Mexican ave home. We say *hogar*, *hogar querido*. *Hearthstone*—do you not think that sweet word?"

"I can believe a Spanish hearthstone as sweet as an English home."

"Ah, Don Carlos, that sound very nice. I fear you are one *adulador*. How you say?—one flatterer!"

"*Senorita*, they are calling a waltz. May I venture to ask another, in succession?"

At this moment, De Soto appeared, claiming her hand, but she said gracefully:

"Pardon, Francisco, if for once I maltreat you. Will you yield—to our guest?"

"Your wish is law, *senorita*," he replied readily—"also the wish of our honored guest—until the next."

"I think you have the most graceful manners of any people I have met," Mr. Charles exclaimed, as she again yielded herself to his arm; but the reply was inaudible as they floated gracefully away.

VI.

Mr. Charles Maplewood, now at ease concerning his nephew's entanglement, decided that he must return to Philadelphia on the following steamer; this permitted a month at San Juan. The days fled only too swiftly. Everyone seemed anxious to be agreeable to him. De Soto, who had a fine young Arabian saddle-horse, sent him every morning, in order that Don Carlos could accompany his nephew during his ride to the mines. One or other of the superintendents was always ready to escort him to places of interest in the vicinity. He was an excellent horseman, with a seat of which any rider might have been proud. Carmencita and two or three of the *senoritas*

accompanied them on some of these excursions; for, was he not the honored guest of the pueblo? Then, Uncle Charles was a collector, with all a collector's zeal and acquisitiveness. He was made supremely happy by a gift from the cura of three valuable paintings, treasures from the old abandoned missions. His nephew presented him with some antique silverware—originally from the same source, probably. The artists made him sketches; the musicians gave him manuscripts of some of their best compositions. Don Calletano Sepulveda sent him a few exquisite pearls and rare specimens of pearl shell, from his fishery off Cerralbo Island. Don Conrado Espinoza, proprietor of the richest mine of the region, sent him a complete equipment of a Mexican caballero, richly embroidered in silver, and the engineers collected him specimens of the native ores and minerals, sufficient to fill a small cabinet.

Then came news of the arrival of the American flag-ship at the capital, and with it, invitations from the governor to a ball to be given "in honor of Don Carlos Maplewood" at the Government House, to which the American officers were all invited; also the superintendents and other foreigners resident at San Juan. His nephew assured him it would be a very brilliant affair, which would probably be followed by an entertainment on the ship, and perhaps others ashore; so he decided to spend the last week of his stay in his nephew's quarters at the capital.

"I confess, Henry, I am more and more surprised at the delicate hospitality of these people. I shall always be proud to uphold them as most cultured and superior."

"And Carmencita, what do you think of her?"

"I confess, frankly, I am only surprised that you can bear your fate with so much heroism."

"She will be radiant at the governor's ball, no doubt. I think I had better stay where I am safe."

"Nonsense; that is unworthy of you. What could I do without an interpreter among those ceremonious dons?"

At length the night of the official ball arrived. The spacious, lofty rooms of the Government House were filled with a brill-

iant company. The American officers were in full uniform, as also the governor and his staff. The ladies were richly and tastefully dressed, in long trains which they managed with consummate ease and grace. Once more Uncle Charles felt himself almost at a disadvantage, but he was soon made to feel that he was the guest of honor. The most brilliant of the young officers present speedily realized that the somewhat mature, distinguished-looking Philadelphian was the favored one.

"Who is this dandified 'Don Carlos' of whom they are all making so much?" asked the testy old admiral. "Maplewood! Maplewood! I never heard of him."

But when Don Carlos was presented to him, he was civil enough. "A new millionaire, I suppose," he muttered; "they have the pass everywhere, now. A stiff, pompous-looking fellow. Look at those girls, how they are fooling him, and he swallows it all, like a gull fed with a spoon." But, strange to tell, even the admiral followed suit, and invited Mr. Charles Maplewood, with his compliments, to dine the following day on board the flag-ship!

Needless to attempt to describe Carmencita; she was radiant. All the young officers raved about her, and not one of them but would have annihilated "Don Carlos" had he dared. Never had that gentleman felt so elated. At supper the champagne flowed quite freely; it was excellent. The exertion of waltzing in the tropics, and the excitement of the occasion, led Uncle Charles to relax a little of his habitual caution. He was only conscious of a sense of exhilaration and fluency. The presence of his nephew as interpreter was no longer necessary. A brilliant illumination was suddenly shed upon the text of Ollendorf. To escape the heat of the rooms he strolled with the fair Carmencita into the orange grove surrounding the national palace. The subtle aroma, the exquisite moonlight, the Spanish music so full of poetry and passion, must have aided to bewitch him, for, late the next morning—very late indeed—the first recollection which presented itself, phenomenally clear and unquestionable, was, that he had proposed to Carmencita de Alcantarro the night before, and been accepted!

THE CUSTOMS OF WAR VS. THE CUSTOMS OF PEACE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

THE only casualty worth recording at the colonel's quarters the night of his daughter's wedding was the smashing of the marble top of an old table. That table top bore many a nick and scar already, and its originally smooth and glossy surface was defaced by numerous disk-like discolorations, due, said the colonel's loyal wife and helpmate, to the vicissitudes of climate through which it had passed in following the drum from Machias to Vancouver—due, said that downright warrior himself, to too much lemon juice in many a punch—the acetic acid thereof having chemically combined with the lime in the beautifully varied surface and produced an abrasion as defiant of polish as was the regimental quartermaster. All the same the colonel was proud of that table. He had a fellow-feeling for a veteran scarred, and it didn't mend matters in his estimation that the mishap was due to the impulsive dash of his newly acquired son-in-law to kiss a pretty bridesmaid who fled from his advances. Down in the bottom of her heart the bride was of a like opinion, and there is reason to believe her liege lord was made aware of the fact even before the rice and slippers began to fly. Down in the bottom of her heart, too, pretty Bess McIntyre had much preferred a laughter-loving, impecunious sub who served the previous year at Sandy, and the colonel himself had a sneaking fondness for the boy, but he was so hopelessly easy-going, jolly, kindly and genial that it was readily agreed that a lad who couldn't look after Number One would be of no use when it came to looking after Number Two or three or half a dozen as the case might be. Besides, he seemed as diffident as to his own good points as brave Mrs. McIntyre was blind to them.

"No Johnny Bakers in this family, if you please!" said she, to the circle. "Here are three girls with only one pretty face—and no money—to go round. You and you, Kate and Jane, may have to put up with penniless subs, but Bess must marry Major Ducats."

Major Ducats—*Muchas Ducats*, as the youngsters dubbed him—wasn't really a major. He had been a quartermaster's clerk when he first came to Arizona and took Bess McIntyre on his knee and asked her to be his own wee wife, an offer which Miss Mac declined in favor of the son and heir of the saddler sergeant (the lady was six years old at the time), and when ten years later the McIntyres returned from wandering about the territories, following the paternal promotions, they found Ducats no longer a clerk, but a capitalist, and true to his first love. He had "struck it rich" in mining investments, had prospered in politics and was now a large landed proprietor with abundant means, but slight knowledge of anything outside of Arizona. Following our American custom of giving a martial title to every man who was ever remotely connected with the military service, and to multitudes who were not, his fellow-citizens of Prescott, Big-bug, Agua Fria and other points had tendered Ducats the brevet of major, which he accepted without a blush and wore without reproach. He had a fine house, fine horses, flocks, herds and stock—four-footed and financial—all over Yavapai, and the two things he needed, said Mrs. Mac, were a nice wife and a little polish. If her Bess married him he'd be sure of both.

And so, after two years of standing out in hopes of Johnny and in doubt of Ducats, Bess surrendered and gave her pretty self into her adorer's keeping. He was forty-odd and she nineteen, but, as Mrs. Mac sententiously remarked, "Where there is true affection years make no difference," as indeed they had made none in her own case, she being the colonel's senior by many moons when as Second Lieutenant McIntyre, Sixth Horse, he struck his colors to her advances at Carlisle Barracks. At that time Carlisle was a cavalry post and Mac too young to know better. But Mrs. Mac had been a good wife to him, a good mother to her many children. "Yes, and to him, too," said contemporaries. The boys were working their own way, one of them

in the ranks. The girls were helpful and handy at home, even if not tempted, barring always Bess, to transfer their many domestic accomplishments to other firesides. Kate and Jane were both capital plain cooks, said Mrs. Mac. "Cooks they may be," said the boys, "and plain they certainly are." But Bess was a gem. "I'm blest if I know where you get your good looks from, my baby," said the colonel, more than once. He had made a loyal fight to be impartial, to love his other girls—his less favored ducklings—as he did the baby, but the pride in Bess would crop out at times, and he was glad when Ducats overturned and smashed that table. He was on the point of breaking down himself.

"Ducats may be rich, but he's stingy and close. He's a screw and a shylock, and I know it," said he to his wife. "He holds the pay accounts of half the youngsters in the regiment and skins 'em close to the bone."

"Well, well, dear," answered madame, soothingly, "all that can be mended when—they're married. You see, you have no control over matters now, whereas—" And the unfinished sentence and the far-away look in the matron's eyes spoke volumes.

And so they were married, and the wedding feast at the colonel's was hilarious if the colonel's heart was not. They drove away to the railroad with a stunning escort, and the local papers told how Major Ducats and his fair bride were to spend six months abroad. Bess had had a slight cough, and the doctors declared that the voyage to the Mediterranean would be the very thing.

"Never mind the table top, old man!" shouted the exuberant Ducats, as he slapped his father-in-law on the back. "We'll send you one from It'ly that'll knock the spots out of that one."

The colonel protested, but Ducats was large and liberal. He meant what he said. The happy pair sped away to New Orleans and Washington and took steamer from New York, and it was good to hear Mrs. Mac read aloud the criss-cross pages on thin blue paper, descriptive of my daughter Mrs. Ducats's experiences in foreign parts. But with only one of these letters have we to do.

One day, long after the birdling's departure, long after the wreck of the old table had been hoisted to the attic, there came a missive from Milan. Ducats rarely wrote. In truth, foreign travel bored him dreadfully, and he was suffering to get back to his mines. But Ducats didn't forget, as the sequel showed. He meant to replace that table top, and Bess wrote to say that he had. They had seen such marvelous marbles. They had priced them here and everywhere in Italy, and at last they had found one almost the counterpart of that which Major Ducats had broken. They were amazed to find it so cheap. They thought that mamma had described the broken one as of so much greater value. "The major would gladly have chosen a far finer one, as far as cost was concerned, but thought it so much nicer to send, as nearly as possible, the counterpart of the old treasure. Just think!" wrote Bess. "it only cost twenty lire—three dollars and eighty cents in our money. Of course the duty on that can't amount to anything, and the freight will be very little. The major would gladly settle everything here, he says, but that he can't do, so I told him my blessed old daddy would be only too glad to see his precious table top again, and that he wouldn't mind the charges. It stands to reason, of course, that they can't be as much as the article itself cost."

But what should an army girl know of the tariff, or army girls' husbands care? Ducats prided himself on keeping his promise and pictured the colonel's pleasure at receiving the gift. "It should reach you weeks before we do," wrote Bess, "and it'll be so good to see it again."

But it didn't. In fact, though the Ducatses were soon once more back near the old regiment, the table top wasn't, and the first cloud on the domestic horizon was cast by that old-fashioned oval. The two families, Ducatses and McIntyres, though living not far apart, were in fact very far asunder, on that subject at least. The colonel always did say Ducats was a skin-flint, and something of an ass, but now he swore to it.

For one day, some weeks before the Ducatses came, there arrived a bulky missive from far-away Gotham. It bore upon the envelope the printed legend, "Sharp,

Shaver & Company, Foreign Carriers and Custom House Brokers, 129 Slate Street, New York," and as the colonel might not be in for half an hour, Mrs. Mac decided to open it, for down in the motherly bosom there kindled a hope that in sending the table top from sunny Italy the son-in-law had unloosed the purse-strings and added other little items for her, and for the unsought sisters.

Then she gasped at sight of the contents and wished she could lose that letter before the colonel came, but he came and saw and inquired what was the matter, and without a word she laid the sheet before him and vanished.

This was, in the main, word for word and figure for figure what the colonel read:

"Mr. Colonel MacIntyre, Fort Sandy, A. T.

"To Sharp, Shaver & Company, Customs Brokers, Foreign Express and Freight Forwarders, Import Freight Agents, etc., etc. No. 129 Slate Street. Agencies in all parts of the world. Dr.

"Charges on 1 hdwt. Ex. S.S. Alsatia.

"Foreign charges.....\$3.12

"Custom House Brokerage & Fees—

Bond..... 2.50

"Postage, Cooperage, Portage, etc.—

Cartage..... .50

"P. S. Fee..... .51

"Duty on Mf Marble \$25—50 per cent.....12.50

"Total.....\$19.13

"Please remit the within amount and instruct us to pay duty.

"Approximate."

When Mrs. McIntyre fled from the room she closed the door behind her, but the colonel's voice, long attuned to the setting of squadrons in the field, possessed carrying powers that rendered his remarks distinctly audible. The colonel said things about damned fools in general and Ducats in particular. The colonel blasphemed the customs and lampooned the tariff. Then he went off and explosively told the tale to his cronies at the clubroom, and so far as he was concerned that would have ended the matter.

But the feminine mind is fertile in expedients. Mrs. Mac felt sure that when the customs officers were informed that the slab cost only \$3.80 they would instantly reconsider their approximate estimate of its taxable value, and be as reasonable as a woman under like circumstances, and so Mrs. Mac inclosed to Messrs. Sharp, Shaver & Company the receipted bill which Bess had dutifully forwarded from Milan, and confidently awaited the coming of an amended bill and that table top. Preparatory to the arrival of both, the colonel's striker fetched the dusty stand from the attic and the post quartermaster's past assistant carpenter spent half a day in repairs, and half a night and the resultant half dollar in drink. The stand was set up on the back porch and the drinks at the store. Mrs. Mac got out her Baedeker and read up on Milanese marbles, while the carpenter got in the guardhouse and the colonel in a temper, and said further opprobrious things about marble-topped tables and mud-headed majors. Things settled down in the course of a week, and the answer came in the course of a fortnight.

"Madam," it said, "the official appraiser fixed the value of the manufactured marble referred to in our bill at \$25, that being the price it would bring at any well-known establishment in these United States, and we have no alternative but to charge accordingly, also at the rate of twenty-five cents per diem for storage, which charge will be continuous until the article is removed from our warehouse, or, up to date, say twenty-seven days at twenty-five cents, \$3.75.

"Awaiting your instructions and check, we remain

"Very respectfully, etc."

"Check be—blowed," said the colonel, when at last he was permitted to see that missive. "Tell 'em to take the dashed top and smash it over each other's heads. I've been brought up on the customs of war in like cases. Damn me if I can stand the customs of peace—if this is a specimen!"

Which was the last of the Milanese table top.

OLD AND NEW MUSIC.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

JOHN WILMOT, a journalist of distinction, was on his way home from London, whither he had been sent on an important commission. He had made a couple of pleasant acquaintances on the ship; their seats were opposite his at table. One was Gilbert Dallas, a musical composer, who had written an opera which was successful in London, and was now on his way to arrange for its production in New York.

The other was Miriam Burgoyne, the young prima donna who was to impersonate the leading rôle. Dallas was a charming, genial man of the world; Miss Burgoyne was a beautiful woman and an enchanting singer. Wilmot himself was a tall, athletic man of eight and forty, with rather stern features and dark, brooding eyes. But he could be winning when he was in the mood.

After passing the fogs on the Banks, the steamer ran into the Gulf Stream, and the temperature was summer-like. After dinner

the three sat in their deck-chairs and looked out contentedly on a smooth, moonlit sea. Wilmot was between the other two. "The captain told me we'd be in day after tomorrow—the 3d of October—my birthday," observed Miss Burgoyne, turning with the last words, and speaking them softly in Wilmot's ear. There was something flattering in the confidential announcement.

"The 3d of October is an anniversary of mine, too,"

said he, after a pause. "I was married on that day."

"Oh," murmured Miss Burgoyne, softly. Presently she added, "I should never have thought you were married: is—Mrs. Wilmot living?"

"Living? Yes; and several children, too."

This was said with such curttness that the prima donna only murmured "Really!" and was silent. But Dallas took his cigar from his mouth and asked, in his easy voice, "How long ago was that, old man?"

"My marriage? Hm! Twenty-five years."



Drawn by F. Small.

"HE HAD BENT FORWARD AND KISSED HER."

Miss Burgoyne hereupon roused up once more. "Why, then you were actually married on the day I was born! I shall be twenty-five day after to-morrow!"

"Then I am twenty-three years your elder," rejoined Wilmot, looking around at her with a queer smile.

She shook her head gently, gazing out dreamily upon the sea. "We seem much nearer together than that—our ages, I mean. Age doesn't count with some men."

"I hope it's made me less a fool than I was. I don't know, though; the consequences of folly are felt only if one grows wise."

This brought a quiet laugh from Dallas. "It's true; to secure content, the young fool must grow up an old one. As a rule, unfortunately, the old fools were young wisecracks." He flipped the ash from his cigar. "Is Mrs. Wilmot musical?"

"No—well, before I married her she used to play and sing—very well, too. But she became a domestic sort of person. There's been no music in my house for a score of years or more. None of the children have any faculty, either."

"But you have such an exquisite understanding of music," said the singer, turning her beautiful blue eyes on him.

"So much the worse; I had learned to forget it!" muttered he, so low that only she heard it. She drew in a long breath, and her bosom rose.

"We make ourselves trouble, one way or another," Dallas remarked, in his tone of tranquil philosophy. "But most of it wouldn't matter, if we would only consent to see ourselves as we are, don't you think? Now, I married a nice girl, long ago; we met, but, like so many other young people, we didn't know that we were traveling in opposite directions. Because we were together, we imagined we should stay so. A girl and boy of eighteen and twenty are all nature and ideal; they haven't shipped their rudders yet, as the captain would say; they haven't laid their course—formed their character, you know. But the rudder is inside 'em somewhere; call it innate tendencies, heredity, old Adam or what you like. It gets in its work after a while, and then they part company. Only, if in their innocence they happen to have got

married, they can part company in spirit only; the rest of them is bound together. And when I'm in one place, and my heart and soul in another, why, there you are!"

"Where, as a matter of fact?" Wilmot inquired.

"I didn't mean to be offensively autobiographical," replied Dallas, pleasantly.

"It's upon record, if you care for it, that the former Mrs. Dallas, for whom I entertain sincere regard and respect, is now Mrs. Somebody Else; and I am what you see. But my point is this: civilized custom compels people to marry young, and law compels them to stay married after they discover their mistake—which in nine out of ten cases they do. Why shouldn't we admit that most of us are one thing at twenty, and a totally different thing at forty; and that to make a contract entered into at the first period, operative at the second, is a stupid iniquity? Why should our law declare that an amiable but ignorant experiment should ruin two lives—that a crude instinct of immaturity should destroy a grown man and woman?"

"Oh, but the children, Gilbert!" said Miss Burgoyne. She had once read a romance in which this problem was discussed, with a moving scene over a cradle.

"My dear Miriam, ask Plato," answered Dallas, with a kindly smile.

"It does seem as if there must be something wrong somewhere," she sighed, ignoring this recommendation, and glancing toward Wilmot.

"Not so far as Dallas is concerned, apparently. There is a law to loosen as well as one to bind; whether to have the two, or none at all, is better, is another question."

"No, but speaking seriously," said Dallas, tossing overboard the butt of his cigar. "after human law has had its innings, the only real law of association between man and woman is that of mutual attraction. In youth, that law is generic; every likely boy is attracted by every nice girl, and vice versa. But age and experience breed discrimination; the man of formed character meets the woman, and they recognize a harmony which only they can produce. Why should they not come together and be happy? Because, in most cases, one or both are married. That is, the true

Painted by Francis O. Small.

"THE THREE SAT IN DICK CHAIRS AND LOOKED OUT UPON A MOONLIT SEA."



union is prevented by the false one. It must be either parting, scandal or divorce. Surely it would be wiser, and happier for all concerned, if there were no artificial bonds. As for divorce, many choose lifelong misery rather than submit to the publicity involved in even that escape. I don't wish to be violent; but it does seem to me that the interference of judge and jury in matters so intimately private, is an impertinence, and should be resented as an anachronism."

Wilmot laughed shortly. "A counsel of perfection—if perfection can be predicated of free love," said he. "Experiments are good in theory; but in practice, might they not teach the young ladies discrimination at the cost of—I beg your pardon, Miss Burgoyne—of disillusionment?"

"Girls will be pure if you let them alone; it's foolish marriages that corrupt them," was the composer's reply. "They are hurried into a 'choice,' and find it means imprisonment for life. Human nature won't stand it."

"Besides," Wilmot went on, "there are cases where one of the married partners gets over the infatuation, while the other doesn't. What would you do with them?"

"Secretly, if not openly, the one who has got over it generally finds relief; and is not frankness better than hypocrisy? We must take things as we find them."

"Why not wait for satisfaction till after death?"

"Ah," said Dallas, smiling in the moonlight, "I don't know; I have never died."

"I'm afraid we're annoying you, Miss Burgoyne," said Wilmot, bending over to look in her face, which was very lovely in the soft light and shadow.

"Oh, no; I am deeply interested," returned she, with those matchless intonations that made all her speech music. "For myself, of course, I am wedded to my art; and art can never fail one."

"Hm! Yes, I used to think so, too. I thought I could be a great novelist, once; even a poet. I had enthusiasms, little as you might imagine it. But—*nascitur ridiculus mus!* I am, you see, a newspaper man."

"I am sure you could be nothing that is not great," said the prima donna, with a tender fire; "if you are a journalist, you have made journalism noble!"

"Brava, Miriam!" murmured Dallas; "and if he would describe you in your new rôle, he would find himself a poet still. But really, my dear fellow, you are hardly fair. You cast aspersions on the constancy of art; but were not you inconstant to her, when you chose domestic felicity? Miriam's position is, that because she will not yield to mortal love, she may be assured of the fidelity of her immortal muse."

"But can you say that you will never yield?" demanded Wilmot, bending over her again. "Have you never suspected that art itself might break down the barriers that it pretends to build? If it's the dream of an ideal that seduces us, who can dream it so livingly as an artist? Does that heaven of sound that comes from your throat, and makes us poor devils love you, leave you cold? Don't you feel that love is the only supreme music, and the perfect art; and can you be satisfied with the suggestion, when you may have the reality?"

With his dark eyes searching her face, and his masculine voice addressing her thus, Miriam was sensible of a compelling power that was a revelation to her. She had fancied she was amusing herself; but she suddenly discovered that she was in the grasp of a strength quite beyond her calculations. She had had a hundred little "affairs," that had flattered her vanity; but never had she felt this thrill of delight, shaking her heart with a strange and dangerous sweetness. She clasped her white fingers close upon one another, and could not speak.

"But, as Dallas says, my domestic felicity makes my ideas nothing more than irresponsible speculation," he added, in another tone, getting up from his chair. "The truth is, no doubt, that you are able to make us feel only by having no feeling of your own. And the reason I became a newspaper man was that I let my feelings get the better of me. I congratulate you, diva; it's good to be a woman; but to be an artist is—hard common sense!"

"Oh, how can you?" faltered Miriam, tears starting to her eyes.

"Good-night," said Wilmot, stooping to take her hand. He did not press it hard; but she remembered his touch a long time. "Good-night, Dallas," he said.

"Don't go—just as you were waking

up," entreated the man of the world, ag-grievedly; but the other only nodded, and was gone.

"Oh, what a man he is!" exclaimed the singer, with emphasis, touching her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Spoiled by a silly marriage," added Dallas. "I heard all about him from Melville, before we started. One of those women who are blameless as housekeepers and children-breeders, and with the tact and perception of a painter's dummy. Her jealousy and stupidity killed his genius and stunted his growth. He would have stood at the head of American literature but for her. As it is, he's a cynical and magnificent failure. With the puritanical notions he has, too, he cuts himself off from the consolations he might have."

"Gilbert, your principles are scandalous. I love a man who puts his honor before all!"

"And that's very sweet of you, my child," said Dallas, smiling indulgently, and patting her hand. "Still, man is a complicated creature, and we must not be too severe with him. Guenevere admired Arthur, you know, but it was Lancelot she loved."

"I am not Guenevere," replied Miriam.

"So much the worse for her; but, if you were, I fancy you could find your Lancelot without going off this ship. For the sake of my opera, though, I hope you won't."

Miriam made no answer; but after a few moments, the cloak that covered her breast rose with a long sigh. Then, with an impatient movement, she put her feet on the deck.

"Getting too cold for you?" asked Dallas.

"No. Yes. I hate myself. I shall go below. Don't come with me. And don't be anxious about your opera: I'll be careful of myself—for its sake!" She rose and marched off, with her head up.

Dallas, left alone, arched his brows and lit another cigar. "It's just as well, though," he said to himself, "that there's only one more day between us and port. Queer, how women extol the Arthurs, and then risk their salvation to make Lancelots out of them. Wilmot is on the brink, too. But if we can only hold out for thirty-six

hours more, we shall be safe; and I think we can."

The next day, coming down the Eastern coast, they ran into a fog, and the whistle was kept blowing every minute or two. A long swell was rolling in from the southward, and Dallas kept below with a sick headache. But Miriam and John Wilmot walked the deck arm in arm, and leaned on the rail, gazing forward into the soft blankness. "Do you suppose death looks like that?" said she.

"Death is the end of fogs and the beginning of clearness and freedom," replied John. "When you die, you will see blue sky, and hear the voices of the people you love."

"I wonder if death is waiting for us out there?"

"I think not; it has not been the way with me to find the thing I want."

Her hand contracted nervously on his arm as they leaned together. "Can you not get what you want, without death?"

"Death would not give me that; but it would take me from what I don't want, I presume."

There was a pause; the whistle blew, and she said, "Will you come and hear me sing, in New York?"

"Not if I can help it! This voyage has been enough."

The apparently discourteous speech did not offend the prima donna, who was used to hear nothing but compliments. "I wish our voyage might never end; and it isn't over yet!" looking round at him with the last words, so that he was sensible of the fragrance of her breath.

"Do you love the sea so much—and art so little?" said he, trying for a lighter tone.

"I spoke of the voyage—not of the sea; and as for art—you know what that is; you told me yesterday."

There was no one near them, and the fog was like a veil. He faced toward her, and her hand slipped from his arm, but fell into his own hand. He looked her in the eyes.

"You will forget yesterday; and I must remember to-morrow." His face and voice were stern; but she continued to hold his gaze; and presently a strange smile trem-

bled on her lips and made her eyes like stars. The whistle blew; but not before he had bent forward and kissed her.

* * *

"DEAR MIRIAM: It is now three weeks since we parted on the steamboat wharf in New York. I told you, then, that I would see you every two or three days, at least; and that in the spring I would go back with you to England. I mean now to tell you why I have not kept my word; and why it is my purpose never to meet you again. I have waited so long to make sure. The first emotion is over; the reaction too is passed; and what I am to-day, I shall remain.

"At the start, all seemed to come my way. The meeting with Mrs. Wilmot was quiet and friendly—she taking my cue. Only the youngest girl was with her; the two elder are at the College; one had become betrothed, the other will take painting for her profession; both will be independent. The boy is well launched in the shipbuilding business; so that the obstacles to what we had contemplated were reduced to the minimum.

"And while I was musing how to take the first step, it was taken for me. The newspaper offered me the position of London correspondent. I could say to her, 'I can't refuse such a salary—permanent, too. But your health and the child's won't let you live in London. I will establish you here, visiting you as occasion permits. We are old enough to be sensible. It will be better all around. I must do the work that comes to me; you will be happy in educating the child.' I doubted not she would accede; and then, sooner or later, in one way or another, the world would be yours and mine.

"The lease of our house had expired, and we were to rent another. I went with her to look it over; it was partly furnished. In the drawing-room was a piano; I said, 'You won't care to keep that, I suppose.' 'No,' she said; but she sat down at it, and pulled over some old music heaped up there. She said, 'Why, these are things I played when I was a girl!' And she began to try over some of them: German classical music, and then some German

songs—Heine and Goethe. She hummed some of them, and by degrees, as she got into it, she began to sing. I had not heard her voice in singing for over twenty years. I sat down at the other end of the room. There were only we two in the house. It was getting dusk.

"She had studied music in Germany, and to such effect that she was offered a position in a royal opera company there. Her voice was unlike any other I have heard in timbre and influence; it touched one in a unique way; it was sad, but vital. I never quite understood it, but it vibrated on some essential chord in me, and I came daily to hear her sing at her home, and we were betrothed and married with her song in my ears, as it were. But during the next year or two, she let it all go; we were poor and had no piano, and she turned to household things and mother-cares. In time, I forgot it; and it was not my only forgetfulness. I am a silent man, and she never knew that, in spite of forgetfulness, I missed it.

"Now, as I sat there, it came again. It was altered, as the face of one you have loved is altered by age; but it was the same. The songs were the same; the voice faltered, and failed and went astray now and then, but the mystery and searching of it kept quivering and wandering back, like a ghost seeking to be reincarnate; the flesh had lost its faculty, but the same soul was behind it still. Once in a while, for a few bars, it would seem all its old self once more; it may have been seeming only, and perhaps only I could have felt that past in this present, because none but I had heard her sing, in her youth, to the young man she loved, and who loved her. In the dusk I could not see her face, which had grown old, and lost its charm of freshness and happiness; but the carriage of her head and pose of her body, and the touch of her hands upon the keys, were the same. And as I sat there, with the shadows of the room between us, I said to myself: 'It is I that am the ineffective ghost, and she is unchanged; the imperfection is not in her singing, but in my decaying senses. She lives; but what in me was worthy of her has died.'

"Yet the obscurity was a revelation as well. That quality in her singing

Drawn by Frank O. Smith.

"I HAD NOT HEARD HER VOICE IN SINGING FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS."



which I had failed to understand as a boy, I comprehended now. For the mystery which was then a prophecy, was now the story of a life that had been lived. The music that had dimly foretold, was now an interpretation. The thoughts she had failed to express, the longings she had disdained to utter, the pain she had silently endured, the sacrifices she had mutely made, the unspoken hopes she had surrendered, the ideals for which she had striven in vain, the disappointment which she had wrought into a mask of quiet indifference—all this I could read in the tones which had perplexed and won me years ago. Unconsciously to herself, she was telling me all that cannot be told. There was no appeal; there was no accusation; there was even no complaint: but she was recording the failure of a life that might have been happy. Partly in ignorance, partly through selfishness, we had made mistakes. In her very eagerness to perform all her wifely duty, she had been too sensitive to criticism; and this had at first provoked me to be severe, and afterward had prompted me to seek peace in indifference and neglect. It was not lack of feeling, but feeling too much, that had separated us. Being thus apart, both our lives had been depressed and stunted. She had found herself shut out from what concerned my interests and career, and was too proud to seem to force herself where, had she but known it, I longed to have her come; therefore she restricted herself to the narrow routine of domestic affairs that alone was left to her, and tried to fulfill her obligations on that low plane, since the higher was denied her. On my side, I felt wifeless where most I needed a wife, and thought that she did not care, when it was for fear of annoying me that she held back. So I attempted to lead at the same time a solitary life, and a married one, and spoiled both. By a too punctilious regard for a fantastic ideal of marriage, formed in our inexperienced youth, we had let slip the realization of true marriage that we might have enjoyed. It was a quiet tragedy, compared with which the infidelities and killings of vulgar life seem trifling. For deeper than anything else, in the secrets her singing told me, was the truth that she loved me still.

"Then I thought, 'What of my love for Miriam?' I love you; but I who love you am not the same man as he who loved this woman whom I married. But, first, had I treated her aright, neither she nor I would have been as we now are, and our love would have lasted out. And, secondly, I who love you am a poorer creature than I might have been, and my love is of a lower stamp than I might have given, or than you deserve. Moreover, the conditions under which it came to birth are of disorder, and it must proceed under the same; and it is not thus that immortal marriages are made. In you I recognized sympathies, harmonies and perceptions which heretofore I had missed; and in the emotion that you awakened, I forgot that I had lived my life, and that the best of yours was still to come. Your kiss seemed to restore my youth and make me to be born again; and in a sort of illusion, I saw us united, and myself, apotheosized by your companionship, making good the promise of felicity and fame with which my career began. But it was a shallow illusion; it is not so that infinite Wisdom and Justice permits us to right our wrong and reconcile our errors. We cannot break with our past; it is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. And if we would be redeemed, it is out of our past that we must work out our salvation. There is no golden road to better things.

"But I, who love you, Miriam, must break with you, and cleave to her; and in so doing I give you the first pledge that my love was not dishonor. For I break with you out of reverence for marriage, which all true love contemplates, but which is above all parties to it, and to be vindicated, if need be, at their cost. By that act, I lose you; but if I flinched from it, I should win you in seeming only; in truth, I should lose you and honor too. And the youth that your kiss gave would be taken away, and a baser old age return. We also should be unhappy and drift apart; and from that unhappiness and parting there would be no redemption in this world or the next.

"But once more (for I am to speak the truth—it is the only compensation I can make you), Do I love you after all? Every nerve of my body and impulse of my heart seems to say I do.

But what is that love which I can prove only by leaving you and living with another? This involves a mystery which is perhaps unfathomable. As persons, we are nothing; what is good in us is of God, who is infinite. And good is what we love in one another. It may be, therefore, that in being faithful to her, the good which I now see in you will be created in her, and that when the earthly state is done, I shall see and love it in her as now in you.

Or it may be that by faithfulness to her I shall fit her to be united to her true mate hereafter, and so purify myself as to have earned the right to you which I was tempted to usurp unlawfully. But I only guess at the riddle: I cannot solve it. I know that I love you, and that if I yielded to that love, I should be false to it.

"And this love for you binds me to her for another reason. It gives me eyes to see that to starve love is the cruellest of murders. She loves me—or God lets her think she does; and for these many years I have done her to a living death by failing to love her in my heart. I have indeed kept the outward observances; but she, though outwardly accepting them, knows in her heart their emptiness. If you and I were married, Miriam, and you gave me such apples of Sodom to eat, I know what

my misery would be; and I pray that God may help me to love her truly, and heal that wound of hers, though in granting that prayer He must destroy the love for you which causes me so to pray.

"She stopped singing; it was quite dark. 'I cannot see the notes; I have been playing from memory,' she said. 'Let us go back,' said I; and in the darkness I took her hand and led her out. I could not tell her what my thoughts had been, and

did not try. And words would be out of place; it is only by deeds that the corners of life can be turned. She shall be happier, if I live, than she has ever been; but she will never know what I had in my mind when I said 'Let us go back,' and took her hand.

"Three weeks have passed; for, as I said, I would not hazard so deep a matter to the arbitrament of an emotion. I have tested myself, and I have no doubts. Yes-

terday I wrote to the office, declining the London appointment. I shall stay with her, and serve her, so long as I live. If ever again, before I die, I can see in her eyes, dim as they are, something like the look that was in them when first I told her that I loved her, I shall have my reward.

"There is a thing I have not touched



Drawn by F. Smal.

"LET ME PASS FROM YOUR MIND."

on: the wrong I have done you. Such a wrong cannot be made good; it must be forgiven or be unforgiven. But if I hope you will forgive, it is less for my sake, than because it would show that you have not hardened your heart. I would not have you accept the gospel of Dallas; it solves nothing, and saves nothing worth saving; it puts an epigram and an evasion, a smile and a sophism, in the place of a soul. Be true to the love you felt; do not try to kill it or to numb it; what was true in it can never do you so much harm as to deny or sneer at it would do. Let its effect remain with you as long as it will; but I ask no such consideration for myself. Let me pass from your mind, as a cup from which you have drunk slips from your hand, and is forgotten, while the memory of the draught lingers. For what is good in me is not of me; the rest is at best but a channel, at the worst an obstruction; pardon it, and let it go.

"JOHN WILMOT."

WAITING.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE sun has slipped his tether
And galloped down the west.
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
The little bird is sleeping
In the softness of its nest.
Night follows day, day follows dawn—
And so the time has come and gone:
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

The cruel wind is rising
With a whistle and a wail.
(And it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
My eyes are seaward straining
For the coming of a sail:
But void the sea, and void the beach
Far and beyond where gaze can reach!
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

I heard the bell-buoy ringing—
How long ago it seems!
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
And ever still, its knelling
Crashes in upon my dreams.
The banns were read, my frock was sewn.
Since then two seasons' winds have blown—
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

The stretches of the ocean
Are bare and bleak, to-day.
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)
My eyes are growing dimmer—
Is it tears or age, or spray?
But I will stay till you come home.
Strange ships come in across the foam!
But it's weary, weary waiting, love.



GENERAL SHAFER AND STAFF.

WITH THE WAITING ARMY.

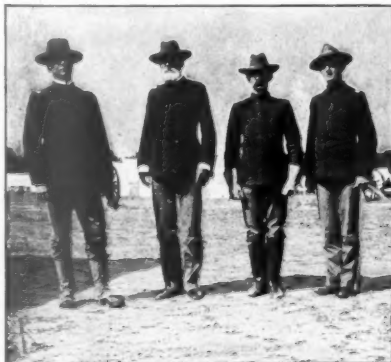
By IRVING BACHELLER.

IN two days of September, '63, more than twenty-five thousand fell in the battle of Chickamauga. Then the advancing and retreating armies buried their dead and left the battle-field to silence and to history. After thirty-five years the peaceful repose of Chickamauga has been broken again by the tramp of an army. Every evening its campfires lighted the way from Kelly's Field to Lee and Gordon's

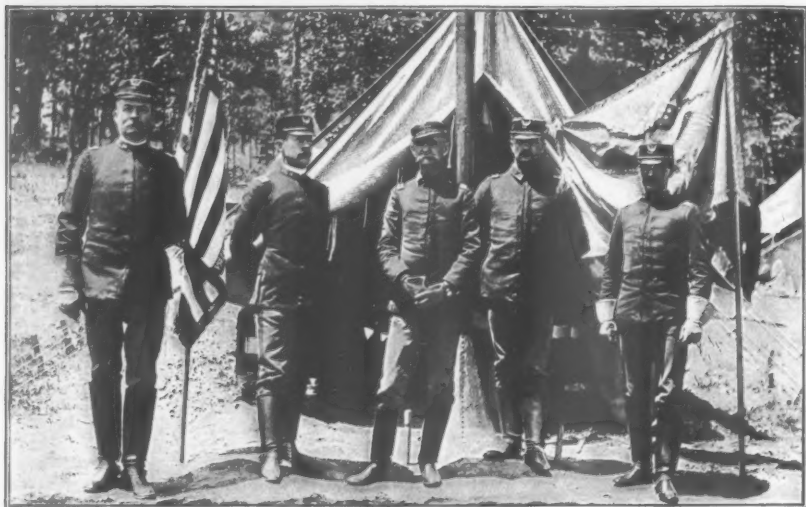
Mill; every morning the rush of cavalry thundered on the north plain. Northerner and Southerner have met as brothers where once they met as foes. Veterans of the blue and gray have manned the ancient batteries of artillery on the top of Snodgrass Hill and cheered the new army as it began the work of the day. One may see nothing better on this battle-field, marked with the memorials of bitter strife, than these new evidences of national unity and good feeling.

Major-general John R. Brooke, the mayor of this military city, inhabited a big Sibley tent. It was the capital and seat of government. A row of tents in line with his own was occupied by the common council, his staff—of which Col. Mike Sheridan, a brother of the famous general, is adjutant.

Not since '65 have so many cavalry been assembled at one point. Regiments that had been scattered all over the far West were united at Chickamauga for the first time since the war. Tough old troopers who have seen hard service with Crook and Custer and Reno and Howard and Miles, in widely separated localities, sat



GEN. JOHN C. BATES AND STAFF.



GEN. GUY V. HENRY AND STAFF.

down together at one campfire. Some of their faces were scarred by the knife and bullet of the savage. Some of them showed fingers shortened by the bitter cold of the mountain summits, where they had been campaigning. Some had fled before the swarming Sioux that fateful day in '76 or had lain on their bellies in the sage-brush on the Little Big Horn until they had gone crazy with thirst.

By far the most notable of these cavalry

heroes was Brig.-Gen. Guy V. Henry, brevetted five times for distinguished gallantry and holding a medal of honor for bravery in the "Bloody Angle" at Cold Harbor in '64. A beau sabreur of the service, he has taken more hard knocks than any other officer in the army, but has always given two for one. In the fight with Sitting Bull at Rosebud Creek he was shot through the face just under the eyes; then carried on a stretcher three hundred

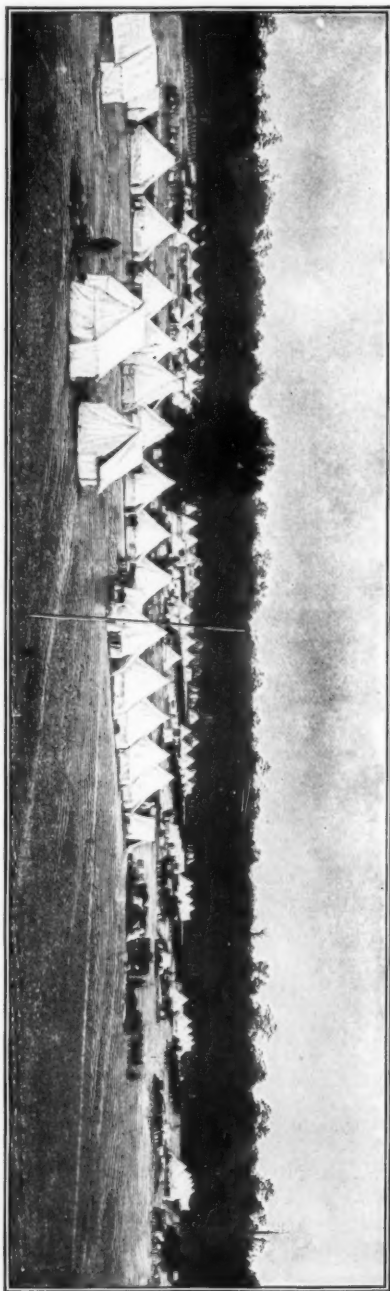


TRANSPORTS AT TAMPA.

miles before seeing a doctor. Tumbled out and nearly drowned in the rivers, he finally reached the fort to endure eight months of misery. When he was at Chickamauga with the Tenth Cavalry it was interesting to note the veneration with which those big black men—the best riders in the service—regarded him.

The camp was at its best in the evening. The song and halloo of the soldiers, the trumpet-calls, the campfires, the moving of shadow and silhouette, the glowing cones of canvas, lent to the scene a romantic charm and picturesqueness. I remember an evening when I had been out visiting a distant camp and, returning, having groped my way through the dark timber, came in sight of the campfires of the Tenth Cavalry, twinkling on the long slope above me. The campfires were like pools of light and the shadows seemed to be swimming in them. The darkies were gossiping and singing in their tents. Some of them were playing banjos. Just as I got to my quarters on the top of the hill the big black trumpeter came out to sound the call of taps. He stood like a statue for a moment, looking straight ahead. Then he lifted his trumpet and for a breath held it to his lips in silence. Presently the wavering call shot forth, and after it the long, sweet note that clove its way into the far heavens and echoed in the distant reaches of the wood. Then up from Kelly's Field and down the slope of Snodgrass Hill and out of the middle woods and over the flat by Bloody Pond, where the unknown dead lie sleeping, came floods of melody calling the soldier to his rest. It was thrilling to hear trumpet answer trumpet in the still night—a grand and memorable chorus. The distance between the players gave the effect of coming and receding sound, possible only in such an amphitheater as that before me.

They sounded the reveille at 5:30, but the cooks were up chopping at the break of dawn. The men messed at 6, the officers half an hour later. The drills began the work of the day. A livelier spectacle than the whole brigade of cavalry charging in splendid masses and breaking over the ridge in a sweeping curve, their colors flying, one may look far to see. The long line stands straight across the field from



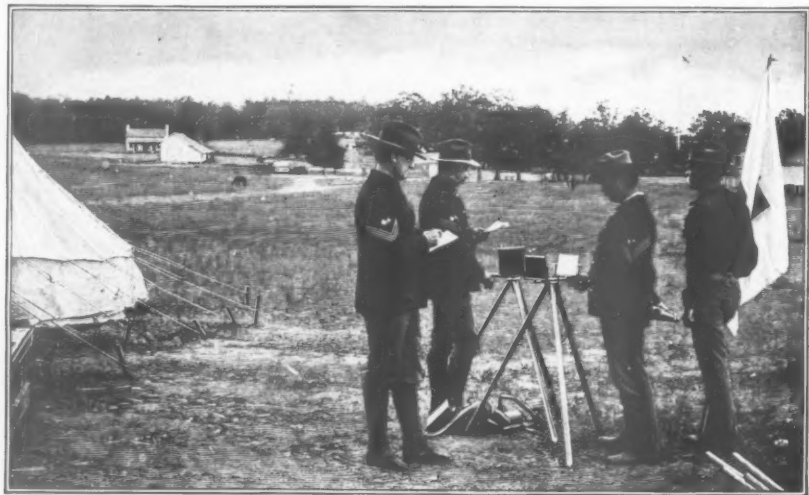
SECOND CAVALRY CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



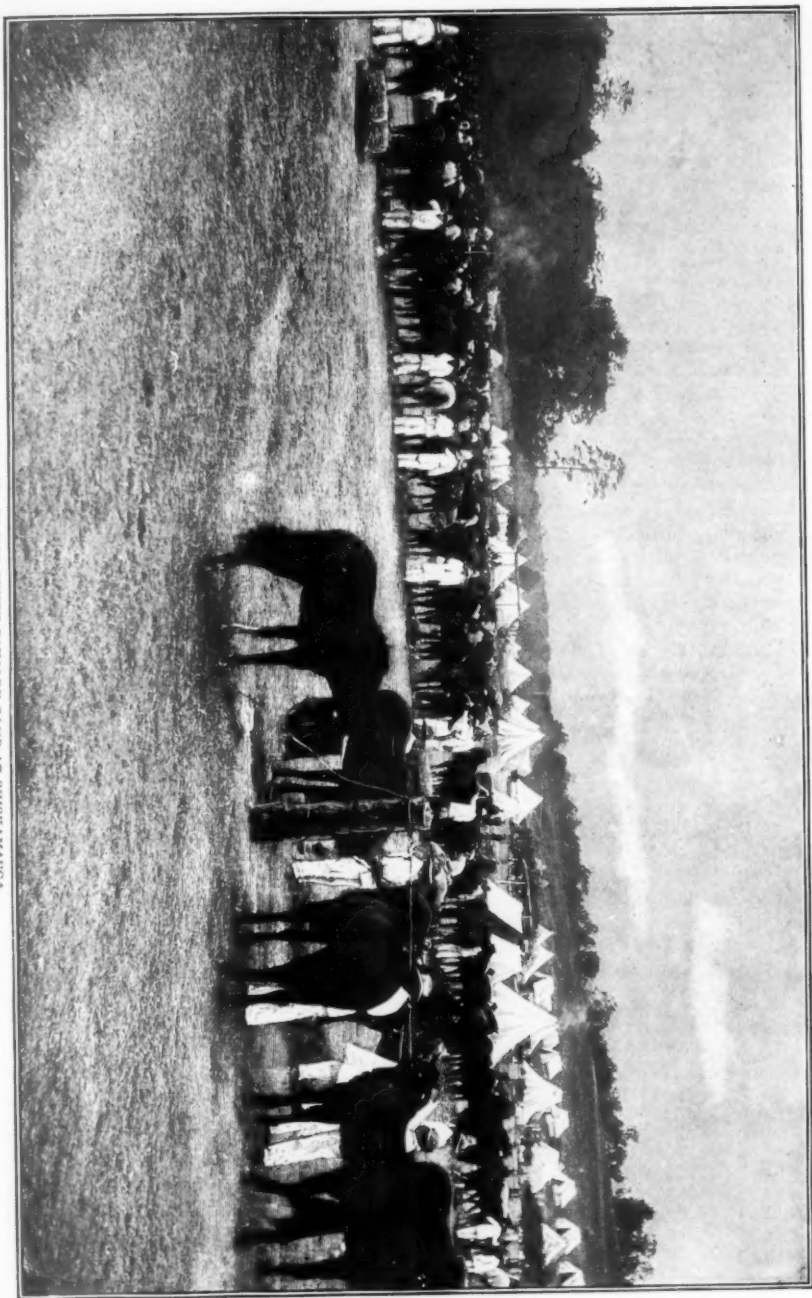
HOSPITAL OF THE SIXTH CAVALRY.

the wood on one side to the brow of the ridge on the other. The horses are shaking their heads, eager to be off. They stand in varicolored troops. The trumpet sounds and the line waves like a long banner and breaks and is off at a gallop, the flankers flying on either side. The field is alive with horsemen charging with drawn sabers

and yelling like madmen. Suddenly they whirl into columns of fours and the rushing lines stripe the green field. Then a line of skirmishers skurry off to the edge of the wood until a moving wall of color flanks the long parade-ground. In the sunlight of a clear morning it is a glorious thing to see. The feet of the horses have torn the



SIGNALING WITH THE HELIOGRAPH.



STABLE CALL IN THE TENTH CAVALRY CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



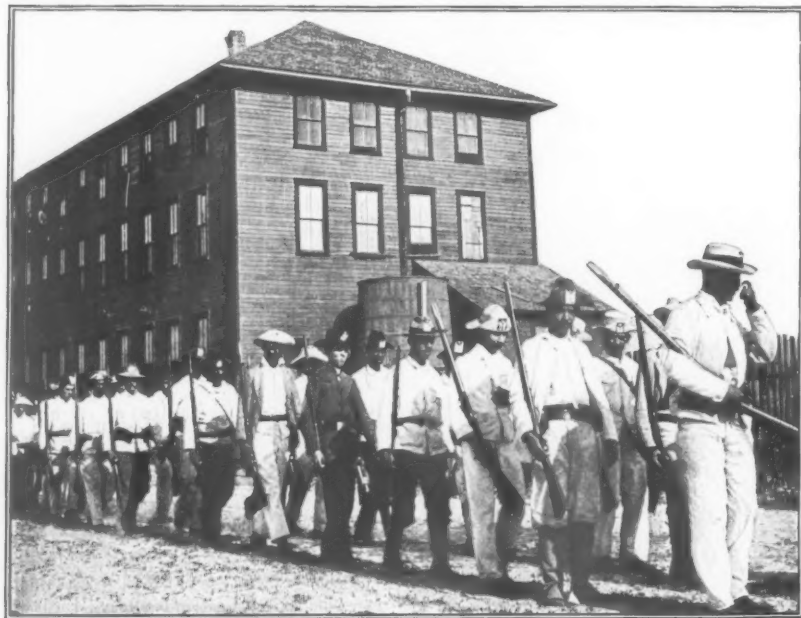
CENTRAL STATION FIELD TELEPHONE.

green carpet of the field so that now the scene is dimmed with clouds of dust, but it will be long before one may see the like again.

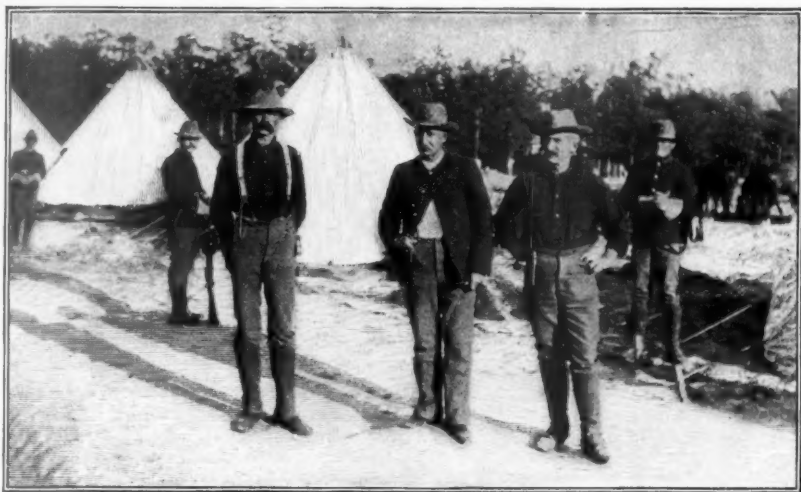
The officers lived well and were very comfortably quartered. Their dinner menu generally included roast beef, vegetables, lettuce salad, bread or biscuit and butter, strawberries and coffee. The officers of the Second Cavalry had a club in a big tent and they all messed at the same table, signing their checks as one would do in a city club.

In Tampa, the camp had no such com-

fortable and historic setting. There, somehow, one felt as if the earth were in his way, and hadn't the energy to make history. Men came and went and left no footprints in the yielding earth. A troop of cavalry literally kicked the streets into the air and got down to the stratum of another age. The dun cloud went to the housetops and fell on saint and sinner, and likened them much in a little time. One's eyes ached in the white glare of this old sea bottom and longed for the green earth. A part of the town is paved, but the little wooden houses, that straggle away into the "piney woods," seem to be stuck in the sand for only a brief season. Here and there boards, that have shrunk and shriveled in the sun, bridge the mire, but half one's time his feet were buried in it. The sun and the earth were deadly hot and out in the full glare they ground you like upper and nether millstones. After all, this baptism of sand was a wholesome ceremony for the soldier. It gave him a tough leg and a fighting spirit. We shall invade Cuba with a very quarrelsome army of high-steppers



CUBAN VOLUNTEERS IN TAMPA.



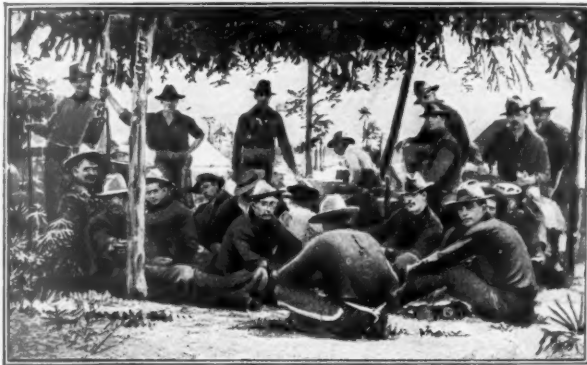
FAMOUS SCOUTS OF THE SECOND CAVALRY.

after all this drilling in the sand. Even some of the evangelists who came to pray remained to fight, they tell me.

Out in the camps the earth had a thin cover of vegetation that suffered from hereditary weakness and the shade was slashed with hot blades of sunlight. But under the cover of the tents the soldiers lay to for a breeze and, off duty, were fairly comfortable. There were two big camps that scattered their tents on the right flank of the town as you came into it. There was also a smaller camp of artillery and cavalry at Port Tampa and the new arrivals lay by at Lakeland, a suburban village. A

hundred acres were under canvas at Tampa Heights, where the First and Second Brigades of infantry were quartered. Even with guard and drill duty these soldiers had an easy time of it. They were up at 5:30 in the morning and were busy until drill was over at 9:30. Then they could do pretty much as they pleased until the call for guard-mounting at 5. They generally bathed and washed their clothes after drill, and, that done, they lay by for comfort. Card-playing, reading and story-telling were the staple amusements. About every tent had its party lying about as if they had all been flung in by the heels. Those who

had been on guard duty or leave of absence the night before, lay sleeping in the shade. Infrequently one saw a man sitting down to the solemn ceremony of writing home, but most of them shied at the pen and rarely wrote letters. The band played from 4 to 5 and after guard-mount the boys were drilled in pointing and aiming the rifle—a picturesque and



GROUP OF EIGHTH INFANTRY AT MESS.

fatiguing exercise. Then every piece was inspected, and as the sun went down one heard the call of retreat. Such briefly was the bright side of soldiering. When they went out for drill in the sand and sun at 7 o'clock, equipped for a three days' march to meet the enemy, each with the yoke of supplies on his shoulder, it became very serious business. After they had stood awhile at attention and marched in the smothering cloud of hot sand and lain baking in hasty intrenchments, they came back to camp wet and weak in the knees, at 9:30.

I never realized how it strains a man to stand still and do nothing but hold his head erect and keep his feet on the ground until I saw them drilling the raw recruits. The green men fell to very cheerfully for a minute. Then they got shaky, and if the sergeant was severe one or more of them was sure to drop in a faint. Walking all night on the sentry line is another hard

phase of soldiering. There were recently about twenty thousand soldiers in the four camps around Tampa. It cost about seven thousand five hundred dollars to feed these men a single day. In three square meals they consumed eighteen thousand loaves of bread, three thousand five hundred bushels of potatoes and about ten tons of meat. Uncle Sam gives every member of his family a good allowance of food and clothing. This, for instance, is the outfit of a cavalry soldier: one overcoat, one blouse, two pairs of riding trousers, two blue flannel shirts, two undershirts, two pairs of drawers, three pairs of socks, one campaign hat, one pair of leather gauntlets, one woolen blanket, one shelter tent half, one pair of leggings, two pairs of shoes, one slicker or one rubber blanket, one brown canvas coat, one pair of brown canvas trousers, two towels, soap, comb and notions.

Major-general William R. Shafter was in command of the camp, with headquarters at the big hotel on the bay. He has an

amiable, well-rounded front and weighs over three hundred pounds. He has risen from the ranks and one cannot help thinking he must have strained the ladder at every step. His hair and mustache are gray, his face is forceful and determined. His expression gets not a little of its character from the aquiline turn of his nose. He has mastered the art of making friends. He absorbs your confidence at a glance, and it is easy to believe in him. Long ago he was a popular hero in Texas, where to this day the people refer to him as Pecos Bill—and in that country they never lengthen their love of a man until they have shortened his name. He is the friend of the common soldier. In speech



THE FAMOUS KELLEY HOUSE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

he is direct and forcible. With him, a spade is a spade and a fool is a fool. Size, good humor, a thorough knowledge of his business and a ready tongue are the chief elements of his magnetism. The office and corridor of the big winter-resort hotel

at Tampa was thronged every evening with men and women in full dress, officers in uniform and correspondents in deep thought. What with all the gold braid and epaulets, the ladies with their jewels, and the newspaper men, it was certainly the bright side of war. In the gloom of cosy corners, many an officer got a decoration and a new title, for better or worse. Correspondents were everywhere. The historians of to-day and the prophets of to-morrow lined the writing tables every evening and kept the wire hot. It was said that there were two hundred of them in the city waiting on the army of invasion. Some were in boots and spurs, like the knights in the riddle, "all saddled and bridled and fit for a fight."

There was a large crop of mosquitoes in this city of sand. One went to bed under a gorgeous canopy of netting. When he lay down at night, after the heat and burden of the day, and saw the glory of white above him and heard the darkies sing he felt like little Eva in the last act.



MACHINES FOR LENGTHENING THE SHELLS.

SCENES IN A CARTRIDGE FACTORY.

BY THEODORE DREISER.

MAN'S ingenuity finds many contradictory channels for its expression. The labor to perfect those sciences which tend to save human life goes on side by side with the labor to create new and more potent methods for its destruction.

This is significantly apparent in the dual operations of governments, which on the one hand expend vast sums in the development of plans more or less humanitarian in purpose, while at the same time even greater sums go toward the improving of those devices which shall be most effective when applied to the sinister processes of warfare.

This is as true of the United States as it is of any other nation. We have been foremost in the making of what are called small arms, and their ammunitions. We maintain numerous arsenals where at all times this work has been carried on, and now, with war actually upon us, the productive capacity of these arsenals is taxed to the utmost, while contracts involving hundreds of thousands of dollars have been placed in outside hands.

The concern carrying the largest of these contracts is the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, Conn. This single contract calls for many millions of that peculiar type of cartridge known as the "U. S. Army and Navy copper-jacketed," a cartridge differing much from that used in the ordinary rifle.

One of its differences is that its cap or head is twice the size of its mouth—its general shape being not unlike that of a gourd. The large amount of powder—the new smokeless variety—exploding, and its force being required to pass out through a small aperture, results in a tremendous pressure on the bullet.

This bullet is incased in a copper cover plated with tin, as it must be capable of withstanding a velocity of two thousand

five hundred and fifty feet per second, a velocity creating friction sufficient to melt lead. The penetrating power of one of these projectiles is so great that after the first five feet of its flight are covered it will cut through fifty-four pine boards, each having a thickness of seven-eighths of an



ANNEALING FURNACE.

inch, or it will pass through half an inch of solid steel, and it will kill at a distance of over one mile.

The great works at Bridgeport where these cartridges are made are barrack-like structures, with rooms three and four hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, filled with rows upon rows of machines, and the rattle and din of a ceaseless activity.

Save for the forge-rooms where the metals are heated, or annealed, and the chambers where are stored the different kinds of black, or smokeless, powders, there is hardly a spot without its machine of some sort.

operated in most cases by girls or women. Thousands of wheels and cogs are revolving, busy with the many separate processes the completed cartridge cases represent. They are being produced at the rate of from fifty to one hundred and fifty per minute. Even the great brass shells for cannon are turned out thirty-five to the minute by the ponderous machines employed in the work.

It is the purpose of this article to describe the manufacture of those cartridges used in the new army and navy guns.

The sheet copper for the shells of these cartridges comes to the operator in strips three inches wide and thirty-five inches in length, and having a thickness of three one-hundredths of an inch. They are selected by a number of men who throw aside all those that are imperfect or are not of an even thickness throughout. The edges of the sheets are first made smooth and their surfaces oiled. After this has been done they are ready to be fed to the presses; a small stop on the die regulates the length of the "feed." The shape given the future cartridge case is that of a flat disk rather larger than a twenty-five-cent piece. Forty like this are cut one at a time from

each strip by the double punches of the press. This double punch is a punch within a punch, and as the outer one cuts the disk clear from the strip the inner one passes the piece through a tapering hole in the die, giving it a cup-like shape an inch in diameter and five-tenths of an inch deep. These disks are cut and fashioned at the rate of sixty-five a minute.

In order to "draw" the cup to the size required for the finished shell, the disks are subjected to the action of four additional punches which lengthen them, while reducing them to the proper diameter.

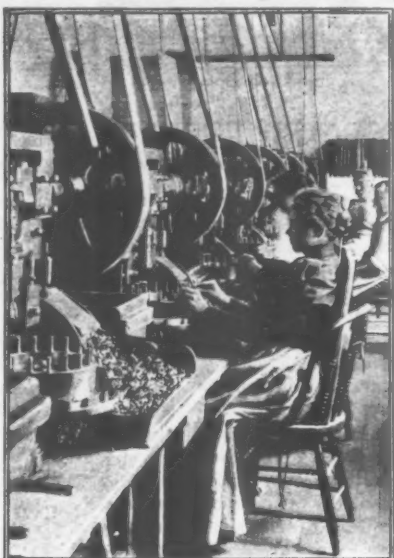
The shells are next taken to the annealing rooms, where they are placed in perforated iron cylinders and brought to a white heat over charcoal fires; a slow process, because if allowed to heat too rapidly the metal becomes brittle.

From the cylinders they are plunged while hot into a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, which frees them from any scale or oxide that the annealing may have occasioned. Afterward they are thoroughly washed to remove the acid.

The shells are now in need of being "trimmed," the last drawing having left them with ragged edges.

The trimming is done in a long room with triple lines of machines. In front of these machines sit the girls whose duty it is to feed the shells to a revolving mandrel which brings them to a circular cutter where the edges are made clean and even.

The next step is the "rimming." At the rate of seventy a minute the shells are caught up from a trough and treated by this process, which leaves them finished and ready for the loading—after they have been put through an alkali bath to remove the oil that has been used in all the various stages of preparation. From the bath they



PRIMING THE CARTRIDGES.

are taken to the drying-rooms to be dried.

The loading begins with the adjustment of the cup-annil, which contains the priming.

The making of the cup-annils is a process by itself. Copper sheets one forty-fifth of an inch thick are cut by small punches into one hundred and seventy-six cups each, and at a speed of forty-five to the minute.

The next machine does for them exactly what the larger machines did for the ragged edges of the cartridge cases—smooths and finishes them.

They are passed on to venting machines, where they are punched with two holes. They are now ready to receive the impression which is to serve as a receptacle for the priming.

This high explosive is manufactured at the Bridgeport works, but visitors are not allowed in the department. It can be seen, however, when it is brought into the room where the cup-annils are charged. It has the appearance of a thick paste, and it is deposited in the cup-annil by what is known as a priming machine, a very ingenious device which performs its delicate work with the greatest nicety.

While the explosive is still moist the cup-annils are carried to the tapering machine and are fitted to the shells and secured in place by "crimping," and the shells them-



HEAD ASSEMBLING MACHINES.

selves drawn or reduced at the mouth to fit the long, slim bullet.

An entire building is devoted to the casting of the bullets, the work being done entirely by men.

Huge pots placed over furnaces hold the molten metal, and as the lead is run off to supply the bullet machines fresh pigs of it are thrown into the pots that they may be kept constantly replenished.

The lead is first cast in bars; these when cool are passed through rolls where they are reduced to thirty one-hundredths of an inch in diameter with a length of forty inches. In this form they are fed to the bullet machine through a vertical tube which rises above a horizontal cutter. Each cut takes only sufficient material for a single bullet. Another machine forces these bits of lead into the desired shape. A single machine can make twenty-seven thousand bullets in a day.

The bullets are next trimmed and then incased in their copper jackets. They are now ready to be fitted to the shells.

The loading is done in the "assembling room." The shells are placed in holes or receivers, on a circular plate. Each one of these holes is so arranged as to pass directly beneath the powder hopper, where the shells are charged automatically.

The machine is provided with a bell



CASTING THE BULLETS.

which gives notice to the operator of any failure in this particular. The shells are next brought under the bullet feed. The bullet descends through a chute and enters the shell, which is tightly crimped about it. The cartridge is now complete.

During the whole process of manufacture accidents are possible in the loading-room only. As the machines are now made and arranged, the explosion of one cartridge may communicate fire to the few charged cases near it without danger, or the powder in the hopper may explode, it is said, and do no injury either to the operative or to the machine.

As the explosive is the most important factor in the effectiveness of a projectile of any sort, that used in the making of cartridges is subjected to various tests. One of these is the heat test, where the temperature at which it will explode is determined, as this indicates whether or not the proper ingredients were used in the compounding.

The primers are also carefully examined. From each separate lot a number are taken. These are snapped off in a gun. Should a single one miss fire, the entire lot to which it belongs is destroyed. In this way the quality of each cartridge is kept as near the required standard as possible.

The cartridges are tested as to accuracy, penetration and velocity. The accuracy test is made by a number of expert marksmen who are kept busy all day long shooting at the targets in the ranges

of the works. By the aid of a wonderful instrument called the chronograph the actual speed of a bullet through the air can be ascertained. The chronograph is connected with the gun from which the bullet is discharged, and with the target, by means of two electrical circuits. When the apparatus is adjusted, the signal is given and the cartridge to be tested, fired. The moment the cartridge explodes it breaks the circuit connecting the gun with the chronograph and the latter instantly commences to register the time of the bullet's flight. When the bullet strikes the target it breaks the circuit connecting the target with the chronograph and the instrument stops registering. The register shows the time taken by the bullet in traveling from the gun to the target, and as this distance is known, it is a simple process to calculate the velocity in feet per second.

In the whole vast factory, covering acres of ground and with its hundreds of employees, such a perfect system is maintained that not a handful of material could be either wasted or abstracted without the knowledge of some one of the many superintendents, whose vigilance is never suffered to relax.

While wars and rumors of wars continue to be factors in our civilization, so long will nations support great armies and so long will the manufacture of arms and ammunition be a matter of vital interest and importance to the governments of the world.



PACKING DEPARTMENT.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

II.

BUT I had no choice in my destiny. I easily perceived that the reign of the Directory was near its end; that some efficient authority must be put in its place, in order to save the state; that there is nothing truly imposing but military glory. The Directory could then only be succeeded by me, or by a state of anarchy. The choice of France was not doubtful. Public opinion, in this respect, enlightened my own. I proposed to supply the place of the Directory by a Consulate; so far was I at that time from conceiving the idea of assuming sovereign power. The republicans proposed to elect two consuls; I demanded a third, because I did not choose to have an equal. The first place in this triumvirate was justly my due; it was all I aimed at.

My proposal was received by the republicans with distrust. They already perceived a dictator among the triumviri; they combined against me. Even the presence of Sièyes could not pacify them. He had taken upon him to draw up a constitution; but the Jacobins felt more terror at my sword, than confidence in their old abbé.

All parties were now ranged under two banners: on one side were the republicans, who opposed my elevation, and on the other, all France demanding it. It was therefore inevitable at that period, because the majority always succeed. The first had established their headquarters in the council of five hundred; they made a resolute defence; we were obliged to win the battle of St. Cloud to bring about this revolution. At one time I thought it would have been carried by acclamation.

The wishes of the public had given me the first place in the state: the resistance that had been opposed to it did not alarm me, because it proceeded from persons blasted in the opinion of the public. The royalists had not appeared; they had been taken by surprise. The body of the people had confidence in me, because they knew that the revolution could not have better security than mine. I derived my strength solely from being at the head of the interests created by that revolution; since, in opposing it, I should have taken the ground of the Bourbons. It was important that

all should be new in the nature of my power, in order that all kinds of ambition might find aliment. But there was nothing defined in it, and that was its defect. By the constitution I was only the first magistrate of the republic; but my staff of office was a sword. There was an incompatibility between my constitutional rights and the ascendant which I held in virtue of my character and my actions. The public felt, as I did, that this state of things could not last: and everyone took measures accordingly.

I found more courtiers than I wanted; they formed a train: and I was not at all in pain about the progress of my authority, but very much so as to the actual situation of France.

We had suffered ourselves to be beaten: the Austrians had recovered Italy, and overturned my labors. We had no army to employ offensively; there was not a sou in the exchequer, and no means of supplying it. The conscription went on only as it pleased the mayors. Sièyes had drawn up an inefficient and wordy constitution. All that constitutes the strength of a state was annihilated; the weak parts only remained.

Forced by circumstances, I thought it best to demand peace. I could then do it in good earnest, because it would have made my fortune: later it would have been disgraceful.

Mr. Pitt refused it; and never did statesman commit so great a blunder; for that was the only opening for the allies to make it with safety. France, by demanding peace, acknowledged that she was conquered; and nations may rise from every reverse if they do not consent to their own disgrace.

Mr. Pitt refused it. He saved me from committing a great error, and he extended the empire of the Revolution over all Europe—an empire that even my fall has not been able to destroy. Had he then left it to itself, it would have been confined to France.

Thus I was forced to go to war. Massena defended himself in Genoa; but the armies of the republic no longer dared to cross

either the Rhine or the Alps. It was then necessary to re-enter Italy and Germany, to dictate peace to Austria. Such was my plan; but I had neither soldiers, ordnance nor small arms. I called out the conscripts; I set armourers to work; I awakened the sentiment of national honour, which is never more than lulled in the breast of a Frenchman. I assembled an army: half of it still wore the clothing of the peasantry. Europe laughed at my soldiers; but she paid dearly for her momentary mirth.

I could not, however, openly undertake a campaign with such an army; but it was necessary to astonish the enemy, and profit by surprise. General Suchet drew him on towards the defiles of Nice; Massena protracted the defence at Genoa from day to day. I set out;—I advanced towards the Alps;—my presence, and the grandeur of the enterprise, animated the soldiers. They had no shoes, but they marched as if each belonged to the van-guard. At no time of my life have I experienced a sentiment like that which I felt on entering the defiles of the Alps. The mountain echoes resounded with the shouts of the army. They announced an uncertain but probable victory. I was again to see Italy—the theatre of my first campaign. My cannon slowly climbed the rocks. My first grenadiers reached the summit of St. Bernard. They threw up their hats decorated with red feathers, into the air, and shouted for joy. The Alps were crossed and we poured down like a torrent.

General L'Asne commanded the advance guard. He seized Ivree, Verceil, Pavia, and secured the passage of the Po. The whole army crossed it without interruption. Soldiers and generals—all were young. We had our fortune to make. We made light of fatigue, still lighter of danger. We were careless of everything but of the glory which is only to be obtained on the field of battle.

At the news of my arrival, the Austrians maneuvered upon Alexandria. Crowded into that town, at the moment I appeared before its walls, their columns spread themselves in front of the Bormida. I attacked them. Their artillery was superior to mine; it disordered our young battalions: they gave ground. The line was preserved only by two battalions of the guards, and the

forty-fifth. But I expected some corps that were marching in file. Dessaix's division arrives; the whole line rallies. Dessaix forms his column of attack, and carries the village of Marengo, upon which the centre of the enemy is posted. This great general was killed at the very moment in which he had decided an immortal victory.

The enemy seeks shelter under the walls of Alexandria. The bridges are too narrow for them to pass; a dreadful confusion ensues; we take bodies of artillery, and entire battalions. Crowded up beyond the Tanaro, without communication, without retreat—threatened on the rear by Massena and Suchet, with a victorious army in front, the Austrians submit. Melas begged to capitulate—it was unparalleled in the annals of war. The whole of Italy was restored to me, and the conquered army laid down their arms at the feet of our conscripts. This day was the brightest of my life, for it was one of the brightest for France. All was changed for her; she was soon to enjoy a peace which she had conquered. She lay down to rest like a lion. She must be happy, for she was great. Faction was at rest; it was dazzled into silence. La Vendee was calmer; the Jacobins were forced to thank me for the victory, for it turned to their account. I had no longer any rivals. The common danger and public enthusiasm had forced every party to join for the moment. Security divided them. Wherever there is not an incontestable center of power, men will be found who will hope to incline it towards themselves. It is what happened to mine. My authority was only that of a temporary magistracy; it was therefore not unalterable. Whoever had vanity, and believed himself possessed of talent, began a campaign against me. The tribune became the citadel whence they commenced their attack, under the name of the executive power. If I had yielded to their declamations, it had been all over with the state. It had too many enemies to venture to divide its forces, or to lose time in words. The recent trial was a tolerably rude proof, but it was not sufficient to silence those who will always prefer the interest of their private vanity to that of their own country. They resisted the taxes, abused the government, hampered

its proceedings and kept back the recruits for the army, in hopes of gaining popularity. Had this continued, we should have fallen a prey to the enemy in fifteen days. We were not yet strong enough to hazard it. My power was too new to be invulnerable. The consulate would have faded like the directory, if I had not destroyed the opposition by a stroke of policy. I deposed the factious tribunes. The world of Paris called this to *eliminate** them; this term became a bon mot. This trifling event, which is now forgotten, changed the constitution of France, both internally and with regard to Europe. The enemies of the revolution, both within and without, were too violent not to force her to adopt the form of a dictatorship, as every other republic has done in moments of danger. Balanced powers can only answer in peaceful times. For this reason, my power was increased every time it appeared in danger, in order to prevent a relapse. I should, perhaps, have done better, had I frankly insisted on the dictatorship at once, since I was accused of aspiring to it. Every one would have been a judge of what they called my ambition: I believe it would have been better; for monsters appear greater at a distance than near by. The dictatorship would have had the advantage of removing all doubts as to the future; of leaving opinion undivided, and of intimidating the enemy by showing the resolution of France.

But I perceived that this high authority was placed, as of itself, in my hands. I had no occasion to receive it officially. I exercised it in fact, if not by right, and it was sufficient to survive the crisis, and to save France and the revolution. My task, then, was to establish the revolution, by giving it a lawful character, that it might be acknowledged and legitimated by the commonwealth of Europe. All revolutions have undergone the same conflicts. Ours could not expect to be exempt from them; but she might claim in her turn the right to citizenship in that commonwealth. I knew that before we proposed it, our principles must be fixed, and our legislation agreed upon, and our excesses repressed. I believed myself strong enough to succeed, and I was not mistaken.

The principle of the revolution was the abolition of castes, or, in other words, to establish equality. I respected it. The office of legislation is to regulate principles. In this spirit I made laws. Excesses had shown themselves in the existence of factions. I did not notice them, and they disappeared. They had shown themselves in the destruction of religious worship; I re-established it. In the existence of emigrants; I recalled them. In the general disorder of administration; I reformed it. In the ruin of the finances; I restored them. In the want of an opportunity competent to govern France; I gave her that authority by taking into my hands the reins of government.

Few men have done so much as I then did in so short a time. History will one day record what France was at my accession, and what she was when she gave laws to Europe. I had no occasion to employ arbitrary power to accomplish these stupendous works. Probably it would not have been refused me: but I would not have accepted it, because I have always detested whatever is arbitrary. I loved good order and laws. I made many, and I made them severe and precise, but just; because a law which permits no exception is always just. I caused them to be rigorously observed, for such is the duty of the throne; but I respected them. They will survive me, and that will reward my labours. All seemed to prosper. The state revived; good order began to reappear. I devoted myself ardently to the work, but I felt that there was something wanting in the system—that is to say, a definitive.

However strong my desire might be to establish permanently the principles of the revolution, I clearly saw that I should have to overcome great obstacles before I succeeded: for there was a necessary antipathy between the old and new systems. They formed two masses whose interests were precisely in an inverse ratio. All the governments which still subsisted by virtue of the ancient law of nations, saw themselves exposed by the principles of the revolution, which had no security itself but in treating with the enemy, or destroying him if he refused to acknowledge it. This

* This is an awkward and periphrastic translation, but the real English, *expel*, or in the other sense, *manu out*, would never do: the word had till then, even in France, been rarely used.—[TRANSLATOR.]

struggle was to decide, as by a last appeal, on the renewal of the social order of Europe. I was at the head of the great faction which would have fain destroyed the system on which the world had gone on since the time of the Romans. As such, I was set up as a mark for the hatred of all who were interested in preserving their Gothic rust. A less decided character than mine might have temporized, and left a part, at least, of this question to be disposed of by time. But as soon as I had sounded the two factions to the very bottom—as soon as I had perceived that they really divided the world as at the time of the Reformation, I understood that there could be no compact between them, because their interests clashed too much. I perceived that the more the crisis was shortened the better for the people. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary that we should have with us the greater part of Europe, in order to incline the balance in our favour. I could only command this preponderance by the right of the strongest, because it is the only one acknowledged between nations. It was, therefore, also necessary to become the strongest; for I was not called to govern France, but to subdue the world before her; otherwise she would have been crushed by the world. I never had a choice in the course I pursued, for it was always commanded by events; because our danger was imminent: and the 31st of March proved how far it was to teach the old and new systems to abide together in peace. It was, therefore, easy to foresee, that as long as there was a parity of force between the two, there would be war, open or disguised. Any peace that might be signed would be but to gain a breathing time. France, then, as the headquarters of the revolution, was bound to hold herself in readiness to resist the tempest. For this purpose, it was requisite that there should be unity in the government, to insure strength; union in the nation, to produce common aim; and confidence in the people, that they might consent to the sacrifices necessary to command victory. But everything was precarious in the consular system, because nothing was in its proper sphere. There was a nominal republic, and a real sovereignty; a feeble representation of the people, and a strong executive power; obedient

authorities, and a preponderating army. Nothing can go on well in a political system, where words and things are at variance. Government debases itself by the continual fictions it must use: it falls into that kind of contempt which falsehood inspires, because, whatever is false is weak. The time is past for finessing in politics: the people are too well informed: the gazettes disclose too much. There is but one secret for governing the world; it is, *be strong*: in strength there can be neither error nor deception: it is truth undisguised. I felt the weakness of my situation—the absurdity of my Consulate. Something solid was required as a rallying point for the revolution. I was named consul for life. It was only a life rent of superiority; insufficient in itself, because its duration depended upon a contingency; and nothing ruins confidence like the certainty of a change.—But it answered for the time in which it was adopted. Meantime, what had I gained by the truce of Amiens? I had hazarded an imprudent expedition, for which I was reproached, and justly, for it was worthless in itself.

I tried to recover St. Domingo; I had good reasons for the attempt. France was too much hated by the allies, to dare to remain inactive during the peace: it was necessary she should be always formidable; and it was necessary to give some scope to idle curiosity. The army required to be constantly in motion, to prevent it from falling off: besides, I was glad to exercise our marine.

The expedition was ill conducted: wherever I was not present, things went wrong. But this was immaterial, as it was easy to perceive that the English ministry were about to break the truce; and if we had subdued St. Domingo, it would have been only for them. Every day augmented my security; until the event of the 3d Nivose showed me that I was standing on a volcano. This conspiracy was unforeseen; it was the only one which the police had not anticipated. It was communicated to but few, and therefore remained undiscovered. I escaped by a miracle: the joy testified for my escape amply recompensed me. The time of the conspiracy was ill chosen: nothing was ready for the Bourbons in France. The guilty were

sought for. I cannot say with truth that I accused the mob* patriots; for whenever a crime was committed, every one was disposed to give them the honour of it. I was very much astonished, when the result of the inquiry proved, that the good people of the Rue St. Nicaise were indebted to the royalists for being blown up. I fancied the royalists honest, because they accused us of not being so; and I believed them incapable of the boldness and the villainy of such a project. In fact the project was that of a few who robbed stage coaches; a set that was talked of and flattered, but little respected by the party. Thus the royalists, who had been quite forgotten since the pacification of La Vendee, reappeared on the political horizon: it was a natural consequence of the increase of my authority, I was building up royalty; it was poaching upon their grounds.

They never perceived that my monarchy had nothing to do with theirs; mine was all in fact; theirs in right: theirs was founded in custom; mine did without: it accorded with the genius of the age; theirs struggled to fetter it. The republicans were alarmed at the height to which circumstances had raised me. They distrusted me—they trembled lest I should re-establish an old-fashioned royalty by the assistance of my army. Some of the royalists kept up these reports, and delighted to represent me as aping their ancient monarchs: others more adroit, represented me as having fallen in love with the character of monk, and that I had taken the pains to restore power, only to make a present of it to the Bourbons, when it should be worthy of their acceptance. Weak minds who could not fathom me, believed these reports. They supported the royalists, and endeavored to render me odious to the people and the army, for they began to doubt my attachment to their cause. I could not allow such an opinion to gain ground, because it tended to disunite us.

It was necessary, at any price, to undeceive France, the royalists and all Europe. A persecution in detail against words can produce no other than bad effects, because it does not strike the evil at its root. Besides, it had become impossible in this age

of public appeal, in which the exile of a woman disturbed all France.

Unfortunately there happened at this important crisis, one of those chances which destroy the best resolutions. The police discovered some trifling plots of the royalists, the source of which was beyond the Rhine; an august personage was implicated in them. All the circumstances squared, in an incredible manner, with those which led me to strike a decided political blow. The death of the Duke d'Enghien would put the question that agitated France at rest. I gave the order.

A man of great judgment, and who ought to know something of these matters, said of this outrage, that it was more than a crime—it was a fault. Begging pardon of that personage—it was a crime, and not a fault. I know well the value of words. The crime of the unfortunate prince was confined to a few miserable intrigues, in concert with some dowager baroness at Strasbourg. He was playing his game. His intrigues were watched, and he could neither affect my safety nor that of France. He perished, the victim of policy, and a concatenation of circumstances. His death was not a fault, because all the consequences I foresaw came to pass.

The war with England was renewed, because it was impossible for that country to remain long at peace. The territory of England is become too small for its population. She requires a monopoly of the four quarters of the globe to enable her to exist. War produces this monopoly, because it gives England the right of destruction at sea. It is her safeguard. The war languished for want of a field to fight on. England was obliged to hire some of it on the Continent; but the harvest required time to grow. Austria had received such severe lessons, that her ministers dared not propose war so soon, however willing they might be to earn their money. Prussia was thriving in her neutrality. Russia had made a fatal trial of war in Switzerland. Italy and Spain had entered with but little reservation into my system. The continent was at rest. For want of something better I set about a project for invading England. I never thought of realizing it; for it would have

* Brutus du Coin, literally, Brutus of the Minorities.—[TRANSLATOR]

failed: not that the actual landing would have been impossible, but a retreat would have been so. There is not a single Englishman who would not have taken up arms to save the honour of his country; and the French army, left, without help, to their mercy, would have perished, or surrendered. I made such a trial in Egypt indeed, but in London the stake was too deep. As threats cost nothing, since I had nothing to do with my troops, it was as well to keep them in garrison on the coast, as elsewhere. This demonstration obliged England to adopt a ruinous system of defence. It was so much gained. In revenge, however, there was a conspiracy formed against me. I may give the honour of this to the emigrant princes, for it was truly royal. They had set on foot an army of conspirators, and accordingly we had notice within twenty-four hours; so trusty were their confidants. However, as I resolved to punish men who sought to overturn the state, (which is contrary to all laws, divine and human,) I was obliged to wait till undeniable proofs were collected before I arrested them. Pichegru was at the head of these machinations. This man, who had more bravery than talent, wanted to act the part of a monk; he was cut out for it.

These schemes gave me little uneasiness, because I knew their aim, and that public opinion did not favor them. If the royalists had assassinated me, they would not have been a whit nearer the mark. There is a time for all things. I soon learned that Moreau was implicated in the plot, and this was a delicate affair to handle, because his popularity was tremendous. It was their interest to gain him. His reputation was too high for us to remain friends. I could not be everything while he was nothing. I wished to find a decent pretext for separating. He furnished it.

It was said that I was jealous of him: there was but little truth in this; but he was very jealous of me, and with reason. I esteemed him, because he was a good soldier. His friends were those who hated me, that is to say, a great many. They would have made him a hero, had he been

put to death. I resolved to show him as he was—a man of no influence. I succeeded; absence was fatal to him; his friends forgot him, and he has been no more thought of. Less delicacy was required with regard to the other criminals. They were old hackneyed conspirators, of whom it was important to purge France forever. We succeeded; for from that time they never reappeared.

I was overwhelmed with petitions. All the women and children in Paris were in commotion. Everybody's pardon was sued for. I had the weakness to send a few of the criminals to the state prisons, instead of allowing justice to take its course. I even now regret this kind of indulgence, because in a sovereign it is nothing more than a culpable weakness. He has one duty to fulfill towards the state; that of enforcing the laws. Every compromise with crime becomes a crime in the crown. The prerogative of mercy ought never to be exercised in favor of the guilty; it should be reserved for those unfortunate persons who are absolved by conscience; though condemned by law. Pichegru was found strangled in his bed. Of course it was said to be by my orders. I was totally ignorant concerning the matter. I cannot perceive what interest I could have had in anticipating his public execution. He was not better than the others; and I had a tribunal to judge him, and soldiers to shoot him. I never did a useless act in my life.

My authority increased, because it had been threatened. Nothing in France was prepared for a counter-revolution. The public regarded the intrigues of the royalists as only calculated to bring on the horror of civil war and anarchy. The people wished at any price to avert these evils, and rallied round me, because I promised to defend them. France sought repose under the shelter of my sword. The public voice—(history will not contradict me)—the public voice called me to the throne of France. The republican form of government could no longer exist, because ancient monarchies will not be converted into republics.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The history of this work will be given in full in the next issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN.



THE FOUR WAYS OF DELIVERING AN ADDRESS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



than it was, better trained in thinking, less freakish in feeling, and that nowadays an orator must needs be narrowly logical and that he is therefore debarred from those appeals to emotion such as still move us strangely in

HERE are those who hold that the invention of printing sounded the knell of the noble art of oratory, since he is little better than foolish who seeks now to influence others by the human voice, the range of which cannot but be strictly limited, when he can have at his command a megaphone like the modern newspaper, the range of which is immense and indeterminate. There are others who maintain that mankind is more intelligent

some of the great speeches of the past. Thus oratory is attacked on both sides, one storming-party seeking to explode it as an outworn anachronism, and the other insisting that if it be allowed to survive, it must renounce its old allegiance.

The arguments of both classes of these prophets of evil are specious. To the former group it may be suggested that the perfecting of the Krupp gun has not made the Colt revolver obsolete. Because a man can reach a million in a newspaper, it is no reason why he should not also reach a thousand with a speech. The printed word is wide-spread, no doubt, but indirect, impersonal, unimpressive, while the spoken word is direct, personal, almost hypnotic in its force. Furthermore, as it happens often, the very best way to arouse the reverberation of the press is to say what you have to say in a speech which the newspapers must needs report. To the latter group it suffices to say that while civilized man may be a little more intellectual than

was his remote and probably arboreal ancestor, the time is not yet when he can resist assuredly every attack on his heart even when his head is unconvinced. It was a single, perfervid address that brought to Mr. Bryan a nomination for president—and this a generation after the Lincoln-Douglas debates which tingle with feeling, it is true, but of which the core was serried argument always—and two generations after the Webster-Hayne debates, which were not without heat, indeed, but in which both combatants stood on solid fact and laid claim to severe logic. It may be admitted at once that the triumph of Mr. Bryan's improvisation was exceptional, and that emotionalism tends to disappear with the increasing wisdom of mankind and the strengthening of the human will. Even in the last century Burke's casting down of the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons was felt to be theatrical and it failed of its effect. In a speech the simplicity of conversation is relished, as of one man talking calmly with another and quietly giving reasons for the faith that is in him. Flowers of rhetoric no longer flourish in rank luxuriance, even if figures of speech have not wholly given place to statistics.

Although the wings of the orator have been clipped, and he is no longer encouraged to soar into the blue empyrean, but must keep his footing on the earth, never were more occasions offered to him for the exercise of his art. The spread of representative government has led the foremost men of many nations to study the secrets of oral persuasion. Mr. Reed is reported to have thanked heaven that the House of Representatives was not a deliberative body, setting himself in opposition to Bagehot, who declared that the duty of Parliament was to talk rather than to act—to thresh out a problem until the chaff had blown away, when it would be easy to see the action that ought to be taken. Even those to whom a scientific training has given a distaste for oratory and a distrust of it as an inferior weapon now only doubtfully serviceable, are sometimes made to change opinion suddenly. Huxley, for instance, sprang forward to Darwin's defense at the memorable meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860, and he left his Episcopal opponent sore bruised. He wrote

to Darwin that this experience had changed his "opinion as to the practical value of public speaking," and from that time forth he would "carefully cultivate it."

Nor are congresses and parliaments and meetings of associations the sole opportunities offered to-day to the orator. There are also commencements and anniversaries and dedications of monuments, to say nothing of addresses before societies, lectures before clubs and off-hand speeches after dinner. No man is now safe from a request to make a few remarks or to improve the occasion. Even those who have no natural bent toward the art are forced to study the principles on which it is based; and among them there must be many who—like the present writer—failed to avail themselves of such opportunities for self-improvement in debate as were open to them in youth and who therefore arrived at man's estate without any practice in public speaking.

It is for them that this little paper is written—by one of themselves, who is here setting down the simple results of his own efforts to escape open failure as a speaker. For one who is not a master of the craft to give advice may savor of impertinence, but his excuse must be that the needs of the mature novices whom he is addressing are neglected in most of the manuals of instruction. No one is ever likely to become a great orator who has to learn how to speak in public after he has reached the age of thirty, when the muscles have hardened and the mind is less malleable; but at least the ignominy of actual break-down may be avoided by taking thought and by accepting advice.

Perhaps the very first lesson that needs to be learned is that speaking is an art—an art like reading and writing; and that, like them, it does not come by nature. Some of the addresses we hear are so easy and seemingly so spontaneous that we suppose them to have cost no labor. We envy the speaker his possession of so precious a having, and we little suspect the toil, the resolution and the energy that lie behind his apparent facility. Whatever an orator's natural endowment, he can excel only when he has carefully cultivated his gift, perhaps by practice alone, perhaps by study of the masters, perhaps by both. If he is candid

he will confess that true ease in speaking
"Comes by art, not chance.
As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."

But he prefers generally to keep his preparation concealed and to let his hearers believe that he can rely on the spur of the moment to urge his Pegasus into the air.

There are two entirely different sets of circumstances wherein a man may be called upon to speak in public. The first is when he has something to say. The second is when he has to say something. The first is the more frequent and it demands more consideration. The second is the more embarrassing, and it had best be discussed by itself.

When a man has something to say and when he has an opportunity to say it, there are four methods of making a speech for him to select from.

A. He may write out his address and read it from a manuscript boldly held in his hand.

B. He may write out his remarks and commit them to memory.

C. He may write out his opening words, his closing sentences and such other salient passages as he wishes to make sure of, while extemporizing the rest.

D. He may extemporize the whole, appearing before the audience with no visible manuscript and apparently talking out of the fullness of his heart.

Each of these methods has its advantages and its disadvantages. Each has points of superiority for certain occasions. Each requires about an equal expenditure of time and trouble. Whatever the method chosen, the speaker must make up his own mind, first of all, as to just what it is he wishes to get into the minds of his hearers. He must decide on the best means of achieving this end. He must pick out his point of attack, mass his arguments and move straightforward to the assault. He may even have what he wishes to say clearly planned before he decides which of the four methods of speech-making he will employ.

The first method is to write out his address and to read it from a manuscript boldly held in the hand. For an inexperienced and a timid speaker this is probably the most advisable, as it is the easiest. Its advantage is obvious; the speech is ready;

and all the speaker has to do is to read it as best he can. Its disadvantage is equally obvious; reading is not speaking; and the reader loses the potent effect of looking at his hearers, and holding them with the impelling power of the eye. A reader can never get as intimate with an audience as a speaker can; and to read when the audience is expecting an address, seems roundabout to some and tedious. A colleague of mine at Columbia maintains that for a professor to read a lecture to his class is an insult to the printing-press.

Yet there is much to be said in favor of the frank and open manuscript. On an important occasion, a dedication, for example, or a commemoration, a manuscript is the outward and visible sign of adequate preparation; its presence seems almost to be demanded by the dignity of the event. And the inconveniences of a manuscript can be reduced to a minimum by adopting a couple of simple devices—by writing not in the manner of the essay but with the emphasis and rhythm of actual speech, and by a preparatory study of the manuscript until the reader is so familiar with it that the words fall trippingly from the tongue. When he is thus at home with what he has written, he can read with far more effect, for he need not keep his eyes glued to the paper but can raise them to range over the audience, thus gaining one of the advantages of the speech actually spoken. A speaker who stumbles in the reading of his own manuscript and who thus reveals that he has not yet taken the trouble to familiarize himself with his own words, is a sorry spectacle, as wearisome as he is offensive.

The second method is to write out the remarks you wish to make and commit them to memory. This is the most difficult method of all; and it has been employed successfully only by a few consummate masters of delivery. The result is disastrous if the hearers suspect that the speaker is relying on his memory and that his impassioned appeals have been prepared at leisure. Its chief disadvantages are the strain it imposes on the memory and the histrionic power it requires to give ease and lightness to what is really cut-and-dried. Its advantage is that in the hands of an accomplished craftsman who can write

as he would like to speak and who can deliver the prepared words as though they were the spontaneous generation of the moment, the orator can give to what seems an improvisation on the platform all the finish and the polish of the essay in the library.

M. Francisque Sarcey tells us that the delightful lectures of M. Ernest Legouvé, the dramatist, are spoken without notes, but that they have been written and studied and rehearsed like a comedy, in the production of which on the stage nothing is left to chance. Colonel Higginson records that after hearing the Phi Beta Kappa oration of Wendell Phillips, "in which he had so carried away a conservative and critical audience that they found themselves applauding tyrannicide before they knew it, I said to him, 'This could not have been written out beforehand,' and he said, 'It is in type at the "Advertiser" office!'" Plutarch preserves for us the interesting fact that when the friends of Catiline were on trial, "Cæsar, then rising up to speak, made an oration (penned and premeditated before) in favor of lenity."

The third method is to write out the salient passages and to extemporize the rest of the speech. This is really a compromise between the second method and the fourth. Its advantage is that it enables the speaker to make sure that he will say exactly what he wants to say, no more and no less. Its disadvantages are twofold; it gives the memory work to do when the speaker needs the help of all his mental faculties, playing freely, if he is to hold the attention of the audience, and it puts an added strain on him to keep the tone of the passages spoken extempore on the same key as those delivered memoriter so that there shall not be a sharp break as he passes from one to the other. The effect is fatal if the attention of the audience is called to the point of junction. There is one prominent after-dinner speaker in New York who is always lightly colloquial when first he gets upon his feet, descending even to comic anecdotes and harmless personalities, but who at last—like an organist who pushes in one stop and pulls out another—soars suddenly to a peroration stiff with lofty rhetoric.

But there is no denying the popularity of this third method with speakers of the

first rank, at whose hands its possibilities have been adroitly improved. John Bright used to write out certain parts of his more important speeches. So did Mr. Gladstone. Daniel Webster, a far greater orator than either of them, had stored his capacious memory with arguments and illustrations that might lie there for years ready for his use. The reply to Hayne was not written out before delivery, either as a whole or in part, but it certainly contained more than one mighty passage the wording of which had been elaborately prepared against the long-awaited occasion. He told a friend that the famous figure of the British drum-beat "following the sun and keeping company with the hours" had come to him one summer evening at Quebec as the sunset gun was fired on the citadel, and that he had put it on paper at once, sitting on a cannon. Probably he did not think of it again until he utilized it impressively in his speech on Jackson's Protest.

The fourth method is to extemporize the whole speech, having no purple patches in the memory and no scroll of paper in the hand. This may seem to many the most difficult of the four; but it is indubitably the best. In no other way can the speaker get the full benefit of a direct personal appeal, as of man to man, facing each other squarely. Thinking only of what he wants to say, he who makes an extempore speech can hold his hearers with the eye, dominating them with all the force and weight of his own personality, and exerting upon them an influence which may almost be called hypnotic.

This sympathetic contact it is which gives to speaking without notes its overwhelming advantage over reading from manuscript and over reciting from memory. The sole disadvantage of this method is that it calls for far stricter self-control. A man on his feet and talking freely, with no restraining manuscript is often tempted to wander off and to digress, to linger and to loiter, to repeat himself again and again. The remedy for this is simple and within the reach of all; it consists in so thorough a preparation that the speaker, having discovered which is the shortest road to the point he is seeking, takes that unhesitatingly and cannot be turned aside into any byways however alluring. There is no need that

the auditors should be conscious of the firm skeleton of argument which sustains the words of the speaker, but if this logical framework chance to be lacking, they will swiftly discover the feebleness of the speech.

The supporting scaffold ought to be at once solid and simple. The speaker, having chosen the impression he wishes to produce, must limit his energy on that occasion to the production of that single impression. The sequence of points to be made, to be illustrated and to be enforced, should be so obvious in his mind that they will float on the surface of his memory, to be seized without effort, one after another, in due order. Even a man who has no gift for oratory, no enthusiasm, no fervor, no magnetism, as it is called, can make a presentable figure on the platform if he rises knowing exactly what he wants to say, if he says that and no more and if he sits down as soon as he has said it. But his failure will be total if he does not know what he wants to say and if he talks forever in the vain hope of happening upon it by accident.

Dr. Lyman Abbott once told a correspondent who asked for counsel that "the extemporaneous speech is apt to be ill-prepared, ill-digested, imperfectly thought out, repetitious, and sometimes to make up in 'sound and fury signifying nothing' what it lacks in thought and in real and tempered feeling." Then he added that, on the other hand, when it is at its best, it is "more spontaneous, more genuine, less artificial, more fervid . . . than the manuscript, gaining in directness while it lacks in literary finish. The best manuscript address is the more admired; the best extemporaneous address is the most effective."

To this opinion Dr. Abbott appended a few practical suggestions from his own experience, advising the man who is invited to come before an audience, first, to ask himself this question: "What is the object of this speech? What end is it to serve? What verdict is it to win? What result is it to accomplish?" Secondly, he is to make up his own mind as to the central idea of his speech; "what thought lodged in the mind of an auditor will best accomplish the desired result?" Thirdly, he is to resolve "this central thought into three or four propositions, the enforcement and

illustration of which will serve to fasten in the minds of the hearers the central thought, and so secure the desired result." Fourthly, he must be ready with "some illustrations or concrete statements of each one of these separate propositions." Finally, this preparatory labor having been completed, the speaker, when he gets on his feet, should endeavor "on these lines of thought, to win this result with this audience, exactly as one would endeavor to win assent from an individual," speaking simply and conversationally, and "rising into the oratorical only as the excitement of the occasion and the attention of the audience produces spontaneously the change."

Perhaps the picking out of the object of the speech and its central thought and its successive illustrations can best be done during a brisk walk in the open air when the mind plays freely. But when this sequence of points is finally decided upon, then it is well to sit down at a desk and to put them in writing. This serves not only to fix in the memory the divisions of the address, but a further purpose also, for if the paper on which they were written be carried in the pocket when the speaker goes before his audience, it will give him confidence and perhaps it may prevent a breakdown. The paper is not to be produced except in case of last necessity and the spectators are never to suspect its existence; but the speaker himself knows that it is there to be consulted, if needs must. It is like a life-preserver out of sight under the berth, ready for use if the ship is sinking.

In his account of the steps by which he taught himself to lecture—an account as entertaining as it is instructive—M. Francisque Sarcey gives it as his opinion that the one way to insure the success of a speech in public is to have made that speech many times to yourself in private. You must keep incessantly thinking about your theme until you have a great deal more to say than you can possibly say in the time allotted to you. You must be full of your subject, full to overflowing; and having planned what it is that you want to say, you must say it to yourself again and again, trying it this way and that, getting yourself familiar with it and intimate; but making no effort to polish your periods and resolutely refraining from all attempt to memorize any

passage. A gymnastic like this cannot but supply the muscles of the mind and encourage the spirit.

Two or three winters ago a young literary man in New York was asked to address a society upon a subject with which his experience had made him unusually familiar. He had had little or no practice in public speaking and he asked a friend for advice, whereupon M. Sarcey's theory was expounded to him. It appealed to him and he resolved to put it in practice. He was expected to occupy about forty minutes of the club's time; and he had about a fortnight's notice. He outlined his argument and put it on paper, making his chain of reasoning as strong as he could, and its links as distinct. As it happened, it used to take him about twenty minutes to walk from his house to his office; and so as he went downtown every morning he mentally delivered the first half of his speech and as he came uptown in the afternoon he mentally delivered the second half. Long before the end of the fortnight he felt himself to be master of the situation; and when the appointed night arrived he went forth with confidence in his heart—and with the written outline in his pocket. The hidden paper saved him, since he stumbled exactly in the middle of his speech, just at the point where he used to arrive at his office. Without more than a moment's hesitation he took out his notes, glanced at them and "got his cue," so to speak. Putting the paper back in his pocket, he went on to the end as he had been wont to do walking uptown. He knew both halves of his address; it was only the hinge that was feeble—and this broke because, in his practice, he had put a day's hard work between the beginning of his speech and the end.

These four methods of speech-making—

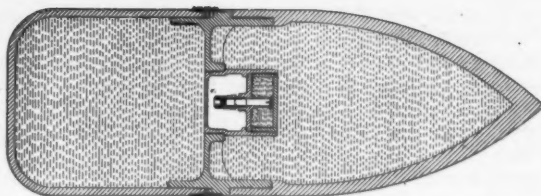
the manuscript read, the manuscript committed to memory, the combination of the extempore and memoriter, and the wholly extempore—have here been discussed on the assumption that the speaker had something to say. When, on the contrary, he rises to his feet merely because he has to say something, then only the fourth method is available, for under these circumstances he has rarely enough notice to avail himself of any one of the other three methods. It is not difficult to make a speech if you have something to say, but it is very difficult if you have merely to say something. Perhaps success is possible under these circumstances only by pretending to have something you really want to say; and this at best is an unworthy device of doubtful efficacy, since there is nothing auditors discover more swiftly than a lack of sincerity.

Archbishop Magee declared that there were three classes of preachers, those you can listen to, those you can't listen to and those you can't help listening to. The man who speaks having nothing to say belongs in the second of these classes; and therefore the one thing for him to do is to get through with it as soon as possible. The soul of wit is within every man's reach and by a valiant effort brevity can be achieved even if one has nothing to say. A neat compliment to the preceding speaker, a little bit of flattery for the audience, a happy anecdote, a swelling commonplace or two—and the trick is done.

But the situation is desperate at best and he is lucky who extricates himself without disgrace. He had best choke his good nature and learn to resist temptation, remembering that addition to the Beatitudes which Lowell is said to have suggested: "Blessed is he who hath nothing to say—and cannot be persuaded to say it."



MAXIM 24-INCH AERIAL TORPEDO, CARRYING HALF A TON OF PICKIC ACID INCASED IN ONE TON OF STEEL. TOTAL WEIGHT, 3,000 LBS. MAXIMUM RANGE ABOUT 8½ MILES. THIS TORPEDO PROJECTED BY MORTAR FIRE FROM COAST FORTIFICATIONS WILL PENETRATE THE DECK ARMOR OF BATTLE-SHIPS, OR BY DIRECT FIRE WILL PENETRATE THE BELT ARMOR OF PROTECTED CRUISERS AND EXPLODING INSIDE UTTERLY DESTROY THEM.



THE ENGINEERING PROBLEM OF AERIAL TORPEDOES.

BY HUDSON MAXIM.

ON the 24th of June a year ago, I delivered a lecture before the Royal United Service Institution of Great Britain, on a "New System of Throwing High Explosives from Ordnance." The lecture has attracted a good deal of attention, and since its publication in the April number of the Journal of that institution, comment has been revived, and a great deal is being said about the system at the present time, particularly in the American press, involving as the system does the question of complete revolution in the methods of warfare now being practiced between the United States and Spain.

The technical press everywhere has almost uniformly commented favorably upon the system, and even the untechnical press has generally conformed to the opinions of the scientific journals. But there have been criticisms made quite independent of merit, as there always are with all innovations revolutionary in character, until demonstrations of their merits by use have forced conviction on the skeptical and supplied unimpeachable data as a basis of judgment for the conservative.

The success of every new implement of war has always depended, more than anything else, upon conquering the prejudice of those who happen to be entrenched in such positions as to make their convictions essential. However meritorious in itself may be a new weapon of war, the first and hardest battle in which it will ever be employed, and the greatest victory that can ever be accounted to its credit, must be the winning of due recognition of its merits by the proper authorities.

For nearly two thousand years the world has been chiefly controlled by faith, fear and fire. It is comparatively only recently

that men have dared to use their reason in the full sense of the term. The monument erected to genius in the past has often been the stake, and reason has been placed on a pedestal of fagots. This subversion of the fittest has had its influence in modifying the trend of modern thought through natural selection and educational bias. Born leaders, who follow their own understanding, are few—the majority are born to follow. Men, like other natural agencies, move on the lines of least resistance, and these lines do not always lie through the understanding.

There is an intermediate class of men who have not the ability to lead and lack either the faith, will or courage to follow, and who hang on to the coat-tails of progress and cry out "Whoa!" under the impression that it is but conservatism.

Inventors, more than any other class of men, serve their fellow-men. But the fight for recognition is hard. Once, however, place is won, and a few leading spirits have given to innovation the word Go, the multitude follows with acclamations and honors—not from understanding but from faith in those who have given the word. It is the hypnotic suggestion of example, and those who were severest in criticism may become loudest in praise. Innovation has a hard fight.

The first question of the problem is whether or not the body of dynamite, say half a ton, exploded upon a modern warship or exploded as a submarine mine beneath or about her, is an efficient agent of destruction; and if so, can this quantity be successfully applied, and is there any other means for working equal destruction for like cost, and with like risk of the life and the property of the attacking party.

This involves the question of what quantity of dynamite exploded on board a modern cruiser or battle-ship would suffice to destroy her, and would half a ton or a ton be enough; and also the question as to what distances different quantities of high explosive as submarine mines will exert through the water sufficient blasting energy to destroy such a vessel.

Enough is already undeniably known of the nature and force of high explosives detonated under water, practically to demonstrate that a body of say, half a ton of dynamite will destroy the strongest warship without question, when the mine is so located, within a distance of fifty to seventy-

aerial torpedoes, and at such range as to render the scheme practicable.

No. 1 dynamite consists of seventy-five per cent. nitroglycerine with twenty-five per cent. of an absorbent, and other high explosives are often referred to as dynamite which have a force about equal to No. 1 dynamite.

It is popularly supposed that the most essential requisite to a successful system of throwing aerial torpedoes from ordnance is to get them out of the gun gently—that high explosives of all kinds are very ticklish and have to be handled with the utmost caution.

Nothing could be farther from the truth than such conclusions, for there are

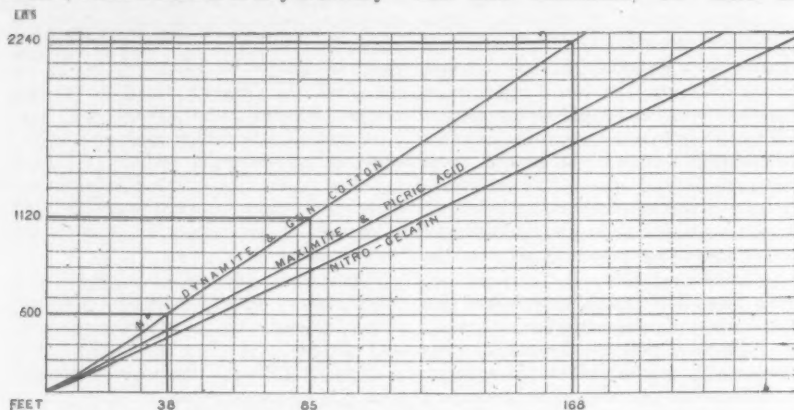


TABLE SHOWING DISTANCES AT WHICH DIFFERENT HIGH EXPLOSIVES WILL EXERT THROUGH WATER A PRESSURE OF 12,000 LBS. TO THE SQUARE INCH, AND DESTROY THE STRONGEST BATTLE-SHIP.

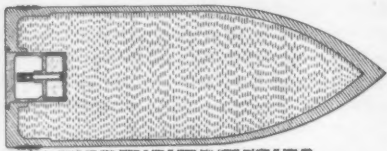
five feet, that the line of least resistance to the escape of the gases of explosion shall lie through the hull of the vessel. The question of the strength of the hull, under these circumstances, even of the staunchest battleship, is not an important factor for consideration, because the mass of water lying about the explosive and surrounding it on all sides offers by its inertia much greater resistance to an instantaneous explosion or detonation than the thinner strata of water lying between the explosive and the hull, even together with the resistance offered by the hull.

We now come to the next question in the problem, of whether high explosives are not too sensitive to enable such large quantities to be projected from ordnance upon or about a warship, in the form of

many high explosives as powerful as No. 1 dynamite which may be handled and knocked about without any caution whatever, and which cannot be ignited when fire is applied to them, and which may be stirred up with a red-hot poker without danger. Such explosives may be thrown from ordnance at the same velocity with which ordinary shot and shell are now thrown from high-power guns, without the least danger from the shock of acceleration in the gun.

A compound of picric acid and nitro-naphthalin, together with an admixture of nitrate of ammonia, is one such explosive compound. Picric acid pure and simple is as powerful, volume for volume, as No. 1 dynamite, and is wholly insensitive to any shock of acceleration to which it may

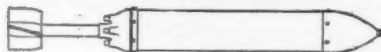
be subjected in a gun. Wet compressed guncotton may be fired from a gun at ser-



HUDSON-MAXIM 24-INCH AERIAL TORPEDO IN FORM OF COMMON SHELL CARRYING HALF A TON OF PICRIC ACID. TOTAL WEIGHT OF TORPEDO 2,700 LBS. RANGE NEARLY NINE MILES.

vice velocities and even exposed, without any shell or cover whatever, in direct contact with a propelling charge of gunpowder without any danger of detonation. A portion only of the wet guncotton would be burned under the high heat and pressure of the powder gases. An aerial torpedo filled with wet compressed guncotton would not be detonated by a quick-firing gun shell filled with gunpowder penetrating it and exploding in the mass of wet guncotton. An essential requisite to a successful system of throwing high explosives from ordnance lies in the propelling means, whereby the projectile may be started in the gun with a certain desired amount of predetermined pressure, and that pressure be maintained behind the projectile in its flight throughout the entire length of the gun.

The Maxim-Schupphaus smokeless tor-

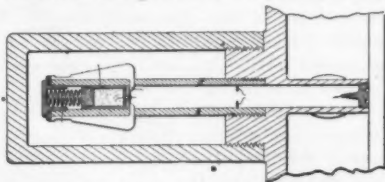


ZALINSKI 15-INCH AERIAL TORPEDO.

pedo powder constitutes such a means, and by it the maximum range is secured with minimum shock of acceleration upon the projectile. This permits the employment of a torpedo projectile large in cross-section, and having a comparatively thin shell, so that the maximum of high explosive may be carried for minimum weight of metal, and requisite high velocities attained comparable with projectiles thrown from high-power guns, but with less than one-third the powder pressure. A pressure of ten thousand pounds to the square inch, exerted upon the large area presented by the base of the shell and maintained up to the muzzle, secures the desired object. Such a low pressure does not call for cannon with heavy walls, so that the ordnance does not require to be ponderous or unwieldy,

even when having a very large caliber.

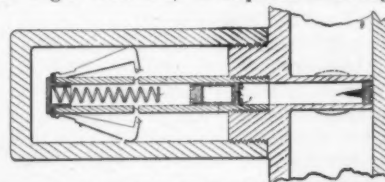
The Maxim-Schupphaus smokeless powder has been adopted by the United States army. In the last report of the chief of ordnance, the conclusion is final that the Maxim-Schupphaus multi-perforated grain is the only true form for the production of the highest ballistic results and it has been demonstrated that the combustion of this powder in the gun is absolutely uniform, giving correspondingly uniform velocities and pressures when the powder is fired under like conditions, demonstrating that one shot after another may be fired into practically the same spot upon a target. The combustion of this powder can be controlled to



LONGITUDINAL SECTION THROUGH FULMINATE CHARGE AND CHAMBER AND A PORTION OF THE DRY GUNCOTTON CHAMBER OF THE MAXIM-ALGER FUSE, SHOWING POSITION OF PLUNGER BODY OF FULMINATE COMPOUND BEFORE FIRING.

the most perfect nicety, and predetermined pressures can be relied upon with absolute certainty.

The question of fuse has always been one of the chief features of the problem of successfully throwing large masses of high explosive from ordnance. When the main body of the high explosive is sufficiently insensitive to be absolutely safe and proof against all danger of premature explosion due to the acceleration in the gun necessary to high velocities, it requires a strong



POSITION OF PLUNGER BODY OF FULMINATE COMPOUND AFTER PROJECTILE HAS LEFT THE GUN AND BEFORE STRIKING THE TARGET.

detonative charge to explode it. It has been found that dry guncotton may be thrown with absolute safety in sufficient quantity to detonate the most insensitive high explosive constituting the main charge

of the aerial torpedo. But this dry guncotton charge also requires to be detonated before itself can become a detonator of the main charge; consequently, a fulminate exploder must be used, large enough to set off the dry guncotton. This fulminate body is, in fact, the only ticklish point of the whole problem.

In the fuse which I propose to employ, a small body of this detonative compound placed in a capsule is suspended in such wise that it is not given sudden rotation by the revolution of the projectile, thus obviating any possibility of firing it by the friction upon it of rotation of the shell; and it is held in such position relative to the charge of dry guncotton that, if it should, by any possibility, be set off prematurely in the gun, its explosion vents or frees itself into an air chamber.

The fulminating body is rigidly secured in position a distance considerably to the rear of the dry guncotton, and from which it is separated by the steel walls of its chamber, and the fulminate can be detached only by the rotation of the shell when it is thrown from the gun, and the projectile can be exploded only upon receiving a certain amount of retardation causing the plunger body of fulminate compound to travel forward into the dry guncotton chamber to explode it, thus permitting the torpedo to penetrate to a desired depth in water or earthworks before exploding.

The chief feature of the Maxim aerial torpedo is, of course, the fuse, which has already been described, and the torpedo may be made just like any other projectile, except having a thinner wall in proportion to its size. The preferable form, however, especially when carrying a large quantity of high explosives, for instance half a ton or more, is a shell made with a rearward projection into the powder chamber of the gun; that is to say, it has a forward and a rearward portion, and the high explosive charge is separated by a partition, whereby the shock of acceleration upon the explosive and the strain of the same upon the shell are divided.

It must be borne in mind that it is not the mass of explosive thrown in a shell that endangers it from the shock of setback of acceleration, but the length of column of

explosive. If the length of column be divided, as it is in the aerial torpedo, there is no greater shock exerted upon the explosive than there would be in a shell one-eighth the size, and having a length of column equal to the length of column on either side of the central partition in the aerial torpedo.

High explosives, in the form of melinite, picric acid or lyddite, emmensite and wet guncotton, are even now commonly thrown with perfect safety at service velocities in shells presenting a longer column to the shock of acceleration than the column of explosive presented in the aerial torpedo.

The torpedo gun which it is proposed to use differs from ordinary high-power guns only in having thinner walls, and by being made with less taper, in order to withstand a more uniform pressure throughout its length. For example, as compared with the ordinary twelve-inch forty-six-ton cannon, a torpedo gun of the same weight would have a caliber of twenty-four inches, and would have the same outside dimensions for the rear half of its length, with a slight taper to the muzzle, and may be several feet longer than the twelve-inch gun.

Figures 2 and 3 show different forms of the torpedo gun of twenty-four-inch caliber, the one made the same length and weight as the twelve-inch forty-six-ton wire-wound Woolwich gun, Fig. 1, and the other made considerably longer, and weighing slightly more.

Accuracy of fire is chiefly secured by uniformity of action of the propelling means, whether of guncotton or compressed air, and does not depend so much upon velocity and flat trajectory as is generally supposed. This, together with a shell adapted to fly true by rotation given it in the gun, is sufficient to make the question of hitting simply one of pointing or sighting at the target with properly adjusted sights.

With the Zalinski pneumatic gun it is well known that the greatest accuracy of fire is attainable. In a trial at Shoeburyness, three projectiles were thrown one upon another into the pit formed by the first.

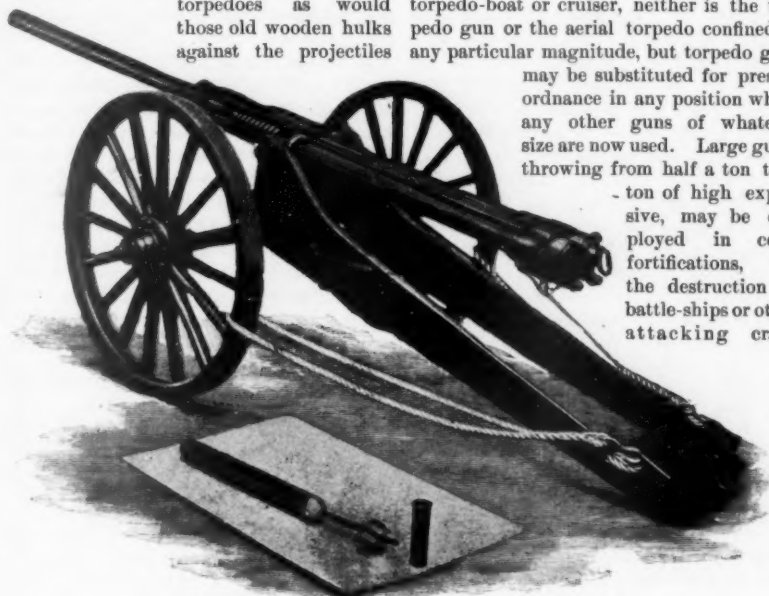
When we take into consideration the enormous area as a target presented by a battleship to large aerial torpedoes, even mortar fire would enable us to score more hits upon the target than could be scored by an

ordinary high-power gun with the direct fire of a flat trajectory.

When the value and efficiency of aerial torpedoes come fully to be recognized, the present battle-ship will become obsolete like the old wooden-walled men-of-war of a century ago. In fact, a modern battle-ship to-day would be as helpless against aerial torpedoes as would those old wooden hulks against the projectiles

compared to the present method of un-armored men fighting in skirmishing order. A torpedo cruiser might be protected forward with light deflecting armor, and might, as a rule, fight its enemy head on.

It should be borne in mind that my system of throwing aerial torpedoes is not confined to use upon any particular sort of torpedo-boat or cruiser, neither is the torpedo gun or the aerial torpedo confined to any particular magnitude, but torpedo guns may be substituted for present ordnance in any position where any other guns of whatever size are now used. Large guns, throwing from half a ton to a ton of high explosive, may be employed in coast fortifications, for the destruction of battle-ships or other attacking craft.



SIMS-DUDLEY 4-INCH DYNAMITE GUN ON FIELD MOUNT.

thrown from our present high-power guns. Borrowing a comparison from history, we find that when firearms were introduced, soldiers no longer wore armor. It became necessary to sacrifice all pretense to protection for speed and mobility. With the introduction of large aerial torpedoes, it will be found that a vessel costing one million pounds sterling, and carrying on board seven hundred to eight hundred men, and which can be destroyed by a single torpedo projected into her vicinity, is not a practical fighting machine. It will be found much more practical to divide the men and the expense by replacing battle-ships with light and swift torpedo cruisers.

The modern battle-ship may be compared to the old system of fighting in solid ranks and squares, while a system employing light cruisers and aerial torpedoes may be

Upon the battle-ship, if such vessels are to be employed at all, long-range torpedo guns throwing from half a ton to a ton of high explosive, backed up by quick-firing torpedo guns of smaller caliber, would be her best armament for the destruction of other vessels and coast fortifications.

Light, quick-firing torpedo guns may be used upon torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers in place of the present guns, and the destruction these weapons would be capable of doing admits of no comparison with the present types of quick-firing guns.

Upon light-armored cruisers or commerce destroyers similarly would an armament of large and small torpedo guns be the best weapons.

As an example of a quick-firing torpedo gun, the present six-pounder or gun of two-and-one-half-inch caliber could be re-

placed by a three to three-and-a-half inch quick-firing torpedo gun and the explosive

possible means of placing submarine mines, or of bringing high explosives to bear



FIG. 1. WOOLWICH 46-TON WIRE GUN, TWELVE-INCH CALIBER, WITH 850-LB. ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE.

charge increased from several ounces to several pounds. The projectile would have but little less velocity than the present six-pounder shell and sufficient velocity to give us all the accuracy, flatness of trajectory, range and penetration which we could possibly desire in an attack upon torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, and unarmored cruisers. These torpedo projectiles passing through the thin walls of torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, exploding on the inside, would prove rather deadly missiles.

It must not be lost sight of that a pressure of from ten thousand pounds to fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch in the

upon a warship for its destruction, or for the destruction of towns, earthworks or fortifications.

In recognition of the superiority of the aerial torpedo to other forms of torpedoes and projectiles, many inventors, with greater or less degree of success, have attempted to solve the problem of throwing large masses of high explosives from ordnance with safety. Notable among these have been Captain Zalinski, of the United States Army, and his associates, who, by means of compressed air, have succeeded in throwing from fifteen-inch pneumatic guns two hundred to five hundred pounds of nitrogelatin. A battery of these guns has been



FIG. 2. MAXIM 46-TON TORPEDO GUN, 24-INCH CALIBER, WITH AERIAL TORPEDO CARRYING HALF A TON PICRIC ACID. EXTENDED TO DOTTED LINE SHOWS TORPEDO CARRYING ONE TON PICRIC ACID.

torpedo gun, acting upon the increased area of cross-section of the projectile, will impart a greater muzzle energy to the projectile than a much greater pressure will impart acting upon the smaller area of base in the common high-power gun. In addition to this, we can, without exceeding the weight of the armor-piercing gun, make the torpedo gun considerably longer. This, together with the length of rearward portion of the aerial torpedo, which projects back of the driving ring into the powder chamber, gives us about twenty-five per cent. increase of travel. These are weighty considerations.

It must be obvious to all persons at all familiar with the subject, that if large quantities of high explosives can be thrown from ordnance with safety, then such is the most practical, direct and accurate of all

erected at Sandy Hook and at San Francisco. The accuracy of these guns is something remarkable, but the shortness of their range, being only about a mile and a half for the five-hundred-pound projectile, is too short, and permits of an enemy's battle-ship lying beyond range of the pneumatic tubes and destroying them without in turn being exposed to their fire. Another material disadvantage in the use of the pneumatic gun is the cumbersome plant of engines and air compressors necessary to operate them.

The Sims-Dudley powder pneumatic gun is the one which, perhaps, is the best known of those combining the explosive energy of gunpowder with compressed air as a propelling means for throwing high explosives. In this gun, however, the claim is made that the air is compressed with the powder



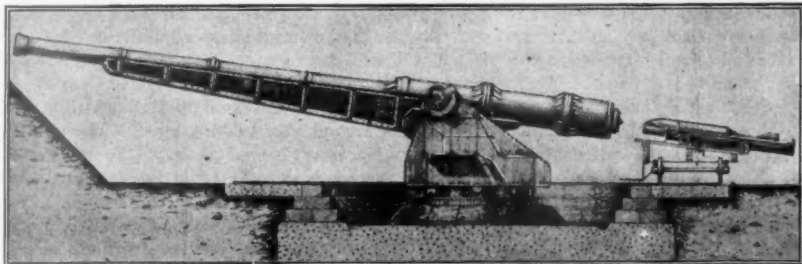
FIG. 3. MAXIM TORPEDO GUN, 24-INCH CALIBER, WEIGHING LESS THAN 50 TONS, WITH AERIAL TORPEDO CARRYING HALF A TON OF PICRIC ACID, AND A TON WHEN EXTENDED TO THE DOTTED LINE.

charge, but which in fact amounts to simply an enlargement of powder chamber. This gun consists essentially of three barrels arranged side by side and coupled together, the two outer barrels closed at the ends, but communicating with each other, and one of them communicating with the central barrel. The projectile is placed in the central barrel and in the first of the outer barrels is put a small charge of gunpowder. This is exploded, forming a mixture of air and products of combustion filling the two outer barrels to a desired pressure. As the two outer barrels find vent to the outer atmosphere only through the central barrel, the projectile is thus expelled.

The illustration shows the Sims-Dudley four-inch gun on field mount, the same as was used by the Cuban insurgents in the last rebellion against the Spaniards; it is claimed that it did a great deal of execution, notwithstanding the small quantity of explosive thrown.

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of the automatic gun, has invented a pneumatic gun, in which he proposes to employ an explosive mixture of compressed air and gasoline vapor, starting the projectile with the compressed air, and then touching off the explosive mixture of air and gasoline vapor after the projectile has moved forward a certain distance along the bore of the gun. One of these gasoline-pneumatic guns has been made and fired.

As it is not the pressure but acceleration due to the pressure which gives shock to the explosive in a projectile, a rifled gun might be used with an ordinary form of shell, in place of the Sims-Dudley torpedo with tail piece and screw, by simply using a little more pressure, just enough to force the driving ring through the lands of the gun and to give the shell rotation. Thus, without increasing the shock or altering the velocity, a much truer flight would be secured by much simpler means.



ZALINSKI 15-INCH PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE GUN AT SANDY HOOK.

IMPORTANCE OF MECHANICAL DEVICES IN WARFARE.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

NO more curious psychological phenomenon is to be found than the well-known disinclination which has existed among government officials of all countries and all times to consider on their merits new inventions having to do with the art of war. It is the business of certain boards to secure for their respective countries the advantage of every modern improvement; but long training in their art seems to have the effect of bringing the average ordnance officer to the mental attitude of regarding anything that he does not know as not worth knowing. This is true of all times and all services, and the chains woven of ignorance and prejudice have, as a rule, been broken only by strong personalities, capable of overriding the beliefs of these strongly entrenched bureaus.

1. Not to go beyond the history of our own country, we find that in 1847 there were excellent breechloading rifles; but the idea was discouraged and they were not used in the Mexican War nor to any extent in the Civil War.
2. The ironclad principle was exemplified at a private expense of more than a million dollars by Stevens, who was recognized as a great engineer the world over: but the

naval officers appointed to report were almost contemptuous of his work and his ironclad lay for years rusting at her dock only to be finally dismantled.

3. The trials of that genius of the engineering world, Ericsson, at the hands of the government officials appointed to pass upon his invention are known to all. The "Monitor" was still unaccepted when the destruction of our most powerful frigates by an ironclad threw the country into a panic and it was permitted her, as a desperate chance, to engage in fight with the "Merrimac." If the period had been no more critical than the present, it is most questionable whether the "Monitor" would have been allowed to test the merits of her type.

4. A pneumatic gun, weighing no more than a light field-piece, and capable of safely throwing dynamite a mile and a half, was tried before an army and navy board more than a year ago. At the time, the Major-General Commanding the Army of the United States pronounced it a success and a wonderful engine for modern warfare. It has since been tested in real warfare by the Cubans, but up to this writing not even a single battery of these guns has been ordered for the government. Yet such a battery would have been useful in destroying the mines in the outer channel of Santiago.

5. The perforated powder, which now makes possible the triumphs of modern ordnance, was long delayed recognition.

6. The Holland submarine boat is, however, the most notorious example of this curious psychological phenomenon to which we refer. Six years ago *THE COSMOPOLITAN* published an article with photographs of actual experiments and working drawings showing that there were at least four submarine boats in various European waters, each capable of remaining for a considerable time beneath the surface. When the Holland boat was finished, it was shown in all the public prints by photographs, accompanied by the testimony of hundreds of disinterested witnesses that the boat could descend with ease beneath surface and maneuver there safely for a considerable period. A child can appreciate of what value such a machine would be in case of great necessity. But officials inspected and inspected, during months, without reporting favorably. The Holland did not seem to them absolutely perfect, therefore, they argued, she was worthless. The public fairly writhed with indignation. Everywhere you heard comments upon the miserable red-tapism which could permit such a state of things. Fortunately, the war has involved, thus far, no great perils; otherwise, the slow-witted inspectors would have deserved something at the hands of their fellow-countrymen. Long training in a particular direction during a peace, which demands no special mental exertion, seems to produce a disease for which no scientific name has yet been found. The nearest approach seems to be a word in our vernacular—"big-head." The man afflicted with this disease seems to regard the civil inventor with a certain contempt, even when his reputation for genius and invention is already world-wide. It is a peculiar effect of red tape that the official mind is sternly closed against all that is not already known to it.

How to overcome this danger to public interests is a question. Perhaps the best solution would be a board of really great engineers, each of whom has himself accomplished something of value in the world of scientific invention, embracing broad-minded army officers, liberal representatives of the navy and the best types from civil life. A man may be a brave and splendid fighting officer of either army or navy and yet have no talent for comprehending mechanical construction.

It is dangerous to our interests to place matters upon which may hang such vital consequences under the direction of mediocre minds—perhaps selected by seniority—perhaps utterly destitute of the qualifications permitting the proper weighing and investigation of a new and important invention.



A QUESTION OF ETHICS.

THE following letter was sent to every member of the Senate and House of Representatives. A portion of this correspondence was published in the last issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN, another installment is given here and the matter will be continued until the ethics of the subject is clearly established in the public mind and until legislation has been enacted to bring the practice within its proper limits.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE,
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

IRVINGTON, N. Y., April 16, 1898.

Dear Sir: The influence exercised by national legislation on stock exchange values is now so well understood that the time seems to have arrived when the legislator may no longer indulge in the speculative buying of stocks without either committing a crime against the people or verging so closely upon crime that it becomes difficult to discover the dividing line. Believing that you will gladly aid in establishing the ethics of a question having so vital an interest for the country, I would ask the favor of an early reply covering the opinions held by you on this subject.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

* * *

U. S. SENATE, May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: No member of Congress, or government official of any grade, to whom is entrusted the consideration of any question directly, indirectly or in any way influenced, or likely to be influenced, for his personal profit or gain through the buying or selling of stocks, can, in my opinion, engage in such speculation without a sacrifice of his personal integrity and a serious impairment of his value and efficiency as a public servant. Such an official is unworthy to hold public office nor is he fit to be in public life. Such speculation is a menace to our institutions, and if ethical considerations do not weigh with these officials, some more direct form of legislative compulsion should be devised to separate their official action from motives of personal profit. Educated and enlightened public sentiment will soon, in my opinion, leave these men free to pursue their speculations as private citizens.

I thus answer your question cheerfully, and I want to be most emphatic in condemnation of a practice which I do not believe is either common or general among public officials. Speculation is not, as many people imagine, an official mania; if so, it is certainly not discoverable among those who have more or less to do with public affairs. Speculators are seldom regarded as safe men, and the home constituencies are most watchful and quick to discover any practice of this nature in their representatives. My opinion, confirmed by such experience as I have had, is that speculation among officials charged with public duties is by no means a prevailing vice; if it shall become so, every one of our institutions will be in danger.

Sincerely yours,

GARRET A. HOBART.

U. S. SENATE, May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: In answer to your recent favor asking my opinion as to the propriety of legislators dealing in stocks, will say that I do not care to define a course of action for others, but can say for myself that I never indulge in stock speculations.

Truly yours,

M. A. HANNA.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

April 18, 1898.

Dear Sir: Your favor of yesterday at hand. I believe that it is highly improper for a national legislator to engage in speculative buying and selling of stocks or stock exchange values. If he were lucky enough to escape actual criminality, his usefulness as a legislator would be at an end by reason of the just suspicions and loss of confidence in him by the people.

Very cordially yours,

J. F. STEWART.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: There can be but one answer to your inquiry. A member of Congress cannot engage in stock speculation without soiling his honor.

Yours respectfully,

W. H. HINRICHSSEN.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: The question as to how far the ownership of stocks or speculation in the stock market would disqualify a member of Congress from voting, is an important one. Under the rules of the House it is prohibited that anyone directly interested in a question shall vote upon it, yet this rule has not been construed to disqualify a man who is interested in national banks from voting to give them a ten per cent. increase in circulation without any consideration or value received by the government or the people; nor, has it been held to disqualify anyone from voting for a high protective tariff, although the articles thus protected were of his own manufacture and sale; nor, has it been construed to disqualify anyone from voting for land grants or subsidies to railroads or other corporations in which he might be interested as a stockholder.

The people of this country in electing officials who are to legislate for them should look well to this question of stock gambling, especially by those who are in a position to increase or decrease the value of stocks on account of their action as government officials. Those in authority should be held to strict account for their action where official duty and private gain might come in conflict.

Your obedient servant,

R. P. BLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your inquiry of the 17th instant. In reply I would say that Rule 8 of the House of Representatives provides as follows:

"Every member shall . . . vote on each question put, unless he has a direct personal or pecuniary interest in the event of such question."

In the enforcement of this rule each member determines for himself whether he should vote, under the rule. In practice the only check upon his voting is his sense of right and propriety and an ever-present just public sentiment.

Good legislation tends to the common welfare; and in that common welfare the legislator has the right, both in law and

morals, to participate on even terms with all other citizens.

In my judgment, however, it is improper for one exercising a legislative trust to transact private business under conditions where his personal interest would affect his legislative action without regard to the common good.

With respect, etc.,

J. G. CANNON.

U. S. SENATE, May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: I consider it highly improper for a member of the National Legislature to be engaged in speculation in stocks which may be affected by his vote. I do not know what foundation there is for the popular supposition that such speculation is indulged in by members of Congress. Having never been a buyer and seller of speculative stocks, I would not naturally be supplied with information on that point. My opinion, based on such observation as I have been able to make, is, however, that the public has an exaggerated idea of the extent to which speculation is indulged in by the National Legislators, and in giving too free rein to criticism is liable to do much injustice.

Speaking in the abstract and intending no reflection upon others, concerning whose motives I have no information, I would say that one should no more think of purchasing and selling stocks the value of which may be influenced by his action as a member of Congress than he would of becoming interested in a piece of property which might be affected by his decision as a judge in one of the courts of the country. The difference is only one of degree, and when men accept a high trust like that of a seat in the Senate or House of Representatives, they assume an obligation not only to protect the public interests, but to, in a degree at least, set an example to others.

It is true that there are only few of the stocks on the market which are liable to be affected by national legislation, and I would not be understood as saying that a man, simply because he is a member of Congress, should forego the privilege of owning any and all property in stocks; but the point I would make is to avoid buying and selling those stocks the value of which may be affected by legislation. A Senator or a member is often in a position

to know in advance of others just what turn legislation on some important question is going to take. He may even be a member of the committee preparing the legislation. If he is a stock speculator he can use the information obtained as a legislator for the people to enhance his own interests at the expense of others. Certainly such a course would be unworthy of a high public official.

For these and many other reasons I think a member of Congress should avoid the speculative stocks, and thus preserve clean his own record and at the same time set an example to those holding less responsible positions in life.

Yours truly,
H. M. TELLER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of the 17th of May, I have to say that I have never speculated in any sort of stocks. I recognize that the stock market is responsive to legislative action and I consider it little less than a crime for a member of Congress to engage in stock speculation.

Yours truly,
JAMES HAY.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: Replying to your inquiry, allow me to say that, as I have no experience in speculating in stocks and bonds, it is difficult for me to draw the line. But I would suggest this as a possible solution of the problem: The ethics of any question may in general be determined by the willingness or unwillingness of those interested in it for their conduct to be publicly known. Applying this test, I should think that such investments as a public officer may wish to make in legitimate transactions might be published without making him blush to read them, but investments in stocks the value of which may depend on his vote in Congress, or be in any way affected by his course as a representative of the people, would certainly subject him to strong temptations, and if made public, subject him to severe criticism.

It seems to me that your agitation of the subject may help to establish a dividing line between legitimate investments and

corrupt or speculative stock gambling. In short, my suggestion is—turn on the light; let the public know who the speculators are, and I have faith to believe that the public will draw the line when they get another chance at the polls.

Very truly,
W. D. VANDIVER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 21, 1898.

Dear Sir: That Senators and Representatives are by every requirement of decency and good morals prohibited from dealing in futures, the price of which may be affected by Congressional legislation, is too apparent for serious discussion.

Yours respectfully,
M. A. SMITH.

U. S. SENATE, May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: I am of the opinion that members of Congress should have no connection with any business matter that is liable to influence them in legislation. This applies not only to dealing in futures, but to everything else. A man should be in a position to pass upon any question that may arise uninfluenced by private interests. I do not know that dealing in futures is more pernicious than for members of Congress to be connected with corporate and other interests which are constantly coming before Congress seeking special legislation. I think the whole system of dealing in futures is wrong and should be prevented by legislation.

Yours truly,
JNO. L. MCLAURIN.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: With respect to your communication of recent date requesting my views on the subject of speculation in stocks by a member of Congress, I desire to say that where such speculation is in stocks the value of which is, or may be, affected by federal legislation, I consider the practice on a par with participation in any other species of "sure thing" gambling game. Such games are felonies in most of the states and this kind of gambling should be included with other gambling of like nature.

Very sincerely yours,
W. C. JONES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 21, 1898.

Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 17th inst.: I never knew a United States Senator who did not practice, if a lawyer, his profession in the Supreme Court. If he has a right to do this, he has a right to buy stocks whenever he pleases. I see no difference. Roscoe Conkling, George F. Edmunds and Matt Carpenter frequently appeared in the Supreme Court. The trouble is there is too much legislation and too much of a disposition through legislation to trench on the individuality of the citizen.

Yours truly,

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

U. S. SENATE, May 18, 1898.

Dear Sir: By inadvertence your letter of April 16th has not been answered. The impropriety of members of Congress speculating in stocks, the market value of which may be affected by Congressional action, is so plain that no argument is needed to establish the fact. No less improper is the giving out of information to enable other persons to indulge in successful speculation.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM LINDSAY.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 21, 1898.

Dear Sir: I am clearly of the opinion that it is improper, if not criminal, for a legislator to deal in stocks, the prices of which may be affected by his vote or official action. The man who can reconcile such dealings with his conscience is unfitted to represent an intelligent people in any legislative body. I believe the law should prohibit legislators from buying or selling any kind of stocks which could, directly or indirectly, be increased or diminished in value by legislation.

Very truly yours,

CASE BRODERICK.

U. S. SENATE, May 18, 1898.

Dear Sir: I never speculated in stocks and never shall. In my opinion a Congressman should avoid stock gambling altogether.

Truly,

WM. P. FRYE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of

April 16th, I beg to state that so far as I am concerned I have never speculated in stocks, nor have I ever had any desire to. I have considered it unsafe and dangerous business for a private citizen as well as for a public man.

There are strong reasons why a man holding a public position, where his action so frequently affects the stock market, should under no circumstances deal in them. For myself I have always considered that that man who eschewed all temptations holds longer the confidence of the people. In my judgment, for a legislator to vote for a measure because of his personal financial interest therein is a political crime.

Yours respectfully,

GEO. EDMUND FOSS.

U. S. SENATE, May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: When the stock market is liable to be affected by national legislation, it cannot be safe or proper for a member of Congress to engage in speculating in stocks. However pure his motives may be, the gambling in chances that his votes will influence, must be a serious matter to him and to his constituents.

Yours-truly,

JOHN T. MORGAN.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: No legislator should make an investment of any kind, the value of which might in any event depend upon his vote. In the earlier period of the Republic there never was any occasion to ask any such question as that propounded by you, but we are becoming commercialized, if I may use the term, and "business methods" have been introduced into politics. The "Napoleons of finance" unblushingly buy voters and legislators, and put themselves and their representatives in the highest offices in the land. How natural that men thus selected should carry these same "business methods" into their political action, and unblushingly and even defiantly admit that they have bought stocks and then voted for measures, the necessary effect of which was to put money into their own pockets. The fear of a penitentiary and of other dangers is all that keeps such men from stealing.

R. N. BODINE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 9, 1898.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of recent date asking my opinion as to the propriety of members of Congress indulging in the speculative buying and selling of stocks while holding official positions. I never bought or sold a share of stock in my life and hence I have very limited knowledge about such transactions. I hope that the practice is not indulged in by members of either branch of Congress, for such a course, to put it mildly, seems to me very improper and leading up to temptations fraught with grave danger not only to the individuals so indulging but to the constituents they are elected to represent.

Yours truly,
D. H. MERCER.

U. S. SENATE, May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of the 16th ult., which chanced to be mislaid, permit me to say that I am in entire accord with the view that a member of the National Legislature cannot properly indulge in the speculative buying and selling of stocks, and especially those that are more or less the subject of legislative action. Never having purchased a share of stock in my life, I am more at liberty to speak freely and frankly on this matter, and yet I am surprised at even the suggestion that men in public life are in the habit of encouraging by participation therein the immorality known as stock gambling. Doubtless the practice is not carried to the extent that some people believe, but in my opinion it should not be indulged in at all by any man holding official position.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,
J. H. GALLINGER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 18, 1898.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of the 17th instant. On the question of the propriety of members of Congress "indulging in the speculative buying of stocks" I feel that every member should decide the question for himself, and that I have no right to sit in judgment on those who differ from me upon the ethical view of that question. I have never bought

stocks and do not think I will while a member of Congress.

Very truly yours,
JAMES A. WALKER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 20, 1898.

Dear Sir: When we take into consideration the influence national legislation is supposed to have on stock exchange values, I have no hesitancy in saying that, in my humble judgment, members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives should refrain from becoming operators upon the stock exchange.

Yours truly,
W. R. ELLIS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 19, 1898.

Dear Sir: The evils attending stock speculations by those holding responsible positions under the government, have been apparent to me for some time. While I do not intend to impugn the motives of those engaged in such speculation, private interest, coupled with investment, would at least have a tendency to control the action of persons whose investments might be affected thereby. My idea has been that all persons acting in a representative capacity should avoid every appearance of evil, and place themselves beyond the influence of a rise or fall in the stock market.

Very respectfully,
R. P. BISHOP.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
May 23, 1898.

Dear Sir: I fully concur in your suggestion as to the inadvisability of members of the legislative body speculating in stocks. It is notorious that values on the stock exchange are very frequently sent up or forced down as the result of national legislation. The temptation to vote on legislation in such a way as to favorably affect the side of the market upon which the investor finds himself ranged is almost certain to unduly influence his vote. I should favor making the penalty of such speculation the forfeiture of the seat held by the Senator or Representative. I am,

Very truly yours,
CHAS. S. HARTMAN.



THE Month in England.—

Writing before the Royal Academy opens, I can yet prophesy that it contains some good pictures. "Never prophesy unless you know," said George Eliot, and I do know, for I have seen them. Mr. David Murray, who has been extraordinarily prolific this year, has not purchased quantity at the expense of quality. His transcripts from Nature are as delightful as ever. It must surely gratify the great mother to see herself appreciated in this century as, perhaps, never before. Mr. Orchardson, though he has also concocted one of those dramatic duels between man and woman which attain an after-life as popular engravings, has painted in a finer key two masterly portraits, one of Viscount Peel in his speaker's chair. My friend, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, has commemorated an episode of the Jubilee Procession, Lord Mayor Phillips entering the City. At first I did not care for the theme, but I reflected that the peculiar glory of Venetian art was its rendering of the city's pageantry. Whatever strikes a note of color in our drab civilization should be welcomed with joy. Mr. Solomon's treatment of his theme removed my last doubts. The delicate reticence of the background, which might so easily have been a vulgar flare of flags and decorations, makes his picture a thing of beauty. It remains curious that the "Jubilee"—the Hebrew word most on the lips of Englishmen this year—should be fixed in art by a Hebrew's portrayal of a Hebrew lord mayor. Mr. Dicksee has finished only one picture, but the glow and color of his lady will please his public. Mr. Arthur Hacker has some good portraits and a rather pretty personification of Reverie. Sargent's brilliant portraits, and Mr. Abbey's Shakespearean illustration, with its fine grouping and color, have now become annual institutions and are this year again in the very forefront of "British art." It is always possible I have not yet seen the picture of the year, but I am sure it will not be found in the New English Art Club, which, though now accepted by the critics, is really losing its right to exist. It has very few pictures that would be rejected by the Academy for their merits. Perhaps Walter Sickert's portrait of Miss Hilda Spong is the likeliest and is therefore defiantly given the place of honor. The young lady is painted in crinoline and feathered turban as she appears in Mr. Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells," the "early Victorian" play of which I wrote, and the artist has supplied an imaginative background of ugly "early Victorian" wall-paper and antimacassars. This is real humor in painting, and the whole has a quaint distinction, enhanced by the substitution



THE DOGE OF LONDON

of a narrow gold molding for the orthodox frame. Mr. Sickert's studies of music-halls and Venice are not yet "understanded of the people" but here he has at last produced a picture that takes the eye. It is the music-halls, by the way, that will drive us to understand at last what art is. The photograph did something to expel the notion that it consists in imitating reality, for who can vie with a kodak? But still Philistines fell back on the consolation that it couldn't color. The biograph, which has been for some time a feature of the Palace Theater of Varieties, and which practically reproduces reality, with all its color and motion, must now force upon the densest the alternative that either art is superseded or else it is something different



from imitation. The doges, had they possessed this wonderful American invention, could have handed down the glories of Venice without the aid of Tintoretto or Carpaccio, and we shall be enabled to pass ourselves on to posterity more vividly than the embalming Egyptians, with all the fullness of life—with the sound of our voices, the gestures of our actors, the fighting of our armies, the sailing of our ships. Nay, when our earth sinks into its second childhood, in a new glacial epoch, the last shivering man may gladden his eyes with our sunny meadows and sparkling waters. What remains for the artist? Art—as before. For art is personality,

personal vision, personal transfiguration, under whose touch everything "doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange." The artist renders external reality and yet somehow transfuses it with himself. Thackeray is Thackeray on every page, and yet somehow there *is* Becky Sharp, there *is* Dobbin. We are all talking Thackeray now because it is the "Jubilee" of "Vanity Fair." The great novel—which, it is encouraging to nous autres to remember, fell flat at first—was finished on July 2, 1848. It is the first of a new edition of his works, now issuing in monthly volumes with biographical introductions by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, in lieu of the biography which Thackeray forbade. Some critics are repeating the old regrets at being robbed of Thackeray's life and are even talking of "morbid sensitiveness" and "posthumous self-consciousness." As if a man who may by law dispose of his money to the third and fourth generation has not the right to will that his life be kept private. Besides, Thackeray had sufficient cynicism to know that, as Mr. John Brisben Walker has pointed out recently, no man's life is really told in print. And biographers are not born every day. The ideal biographer must not only know the dead facts, he must be able to render them with all the colors and values of life. In short, he must be a great novelist—like Thackeray himself. The idea that we are not as we are written about informs a good deal of the work of that brilliant free-lance, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," have just been printed in two volumes. For the sentimentalist this is a distinction such as medicines, pleasant and unpleasant, would be to the child. Some of these plays I have seen performed, others have reached the stage of rehearsal, and died before birth. There have been dark rumors of quarrels with managers about cuts, or of perplexed actors giving up their parts in the despair of understanding them.

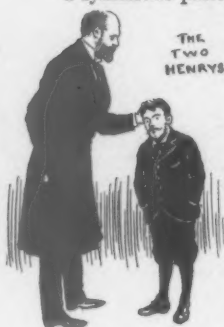


Mr. Shaw is a unique figure in London life, a humorist with a mission, an artist who at bottom cares only for conduct. As most people have no sense of humor, his very obvious frankness and self-raileries are sphinx-like and bewildering. He is a vegetarian and a socialist and does not rise when the queen's health is drunk at public dinners. He has even criticised Shakespeare. But though his dramatic and musical criticisms are witty almost to the point of dishonesty, it is as a speaker that he is most remarkable. He has, to perfection, the Irishman's "gift of gab." Never have I heard him hesitate

for an instant in his choice of words, yet his choice is always of the best. Is it any wonder that he has been able to get so few of his plays produced in a country which does not boast a single theater of ideas? I hope to deal with these plays later on. Meantime I shall only say that Mr. Shaw has disregarded the old distich:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And they who live to please must please to live."

Yet I trust there will be found a public for plays in book-form, especially when, as here, copiously supplied with stage directions. For the dramatic is a beautiful art-form, a symmetric pattern that rejoices the artist, a quintessential handling that tears out the

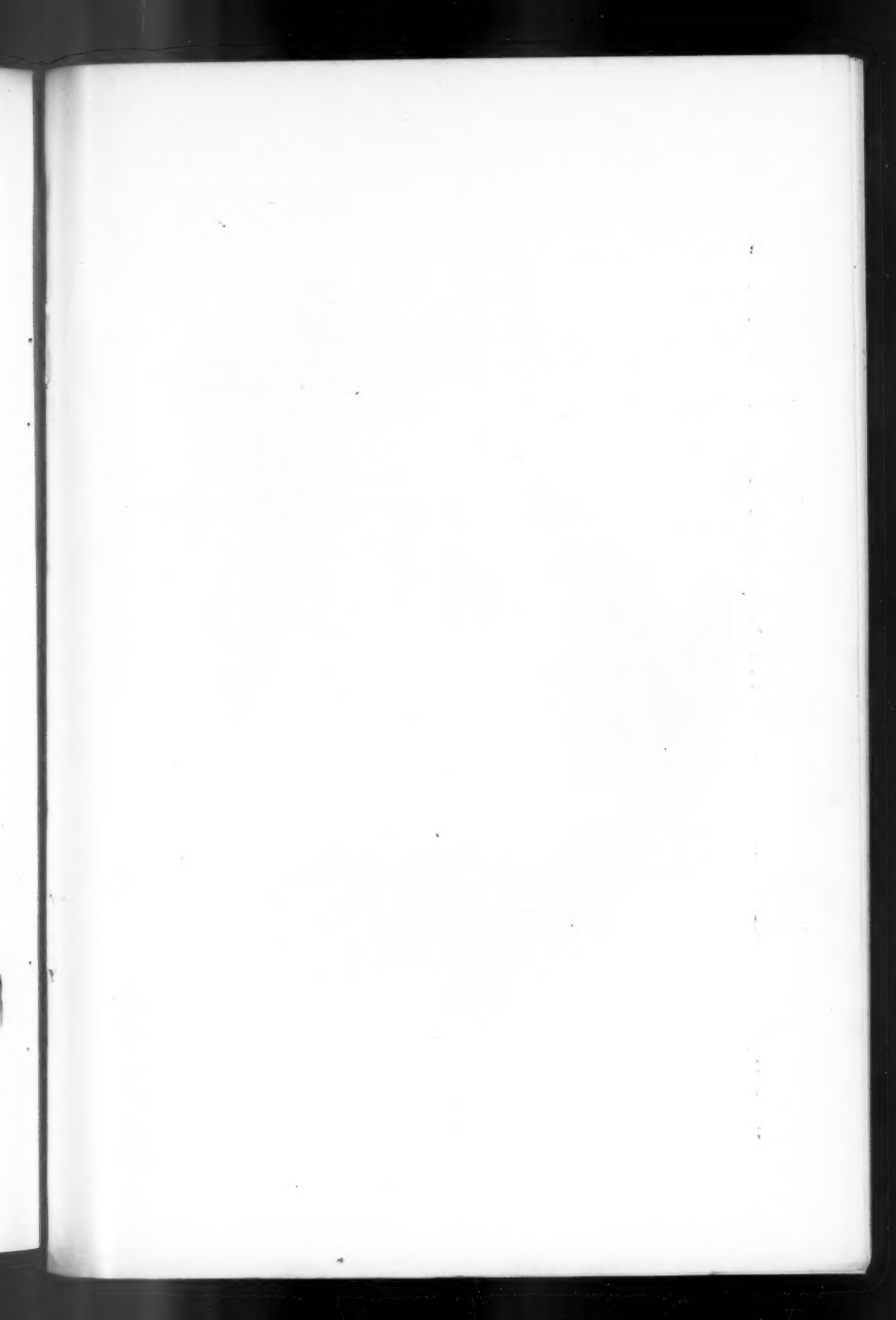


very heart and vitals of the subject. And it should not perish merely because the stage itself is not easily accessible to self-respecting men-of-letters. Some of these qualities of symmetry and condensation are brought by Mr. Henry Harland into his treatment of the short story. His new book with its semi-dramatic title, "Comedies and Errors," contains some of his best technique. Mr. Harland, who is an author with a past—was he not once an American and "Sydney Luska"?—has now developed into an artist of quite Parisian delicacy. It is no wonder that Mr. Henry James writes an article in praise of one who has followed him—from America to Cosmopolis, so to speak. His book is more than a collection of dainty dialogues. "The Friend of Man" is a subtle character-sketch of a man whose whole life was given to the Unification of Mankind. His whole fortune—and his wife's—went to publish a great work on "Monopantology."

He was a friend of Garibaldi and Mazzini. Yet he let his stepdaughter die unheeded and tried to cheat at Monte Carlo. And the explanation is that, although he loved man, he had no care nor feeling for *men*. He was enthusiastic about mankind, as an abstract conception, as the conclusion of a logical syllogism, but about flesh-and-blood individuality, with its real humors, good and bad, he knew little and cared less. And herein Mr. Harland rightly finds the secret of his failure. And, indeed, is not the world terribly full of these visionaries, enamored, not of humanity, but of their vision? I feared to find something of this cold, mechanical pursuit of the Idea when I took up "The Non-Religion of the Future" by Marie Jean Guyau. I was agreeably surprised to find that the book, although overlong, deals in a brilliant and sympathetically human way with most of the problems that agitate us moderns. As an example of how free the book is from the dogmatical tone of the title, let me quote the final sentence: "And for the philosopher, who is essentially a worshiper of the unknown, death possesses the attraction of novelty; birth only excepted, it is the most mysterious incident in life. Death has its secret, its enigma, and we are haunted by a vague hope that, as the final touch of irony, it may be revealed to us at the last moment; that the dying, according to the ancient belief, divine it and close their eyes only to shield them from an intolerable brightness. Man's last agony and his last pulse of curiosity are one." Another book dealing ably with the great problems is "The Origin and Nature of Man," by S. B. G. M'Kinney, but it suffers from a confusion of standpoints. Sometimes, as in his treatment of the (now somewhat dwindled) Evolution Theory, the author offers really damaging criticism. As a relief from such heavy work, Mr. Bernard Capes's "The Lake of Wine" may be recommended as a breathless romance of the good old kind. Mr. Henley, who as the friend and collaborator of Stevenson should be difficult to please in such matters, declares that, as an old "Arabian-Nightist," he has read no book for long which has so contented him.



I. ZANGWILL.





Drawn by
R. West Clinedinst.

"HE COULD ONLY GAZE IN MINGLED APPREHENSION AND HOPE."

(See page 392.)